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THE
NURSERY

A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME XXI.

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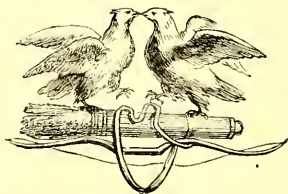
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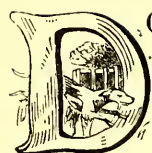
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WORK AND PLAY.

WORK AND PLAY.



“Do you want your sidewalk shovelled?” This was the question asked of Mr. Prim, as he sat reading his newspaper, one New Year’s morning. The question came through a servant who had just answered the door-bell. Mr. Prim looked out of the window. The snow was still falling. So he sent out word, “No shovelling wanted till the storm’s over,” and went on with his reading.

By and by there was another ring at the door; and in a moment the servant-girl came in, saying, “The snow-shovellers are here again, sir, and they want to see you.”

Mr. Prim stepped out into the entry, where he found two rough-looking boys, both of whom greeted him at once with, “Wish you a happy new year! Please, sir, it’s done snowing now.”

“That means,” said Mr. Prim, “that you both want the job of clearing off the sidewalk; but which am I to give it to?”

“Oh, sir!” said the bigger boy, “we are partners. I shovel, and Mike sweeps.”

“And what are your names?”

“Mine is Tom Murphy, and his is Mike Flynn.”

“Then,” said Mr. Prim, “the firm is ‘Murphy & Flynn.’”

“That’s it,” said both boys with a grin.

“Well, Murphy & Flynn, I will employ you to do my shovelling to-day, and I will give you fifty cents for the job; but I am very particular. You must not leave a bit of snow anywhere about the steps or sidewalk.”

“All right, sir,” said the boys; and they went to work, while Mr. Prim went back to his newspaper. He had not been reading many minutes, when a loud shout in front of

the house led him to look out of the window. The picture shows what he saw.

There were the two boys, each mounted on one of the stone lions at the head of the steps, and shouting at the top of his lungs in the excitement of an imaginary race.

Mr. Prim was first astonished, then angry, then amused, at this performance. He opened the window, and called out sharply, "Look here, boys! do you call that work, or play?"

The boys jumped down, and began to ply their broom and shovel with great vigor. But Murphy looked up roguishly, and said, "We were just polishing off the lions, sir."

"Yes," said Mr. Prim, "and a paroxysm of fun got the better of you. Well, it's excusable on New Year's Day. But, if the firm of Murphy & Flynn expect to succeed in business, they must not mix so much play with their work." And Mr. Prim shut the window.

"I say, Mike," said Tom, "what was it the old man said had got the better of us?"

"That's more than I can tell," said Mike. "I can't remember such hard words. But I know what he meant, and I guess he was about right."

UNCLE SAM.



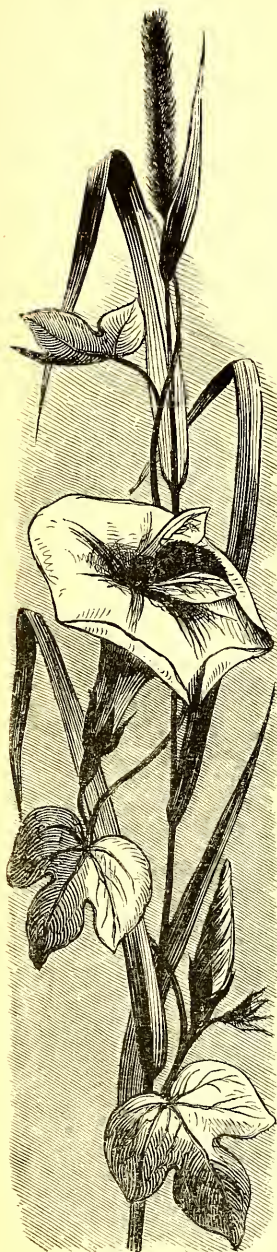
BUMBLE-BEE.

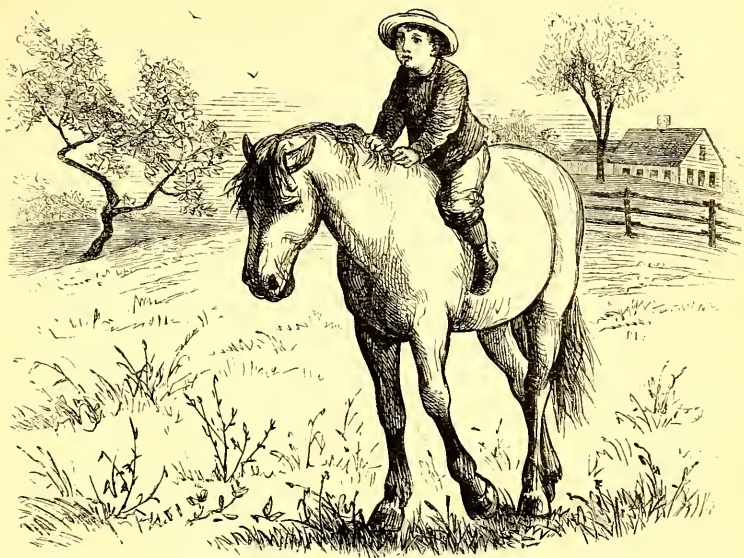
BUMBLE-BEE superbly dressed,
In velvet, jet, and gold,
Sailed along in eager quest,
And hummed a ballad bold.

Morning-Glory clinging tight
To friendly spires of grass,
Blushing in the early light,
Looked out to see him pass.

Nectar pure as crystal lay
In her ruby cup ;
Bee was very glad to stay,
Just to drink it up.

"Fairest of the flowers," said he,
" 'Twas a precious boon ;
May you still a Glory be,
Morning, night, and noon ! "





BILLY AND TOM.

WHEN I was a little boy, six or seven years old, my father had two white horses, named Billy and Tom. Billy had one black foot, and a little dark spot on his face; but Tom did not have a black hair on his whole body.

Billy was the old family horse, kind, gentle, and loving. Anybody could catch him, or lead him, or drive him. He liked to be petted, and in return seemed to take pride in being kind to all in the family.

Tom was a good horse too; but we had not owned him so long, and he did not care much to have any one pet him.

Billy was a little lame; and though he worked everywhere on the farm, and in drawing loads on the road, yet he was generally excused from going with the carriage, except when it was necessary for some of us children to drive.

One day my father went to the village with Tom, leaving

Billy at home alone, in a field near the house. He missed his old friend Tom. They had worked together so much, that they had become great friends; and either one was very lonesome without the other.

Billy ran about here and there, neighing loudly whenever another horse appeared in sight upon the road, hoping that it might be his friend Tom coming back.

At last I went out to comfort him. I patted his head and his neck, and leading him by the mane to the fence, climbed first upon the fence, and then upon his back.

He seemed pleased, and started in a gentle walk along the farm-road leading down into the field, away from the house. When he had gone as far as I wished to ride, I called out, "Whoa!"

But he was a wise old horse. Instead of stopping in the middle of the road, where he then was, he turned out at one side, and stopped close by the fence, for me to get off upon that; as much as to say, "A boy that is not large enough to get upon my back without climbing a fence, is not large enough to climb from my back to the ground."

EDITH'S PAPA.



THE WISE HARE AND HER PURSUERS.

A POOR little hare was one day closely pursued by a brace of greyhounds. They were quite near her, when, seeing a gate, she ran for it. She got through it easily; but the bars were too close together for the hounds to get through, so they had to leap over the gate.

As they did so, the hare, seeing that they would be upon her the next instant, turned around and ran again under the gate where she had just before passed. The hounds, in



their speed, could not turn at once. Their headway took them on some distance ; and then they had to wheel about, and leap once more over the upper bar of the gate.

Again the hare doubled, and returned by the way she had come ; and thus she went backward and forward, the dogs following till they were fairly tired out, while the little hare, watching her chance, happily made her escape.

Thus you see that wit and self-possession are sometimes more than a match for superior strength and speed. If the little hare could not run so fast as the greyhounds, she could outwit them, and they saw no way to prevent it.

UNCLE CHARLES



GENTLE JESSIE AND THE WASP.

THERE is a little girl in our village whom we call "Gentle Jessie;" for she is so kind and gentle, that even the dumb animals and the insects seem to find it out, and to trust her.

On a dry pleasant day, last autumn, I saw her seated on the grass. I went up to tell her not to sit there; for it is not safe to sit on the ground, even in dry weather.

As I drew near to Jessie from behind, I heard her talking. To whom could she be talking? There was no one by her side; that is to say, no human being. But soon I found she was talking to a wasp that was coming as if to sting her.

"Wasp, wasp, go away, and come again another day," said she. But the wasp did not heed her. It flew quite near to her face. Instead of striking at the bold insect, she merely drew back a little out of its way; for she thought, "Surely the wasp will not harm me, if I do not harm it."

And she was right. It alighted near her for a moment, but did not sting her; and gentle Jessie did not try to harm it. Then the wasp flew to the flowers on her hat; but, not finding the food it wanted, at last it flew away.

“Well done, Jessie,” said I, lifting her from the ground, and giving her a kiss.

EMILY CARTER.



GRETCHEN.

GRETCHEN's old; she's neat and good:
See her coming from the wood!
She bears fagots on her back,
Lest her darlings fire may lack.



Here you see her far from town,
With her darlings sitting down :
Gretchen, Emma, Fritz, and Paul, —
They are happy, happy all.

M. A. C.



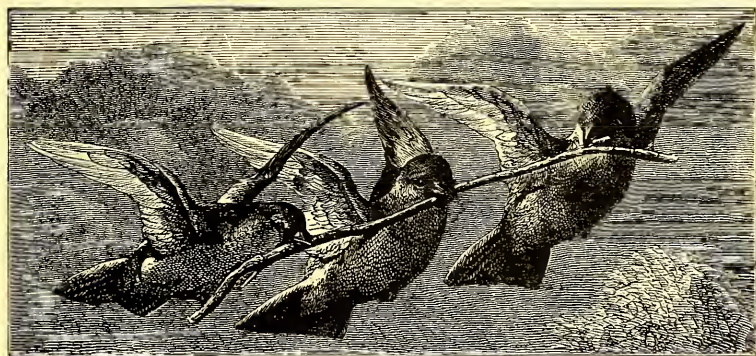
FRIENDS IN NEED.

ONCE a poor crippled sparrow fell to the ground, and fluttered about in a vain attempt to regain a place of safety. Some of its mates gathered around it, and seemed eager

to help it ; but they did not know what to do. Their chirping drew together a good many of the sparrow tribe.

One thought this thing ought to be done, and another thought that. Some tried to lift the helpless bird by catching its wings in their beaks ; but this failed, and such a chattering and scolding as took place !

“I told you that wasn’t the way to do it.” — “How stupid !” — “You should have taken my advice.” Perhaps such were the speeches which were uttered in bird-language ; for all the little creature seemed much excited.



Presently two of the birds flew away, but soon came back with a twig six or seven inches long and an eighth of an inch thick. This was dropped before the poor little cripple, and at each end was picked up by a sparrow, and held so that the lame bird was able to catch the middle of the twig in its beak.

Then the crippled bird, with the aid of the other two, flew off, till they came to the wall covered with ivy, where it had its home. There it chirped to show how glad it was. All the other sparrows followed, as if to share in the pleasure of the rescue. This is a true story.

IDA FAY.

A NOONDAY LULLABY.



"Tic, tac! Tic, tac!"

Says the clock on the wall:

"Sleep now, my darling, for 'tis
time, 'tis time;

Soon I will wake you with my
merry chime, —

Tic, tac! Tic, tac!"

"Purr-r-r! Purr-r-r!"

Tabby sings on the sill:

"Shut your eyes, deary, and sleep
in a trice,

Then I will stay here, and scare
off the mice, —

Purr-r-r! Purr-r-r!"

"Coo-oo! Coo-oo!"

Says the dove on the roof:

"Go to sleep, pet, while I strut
here and coo,

As for my own pretty nestlings
I do, —

Coo-oo! Coo-oo!"

“Cut, cut, ca-dah-cut!”

Cackles kind biddy-hen:

“Listen, my little one: if you’ll
not weep,

I’ll lay an egg for you while you
are asleep, —

Cut, cut, ca-dah-cut!”

“Moo-oo! Moo-oo!”

Says the good moolly-cow:

Sleep, my wee man, and I’ll
make it fair,

For I’ll give you milk from
bossy’s own share, —

Moo-oo! Moo-oo!”

“Hum, hum! Buz, buz!”

Drones the bee on the wing:

“Fret not, my baby, but croon
in your bed,

I’ll bring you honey to eat on
your bread, —

Hum, hum! Buz, buz!”



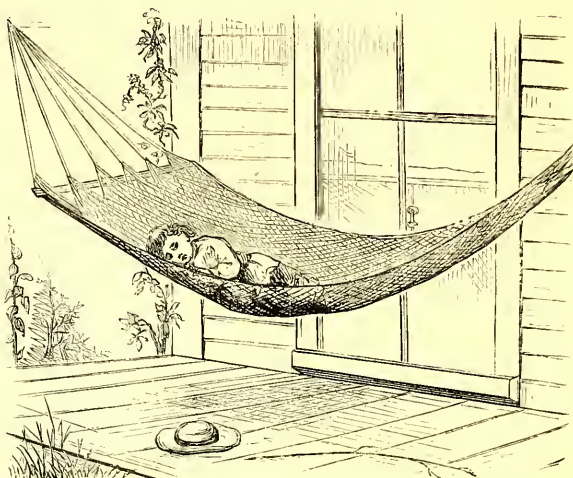
"Hush-sh-sh! Hush-sh-sh!"

Whisper leaves on the tree:

"As through our shadow soft sunlight streams,
See how the angels send smiles in his dreams!

Hush-sh-sh! Hush-sh-sh!"

M. A. C.



THE BEAR THAT PUT ON AIRS.

THERE was once a bear that had been tamed and made to dance by a man who beat him when he did not mind. This bear was called Dandy, and he had been taught many queer tricks. He could shoulder a pole as if it were a gun, and could balance it on his nose, or stand on his hind-legs and hold it by his fore-paws behind his back.

He did all these things at his master's bidding because he stood in great fear of his master's whip. His master made



a show of him ; and, though Dandy did not like it, he was forced to submit.

But one day, when he had been left alone, the chain, that held him by a ring in his nose, got loose from the ring ; and Dandy was soon a free bear. Taking his pole, he made his way, as fast as he could, to a mountain where the woods were high and thick.

Here he found a number of fellow-bears. Instead of treating them as equals, he put on fine airs, told them what a rare life he had led among men, how many nice tricks he had learned, and how much wiser he was than all the bears that had ever lived.

For a time the other bears were simple enough to take him at his word. They thought, because he said so, that he

must be a very great bear indeed. He never was at a loss when they asked him a question, never would confess his ignorance, and so had to say much that was not true.

Dandy boasted so of the respect which men had paid him, that he made the other bears think he was doing them a great honor by living with them. He made them all wait on him. But at last a young bear, that had escaped from a trap which some men had set for him, said to Dandy, "Is that ring in your nose for ornament or for use?"

"For ornament, of course," said Dandy. "This ring was a gift from a man who was once my partner. He was so fond of me, and so pleased with my dancing, that he never tired of serving me. He brought me all my food. In fact I had him at my beck and call."

"My friends," said the young bear, "he tells a fib. That ring was put in his nose to be fastened to a chain. He was held a slave by the man who, he says, treated him so finely. He was made to dance through fear of being touched up with a red-hot iron. In short, he is what men call a 'humbug.'"

"Yes, he is a humbug," cried the others, though they did not know what the word meant. "We will have no more of his fine airs." — "I never liked him." — "Drive him off." — "Send him back to his dancing-master!" — "Kick him!" — "Stone him!" — "Beat him!" — "We'll have no humbug here."

And so poor Dandy was driven out from the woods, and forced to get his living by himself; while the knowing young bear that had exposed him, looked on and laughed at his misfortune. If Dandy had not been so boastful; if he had spoken the truth, and been modest, — he might have been respected by his fellow-bears to the end of his days.



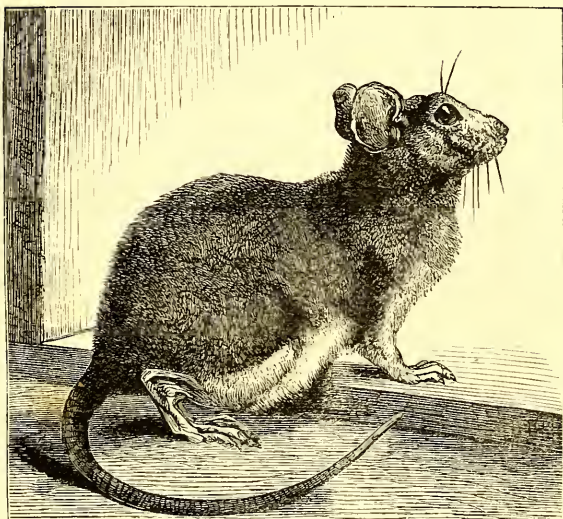
DRAWING-LESSON BY HARRISON WEIR.

A SQUEAK !

I'm only a little brown mouse
That lives in somebody's house,
And in that same house there's a cat ;
But oh, ho ! what care I for that ?
She sits in the sunshine,
And licks her white paws,
With one eye on me,
And one on her claws.
How she watches the crack
Where she sees my brown back !
But she'll never catch me !
For oh, ho ! don't you see
That I'm just the smartest young mouse
That lives anywhere in the house ?

I'm only a little brown mouse
That lives in somebody's house,
And in that same house there is Rover :
He has chased me the whole house over.
And there, too, is fat Baby Tim ;
But oh, ho ! what care I for him ?
When he sprawls on the carpet,
And bumps his pink nose,
I scamper around him,
And tickle his toes.
How he kicks and he crows !
For he knows, oh, he knows,
That I'm only a little brown mouse
That lives in his grandmother's house.

I'm only a little brown mouse
That lives in somebody's house ;
And in that same house there's a clock,
That says, " Tick-a-tock, tick-a-tock ! "



And I've not forgotten yet quite,
How once, on a very still night,
I was sitting just over the clock,
When it gave such a terrible knock,
With a whirring and whizzing,
And buzzing and fizzing,
That I tumbled headlong from my perch on the
shelf,
And, scampering wildly, I crowded myself
Right under the door, through such a small crack,
That I scraped all the hairs off the top of my back.

Oh, I am the merriest mouse
That lives anywhere in a house!
I love toasted cheese, and I love crusts of bread,
And bits of old paper to make a soft bed.
Oh! I tell you it's nice
To be one of the mice,
And when the night comes,
And the folks are abed,
To rattle and race
On the floor overhead.
And, say, don't you wish *you* could run up a wall
As I do, every day, without getting a fall?
And don't you wish *you* were a mouse,
Living in somebody's house?

FLETA F.



WHAT YOU DO, DO WELL.

“WHY do you take such pains in cutting out these little figures?” asked Winifred of her brother Ernest.

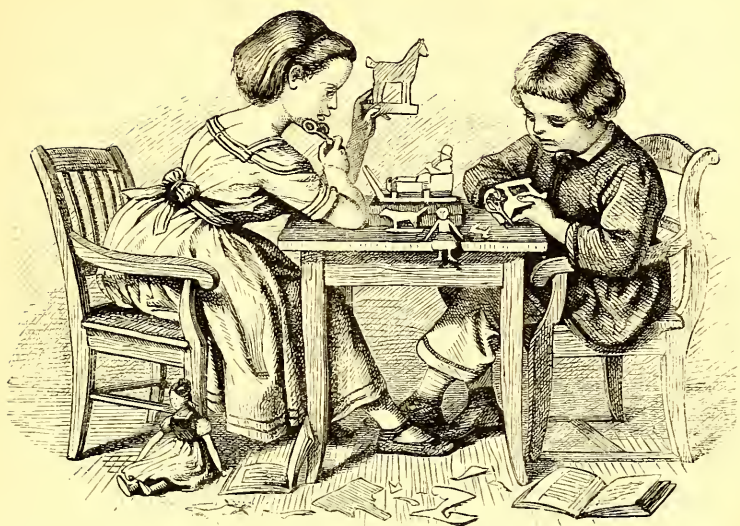
“I will tell you why, sister,” replied Ernest. “I take pains because my teacher tells me, that, if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.”

“Did he mean that we should try to do well even in trifles?” asked Winifred.

“Yes,” answered Ernest, “because, as a great man once said, ‘Perfection is no trifle.’”

Winifred sat looking at her brother, as, handling a pair of scissors, he carefully cut out figures of horses, dogs, pigs, and various other animals.

Three years afterward she remembered this conversation;



for it happened at that time, that, her father having died, her widowed mother was left almost destitute with a family of seven children to support.

What should the poor woman do? At first she thought she would take in washing, then that she would try to keep a little shop. While she was hesitating, Mr. Mason, a brisk old gentleman, came to the door, and asked, "Where is the boy who cuts these figures and faces in profile?"

One of his grandchildren had brought him home from school some specimens of Ernest's skill; and Mr. Mason saw at once that they were the work of a gifted and pains-taking artist.

"You must mean my little Ernest," said the mother. "Poor little fellow! He little dreams what is coming. I shall soon have to take him away from school."

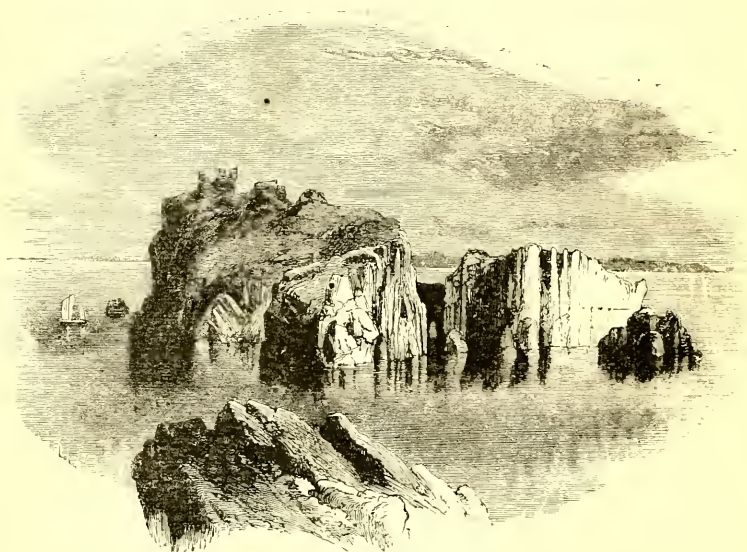
"Why so?" cried Mr. Mason. "Take him away from school? You shall do no such a thing. I'll not allow it."

“We are destitute, sir, and I have no means of support,” said the mother with a sigh.

“No means of support! Nonsense! With a boy in the house who can cut figures like that, do you say you have no means of support?” exclaimed Mr. Mason. “Good woman, I will insure your boy good wages every week for the next year, if you will let him come between school-hours, and cut pictures under my direction.”

The rest of my little story may soon be told. Ernest became the staff and stay of his family. The little talent he had cultivated so carefully and diligently was the means of giving him not only an honest employment, but a liberal support. He rose to distinction; and his productions were much sought after by all good judges of art.

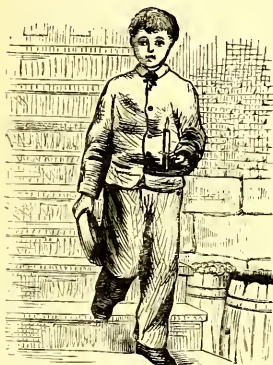
EMILY CARTER.



ST. CATHERINE'S ROCK, SOUTH WALES.

IN THE WINTER.

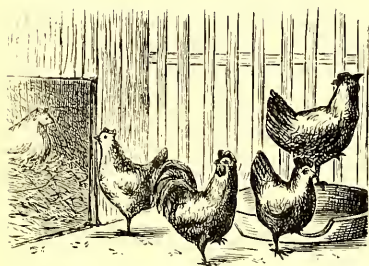
THERE are some nice apples in the cellar, and William is going down with a light to get a dish full. He will pick out some that are as yellow as gold, and some that are as red as a rose.



This man is cutting a hole through the ice, so that the cows may drink. The stream is all frozen over. When the thick ice is broken, they can drink all they want. Walk up, old Brindle, and help yourself.



Here are the fowls, and each stands on one leg. The ground is covered with snow, and their toes are very cold. So they all hold their feet under their feathers, to keep them warm.



The old gray cat comes in the morning, and jumps up on the children's bed. Then she creeps towards them, and rubs her soft fur on the little boy's face, and wakes him up. She would like to say, "Good morning!" but she only says, "Mew, mew!"





MY LITTLE SISTER.

Good folks who read "The Nursery," this is my little sister ;
The picture shows you truly how I caught her up, and kissed her :
She is so sweet, so very sweet, that I am quite decided
If you could see her as she is you would do just as I did.

A LETTER TO MINNIE.

The following is an exact copy of a letter found in little Minnie's stocking last Christmas : —

SITTING ROOM, AT MAMMA'S DESK.

MY DEAR LITTLE MINNIE.

You must excuse my calling you by your pet name ; but you see I'm so fond of all good children that I can't *Master* and *Miss* them, and they're all Tommie, and Johnnie, and Fannie, and Minnie, to me.

Your stocking is so small that I can't put much of any thing into it : but if that piano, with the nice white cloth on it, isn't for presents, then I'm mistaken.

I shall put yours there, and I hope I sha'n't crock that tablecloth ; for your mamma wouldn't like to find my sooty marks all over it. Though I don't see how she could expect me to be clean when she has had a soft-coal fire burning in her grate all the evening, and that does make the chimney so black !

If you will look at the picture of me in your new book (they call me St. Nicholas there), you'll see how fat I am ; and how do you suppose I get down such a small place ? I never could if I didn't love children so much, and if I hadn't done it for so many hundred years. But I began, you see, before I grew so fat ; and so now I know the easiest way to do it.

I hope you'll have all you wanted this year ; but you all grow so fast, and have so many wants from year to year, that I sometimes fear that I sha'n't always be able to satisfy you. Still, as it's only the good little children that I visit, I fancy they will be pleased, whatever I bring.

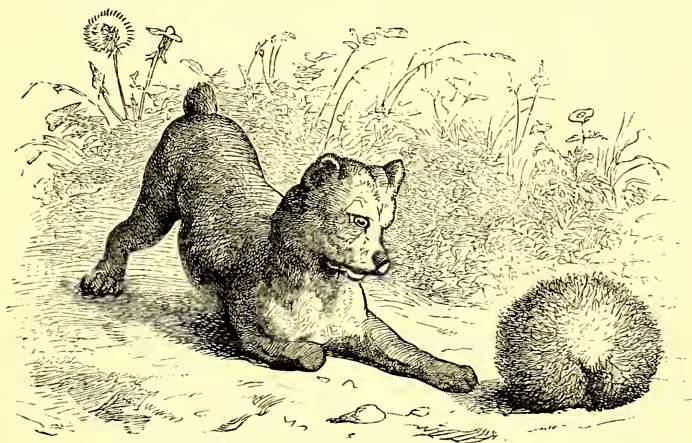
I must confess, though, that it isn't *all* guesswork. I know pretty well what my little folks want. But if you knew the amount of listening at doors and windows and registers, that I do to find out all these wants, you'd be astonished.

And now, if I don't hurry off, you'll be waking up, and catch me here ; besides, I've staid a deal longer than I ought, for I've lots to do before daylight. But, seeing your mamma's desk and writing-materials so handy, I really couldn't help sitting down to write you a letter.

Tell your brother Walter, that as I brought him presents ten years before you came, he mustn't expect quite so many now ; for he can have no idea how many little folks I have to provide for. And if my rein-

deers weren't the kindest, and strongest, and fleetest of creatures, we never could get through the amount of work we have to do "the night before Christmas."

Wishing you, and your brother, and papa, and mamma, a "Merry Christmas," I remain, with a heart full of love, yours, SANTA CLAUS.



THE HEDGEHOG.

THE hedgehog is a queer little animal with short limbs. It feeds mostly on insects. It has its body covered with sharp spines instead of hairs, and can roll itself up in a ball, and thus show an array of prickles pointing in every direction.

Slow of foot, this little creature cannot flee from danger; but in the sharp, hard, and tough prickles of its coat, it has a safeguard better than the teeth and claws of the wild-cat, or the fleetness of the hare.

The hedgehog has powerful muscles beneath the skin of

the back ; and by the aid of these, on the slightest alarm, it rolls itself up so as to have its head and legs hidden in the middle of the ball it thus makes of itself.

Our dog Snip saw a hedgehog, the other day, for the first time. As soon as it saw him, the little creature seemed to change from a live thing into a ball. Snip did not know what to make of it. His curiosity was much excited. He went up, and looked at it.

If the two could have spoken, I think this would have been their talk : —

Snip. — “ Of all the queer things I ever saw, you are the queerest. What *are* you anyhow ? ”

Hedgehog. — “ Suppose you put out your paw, and try.”

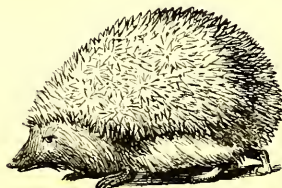
Snip. — “ I don’t like the look of those prickles.”

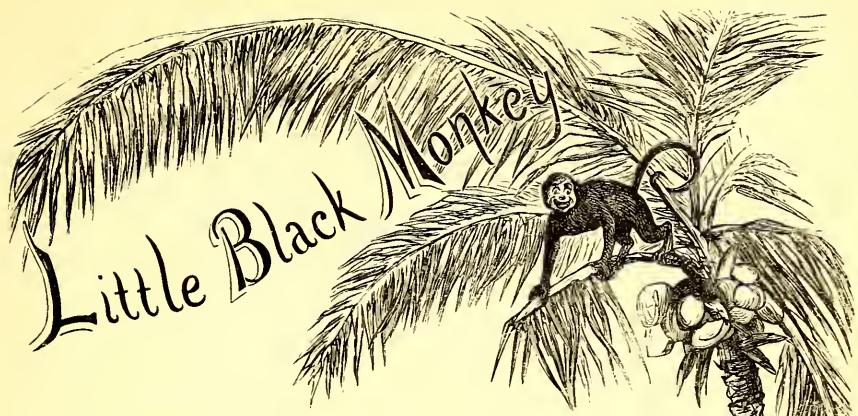
Hedgehog. — “ Don’t be a coward, Snip ! Put your nose down, and feel of my nice soft back.”

Whether the cunning hedgehog really cheated him by any such remarks as these, I cannot say. But Snip at last mustered courage enough to put his nose down to the ball. Rash Snip ! Up rose the bristles, and pricked him so that he ran back to the house, howling and yelping as if he had been shot.

Having put Snip to flight, the hedgehog quietly unrolled itself, thrust out its queer little head with the long snout, and crept along on its way rejoicing. As for Snip, I am quite sure he will never put his nose to the back of a hedgehog again, as long as he lives.

CHARLES SELWYN.





LITTLE black monkey sat up in a tree ;
Little black monkey, he grinned at me ;
He put out his paw for a cocoanut,
And he dropped it down on my occiput.

The occiput is a part, you know,
Of the head which does on my shoulders grow ;
And it's very unpleasant to have it hit,
Especially when there's no hair on it.



I took up my gun, and I said, "Now why,
Little black monkey, should you not die?
I'll hit you soon in a vital part,
It may be your head, or it may be your heart."

I steadied the gun, and I aimed it true :
The trigger it snapped, and the bullet it flew ;
But just where it went to, I cannot tell,
For I never *could* see where that bullet fell.

Little black monkey still sat in the tree,
And placidly, wickedly, grinned at me :
I took up my gun, and walked away,
And postponed his death till another day.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.



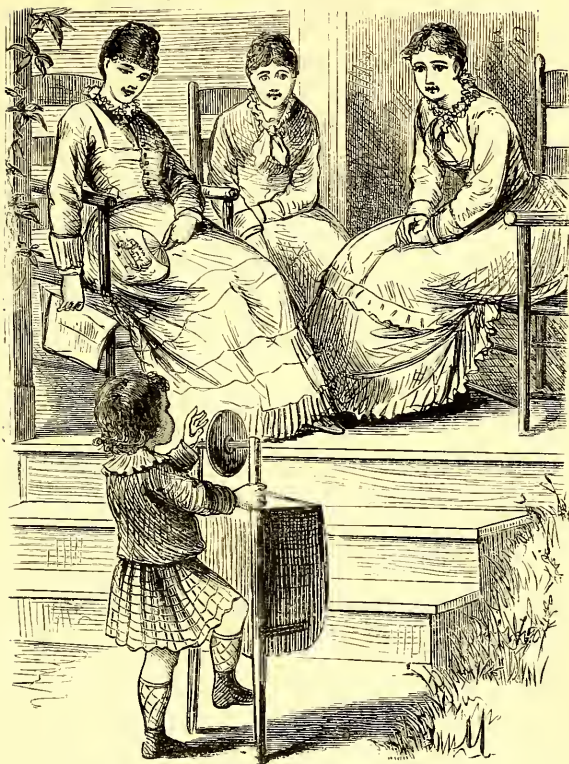
THE LITTLE SCISSORS-GRINDER.

WILLIE is a three-year-old darling. This summer he visited his aunt in the city, and was very much interested in the curious sights and sounds which abound there.

A few days after his return home, when his mamma sat on the piazza with some friends, Willie marched up the gravel path with his little wheelbarrow on his back.

He stopped at the foot of the steps, set his burden down, resting it upon the handles, so that it stood upright. Then holding it with one hand, and rolling the wheel with the other, he kept his foot rising and falling, just as if he were at work with a genuine treadle. He looked very sober, and said, "Please, madam, have you any scissors to sharpen?"

The ladies handed him several pairs, which he ground in

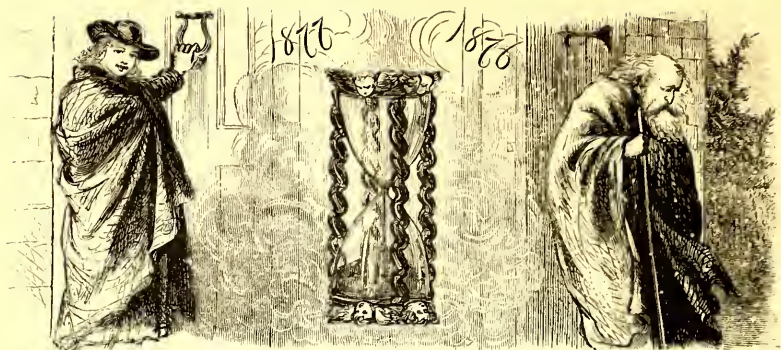


the best style, trying the edge with his finger, and at last passing them to the owner with the request for ten cents.

Mamma gave him a bit of paper, which he put into his pocket, returning the change in the form of two leaves.

When he had finished his task, he shouldered the wheelbarrow, and was saying "Good-afternoon," when one of the party ran after him, calling to him to kiss her.

"Scissors-grinders don't kiss," he said; but the fun sparkled in his bright black eye, and he burst into a hearty laugh, which must have been a relief to the merry boy after being sober so long.



THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Words by MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Maestoso.

f

1. The north winds blow o'er drifts of snow, Out in the cold who
 2. A knock, a knock! 'tis twelve o'clock! This time of night, pray

goes from here? "Good - by! good-by!" loud voi - ces cry; "Good-
 who comes here? Oh, now I see, 'tis he! 'tis he! All

by!" re - turns the brave Old Year. But look - ing back what
 peo - ple know the glad New Year! What has he brought? and

word leaves he? "Oh, you must all good chil - dren be!"
 what says he? "Oh, you must all good chil - dren be!"



"CHRISTMAS PRESENTS MADE HERE."

“CHRISTMAS PRESENTS MADE HERE.”



ABOUT a year ago, Edwin had a Christmas present of a jig-saw. If Santa Claus brought it, then Santa Claus did a good thing for himself; for last Christmas his pack was loaded down with presents of Edwin's manufacture.

Nice little brackets to set up against the wall, nice little bedsteads, book-shelves, toy-houses, frames for pictures, card-baskets, — these are but a few of the great variety of things that Edwin makes with his jig-saw.

Many little articles he gives away, for he is a generous boy: but he wants books, and his mother cannot always afford to buy him the books he wants; for she has two children, besides himself, to provide for.

So one day when Mr. Topliff, who keeps a great toy-shop, said to Edwin, “I'll pay you well for as many of these toy-houses as you can make,” Edwin replied, “I'll go to work just as soon as I have finished this bracket; for a little money is just what I want.”

Edwin had by practice learned to use his saw with great skill, and he took pains always to do his work well. Gradually he learned to do the finer sort of cabinet-work; and then he puzzled his wits to invent new varieties of toys, and other things often sought for as Christmas presents.

Mr. Topliff said, “You can earn a living by this kind of work, if you choose, Edwin.” But no! Edwin had made up his mind to go to college; and so he replied, “If I can pay my college expenses by working at odd hours, Mr. Topliff, I mean to do it — and I think I can.”

“So do I,” said Mr. Topliff. “You've got the knack. Well, my lad, don't forget the firm of Topliff & Co. Bring us all your pretty things.”

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE PETITION OF THE SPARROWS.

Now girls and boys of Chester Square,
Pray give us of your meals a share.
Just have the kindness to remember
That this is chilly, bleak December;
That snow has covered long the ground
Till really nothing's to be found:
So throw us out a crumb or two,
And, as you would be done by, do.

In those snug little cottages
That you have placed among the trees,
We all were hatched, and so, you see,
Are members of the family.

Hunger and frost are hard to bear :
So, girls and boys of Chester Square,
Just throw us out a crumb or two,
And, as you would be done by, do.

We know bad things of us are told :
They call us English upstarts bold ;
Say we drive off the snow-birds dear,
And fight the Yankee sparrows here ;
That we make havoc in the spring
With all the sweet-pea's blossoming :
Still throw us out a crumb or two,
And, as you would be done by, do.

We're not as bad as they declare,
O girls and boys of Chester Square !
Be sure some little good we do,
Even though we pilfer buds a few.
Don't grudge them, since your trees we clear
Of vermin that would cost you dear :
So throw us out a crumb or two,
And, as you would be done by, do.

Dear girls and boys of Chester Square,
We, too, partake the Father's care ;
And to your kindly hearts he sends
The impulse that our race befriends :
We know that you, while Winter reigns,
For our relief will take some pains ;
Will throw us out a crumb or two,
And, as you would be done by, do.



MY DOG JACK.

I WANT to tell the readers of "The Nursery" about my dog. My mamma bought him for me when he was very young. He is a Newfoundland dog, and is very large. He is black, with a white face and neck. His name is Jack.

Jack is very useful in keeping tramps out of our orchard, and is also very kind and playful. I do not like to play with him; for he is so rough, that he sometimes tumbles me over, and hurts me: but I have a good time with him in other ways.

He draws me about in a little cart into which I harness him. He minds a pull on the reins, and will go just as I wish him to. But he will insist on chasing pigs whenever he sees them. He does not like pigs.

One day, when I was harnessing him, he spied a pig, and away he ran after it—cart and all. He broke one wheel of the cart, and came back panting and wagging his tail, as if he had done something good; but I scolded him well.

Jack will sit on his hind-legs, and catch bits of bread or cake in his mouth when I throw them to him. One summer, we went to the seashore, and took him with us. He is a splendid swimmer; and when we took a stick, and threw it into the water, he would plunge through the waves, and bring it back in his mouth.

Sometimes an old fisherman took me out sailing, and as there was not room in the boat for Jack, the good old dog would lie on the wharf and wait patiently till I came back. When he saw the boat coming in, he would jump up and bark in great delight; and one day he leaped into the water, and swam out to meet us.

Once my cousin and I were sitting in a cleft in the rocks, gathering shells and pebbles, when a great black creature jumped right over our heads. We were much frightened, but soon found that it was only our good friend Jack. He had seen us from the top of the rock, and had jumped down full fifteen feet to get to us.



ENSIGN JOHNNY.

THIS is Ensign Johnny :
See him armed for fight !
Mice are in the garret ;
Forth he goes to smite.
Ready for the battle,
He is not afraid ;
For the cat, as captain,
Will be by to aid.

Now, good-by, my Johnny !
Soldiers must be brave :
While puss does the fighting,
You the flag can wave.
Do not, like a coward,
From the field retreat :
Forward, Ensign Johnny,
And the mice defeat !

BERTIE'S STEAMER.

BERTIE has taken much pleasure in hearing me read about the different ways in which the little "Nursery" people amuse themselves. He is very anxious that they should, in return, know about the steamboat which his uncle brought him from the Centennial, — a *real* little steamboat.

It is nearly a foot long, made of brass, with a "truly" boiler, as Bertie says, and a little alcohol lamp to convert the water in the boiler into steam.

The older folks were as much interested in its trial trip as Bertie. The biggest tub was brought up, and half filled with water. The little boiler was also filled, and the lamp lighted; and we all waited patiently for the steam to start the little wheel. A stick was put across the tub, and a string fastened from its centre to the end of the steamer, to keep it from running against the side of the tub. The rudder was turned to guide the boat in a circle, and soon the steamer started.

But it did not run easily. Could it be that it would prove a failure? Bertie's face began to put on a disappointed look.

"Can't Uncle Nelson fix it?" said he. "Uncle Nelson can do most any thing."

So Uncle Nelson took the delicate machinery apart, and found some particles of dirt, which prevented the piston from working smoothly. Then he cleaned and oiled it, put it together again, and once more it started. This time it was a complete success. How Bertie clapped his hands, as the steam hissed, and the boat went round and round, as if it were alive!

It was half an hour before the water in the little boiler gave out.

A STORY ABOUT SQUIRRELS.

FREDDIE is a bright little boy six years old. He goes with his papa and mamma every summer to stay a few months at a nice place in the country. In front of the house, near the fence, stands a large elm-tree, which is the home of many little squirrels.

One day Freddie got his papa to build him a small shelf on the tree, about four feet from the ground, so that he could put nuts on it to feed the squirrels. At first the little fellows were very shy, and would not come near the shelf, but sat on the branches of the tree; and we fancied that we heard them saying to each other, "Do you think that little boy would hurt us, if we should run down, and take one of those nuts?"

But, after a while, they came down, one by one, took the nuts, and went



scampering up to the top branches; and in a few minutes down came the empty shells. They grew so tame before the summer was over, that if we put any thing on their shelf, and took a seat a few steps away, they would come down quite boldly, and get their breakfast.

One day we put a small ear of sweet-corn on the shelf. Pretty soon a little squirrel came after it; but it was too heavy for him: so he sat down on the shelf, as though quite at home, ate off about half of the kernels of corn, to make his burden lighter, and, after trying many times, finally got it up to his hiding-place. Presently we saw all the squirrels running to that part of the tree, and we thought he might be having a squirrel-party in his best parlor.

There was a large pond not very far away; and we often saw the squirrels go from tree to tree, jump a fence here and there, and run down behind a stone wall to the pond to get a drink, and then run home again. If they had only known as much as some squirrels we read about, what a nice sail they might have had by jumping on a piece of wood, and putting their bushy tails up in the air for a sail! Wouldn't it look funny to see a squirrel yacht-race?

As we sit in our warm rooms this cold weather, we often wonder what the little fellows are doing, and if they are eating any of the nuts they stored away last summer.

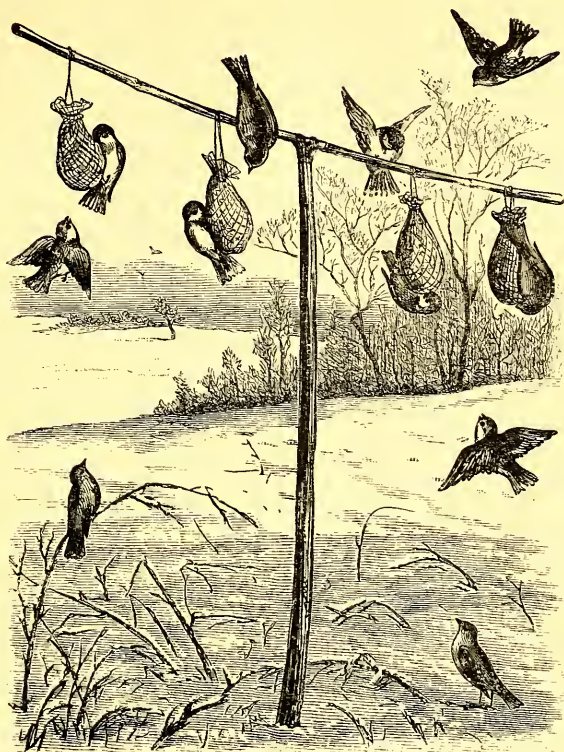
FREDDIE'S PAPA.



WHAT A LITTLE BOY IN ENGLAND SAYS.

My grandfather and grandmother live in the country. Everybody in their house is very fond of birds, and very thoughtful for the comfort of all dumb creatures.

Among the birds that flock about grandfather's house are



the bright little tom-tits. They fly very quickly, and look very pretty, darting in and out of a tall evergreen-tree that grows in front of the dining-room window.

In winter, my Aunt Emily has a pole, about four feet high, stuck in the ground near this tree. Across the top of the pole, a light bamboo stick is fastened, not quite as long as the pole is high. On strings tied at the ends of the bamboo stick, netted bags, filled with fat or suet, are hung.

Now, tom-tits are, I think, the only birds in England that can cling to a thing with their heads hanging down; and they are very fond of fat. So they come to aunty's bags,

cling to them as they sway to and fro in the wind, and eat to their little hearts' content. We watch them from the windows, and see what is going on.

Sometimes other birds try very hard to get a share of the feast, particularly when the weather is very cold, and they cannot find much else. Then they will stand on the ground, looking at the bags, and now and then make an awkward spring at them, sometimes snatching a piece of suet, but generally failing to reach it.

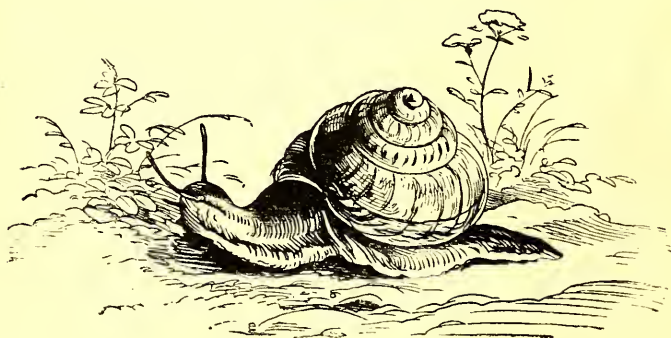
A tiny robin (an English robin is not at all like an American one) has practised so much, this cold weather, that he can not only get a taste of the suet by darting at it, but, better still, will sit on the top of the bag, and get at it in that way. But he seems very much afraid of falling off, and I think the tom-tits would laugh at him: perhaps they do, in bird fashion.

When they cling, they do not mind where it is, and often seem to take the very bottom of the bag by choice, and hang there, with their heads down, so long, that it seems as though they would surely get the headache.

I have often seen two, and sometimes three birds on a bag at a time.

H. B.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.



OFF IN A HURRY.

THE FROGGIES' PARTY.

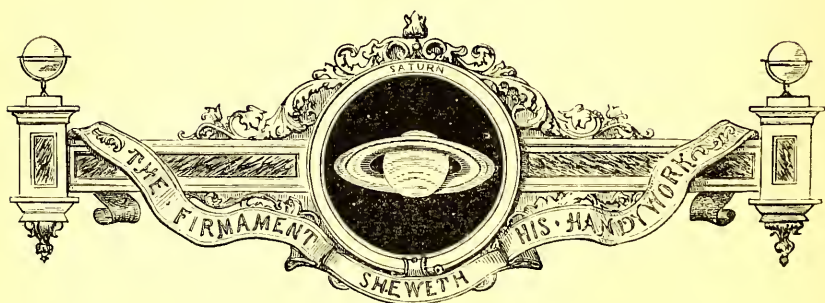
THE frog who would a-wooning go
Gave a party, you must know ;
And his bride, dressed all in green,
Looked as fine as any queen.
Their reception numbered some
Of the best in Froggiedom.
Four gay froggies played the fiddle, —
Hands all round, and down the middle.

In the room were stern old croakers,
Yellow vests and snow-white chokers.
Froggie belles with rush-leaf fans,
Froggie beaux in green brogans,
Flirted in the bowers there,
Hidden from the ball-room's glare.
Three old froggies tried a reel, —
Twist 'em, turn 'em, toe and heel.



One young miss was asked to sing ;
 But she had a cold that spring.
 Little frogs were sound asleep,
 Late hours — bad for them to keep.
 Each one wished the couple joy ;
 No bad boys came to annoy.
 This next fall, — the news is spreading, —
 They will have their silver-wedding !

GEORGE COOPER.



FIRST LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star :
 How I wonder what you are,
 Up above the world so high,
 Like a diamond in the sky !”

I AM going to tell all the wondering children just what that little star is, and I want them to go to the window this minute, and take a good look at it.

Have you been? And was it “up above the world so high”? Some of you are laughing at me, perhaps, because it is broad daylight, when stars do not show themselves.

But do not laugh yet. If the sun is out, you can certainly see a star.

To be sure you cannot take a good look at it, it is so bright; but there it is,—the star that gives us light and heat,—the sun himself. Now, were you ever told before, that the sun is a star, just like the little diamonds you see in the sky before you go to bed?

Why shouldn't it look like a star then? Because it is not "up above the world so high" as all the rest of the stars are. It is near enough to us to keep us warm, and make every thing grow.

But what is more wonderful than that our sun is a star, is, that all the stars are suns. They keep the worlds that are near them warm and bright, just as our sun does this world. They are great globes of fire that never go out.

Some are red fire, some are blue, some yellow, and some white, like ours. How should you like to have it all red, or blue, or green, out doors, instead of white? It would seem a good deal like fireworks to us, I think.

Now look out of the window again, and try to pick out a red star. I know one you can all see before you go to bed, unless you are too sleepy to see any thing. It is nearly overhead about supper-time. If you find it, write a little letter to "The Nursery," and tell me.

M. E. R.



X PAPA'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

HARRY is a little boy six years old. He always wants to be doing something; and many funny pictures he makes, both on his slate and with a lead pencil on paper. Mamma saves all the blank pieces of paper she can to give him.

When he is tired of pictures, he plays with his blocks, and makes boats, and cars and bridges, and towers and churches.

Harry lives on the west bank of the Mississippi River, where there is a bridge right in sight from his home. He often watches the cars go across the bridge, and the boats go through the draw. He is an observing little fellow, and he notices that just before the cars get to the bridge they stop, and then go over very slowly. Then they start up faster and faster; and soon the bridge is left behind, and the cars are out of sight.

The cars always have to wait for the boats to go through the bridge; and Harry thinks that is too bad; for the cars would not keep the boats waiting half as long as the boats keep them. So mamma tells him that the river was there first, and the boats have the first right.

But about the present. There had been a week of rain; but papa's birthday was pleasant, and Harry was glad to get out of doors. He ran till he was tired, and then, as he sat down to rest, he thought he would get some clay, and make something to show mamma.

So he began. First he made a round ball like a marble, then a larger ball; then he put them together, and thought, "I will make a man, and this little ball shall be his head." He put a stick in to hold the head to the body, and put clay around the stick, and that made the neck. Then he made a long piece for the legs, and cut out between them with a knife to form two. Then he made the arms, and joined them to the body.

He was very much pleased with his work so far; but to complete it was the most fun. He got little stones, and stuck them into the clay for eyes, nose, and buttons; made a cut for the mouth; and, for a head-dress, made use of the



DRAWING-LESSON BY HARRISON WEIR.

green spikes from a pine-tree. This made the figure look so much like an Indian, that Harry danced with joy.

Then he took it to mamma, who was so pleased that she told him to put it on papa's study-table to dry, and said that it would do for papa's birthday present.

Papa thinks so much of it, that he has locked it up in his curiosity cabinet. This is a true story.

COUSIN VIDA.



THE RESCUE.

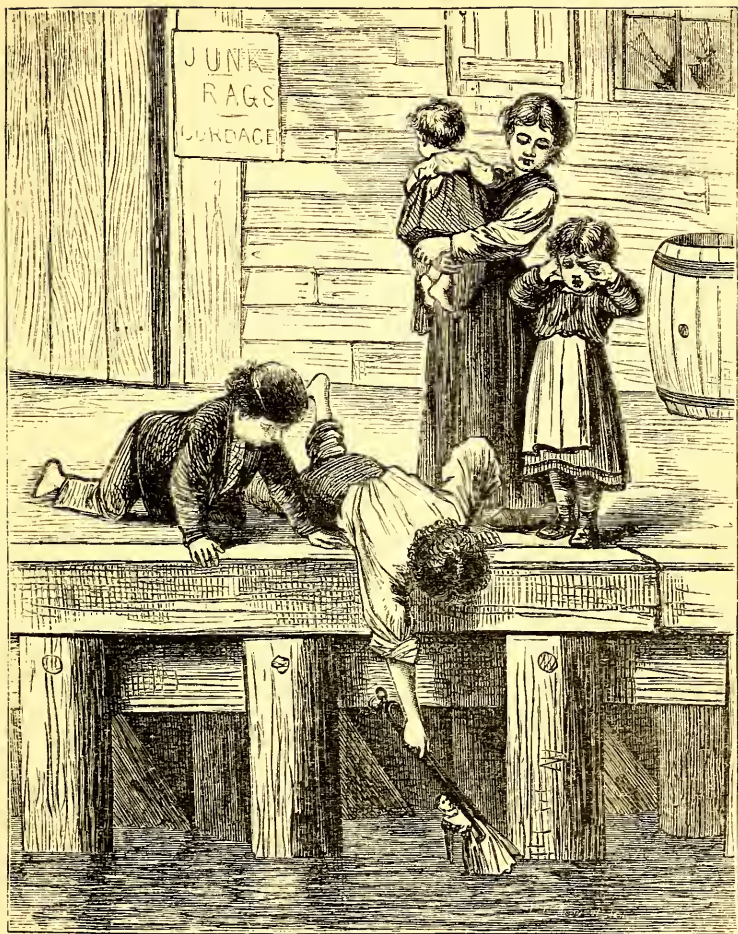
JANE is a bright little girl, about six years old, who lives not far from a wharf in a seaport town, where her father is employed in a junk store. She has an elder sister named Susan, a baby-brother named Charlie, and a doll named Anna Maria.

One pleasant summer day Susan took the baby in her arms, Jane took Anna Maria in her arms, and all together, and all bareheaded, they took a stroll down the wharf. It was not a safe place for young children; and Susan ought to have known better than to take them there.

They wandered about, enjoying the cool sea-air, and pretty soon stood on the very edge of the wharf, looking down into the water. Just then, by some accident (I don't know exactly how it happened), Anna Maria slipped out of Jane's arms, and fell overboard.

Well, this was not so bad as if Jane herself had fallen over; but it was almost as bad to poor Jane. She burst into tears, and raised a cry of distress. There was her dear little Anna Maria in the water, beyond her reach, and she could do nothing to save her.

Now there happened to be a smart boy, named Tom



Williams, not far off. He heard Jane's outcry, and came running down the wharf to see what was the matter; and another bright boy, named Sam Brown, came with him. The two saw what the trouble was in a moment.

They lay down on the wharf, and tried to reach Anna Maria. But it was of no use. Their arms were not long

enough. Poor Jane's heart sank within her. She cried and sobbed, and was in more distress than ever.

"Don't cry," said Tom. "Crying's of no use. Wait a minute: I know how to do it." And off he ran into the old junk shop. In a moment he came back, bringing a pair of tongs. "Now I'll show you!" said he. Down he lay again, with his bare feet sticking up, as you see in the picture, reached over the side of the wharf, took Anna Maria in the tongs, just as she was near floating under the wharf, and placed her, all wet and dripping, in Jane's arms.

How happy the little girl was to get her darling safe back again! And how thankful she was to Tom, for coming to the rescue so bravely! Anna Maria soon got over the effects of her bath: she did not even catch cold.

But I hope that both Jane and Susan will learn a lesson from her mishap, and not go so near the edge of the wharf another time.

UNCLE SAM.



THE YOUNG SHEEP-OWNER.

SEVERAL years ago, on the Island of Nantucket, lived a little boy named Frank Simmons. His grandfather, with whom he was a great favorite, owned about two hundred sheep. Many other persons on the island owned sheep at that time; and there was a broad plain of open ground, over which all the flocks roamed in common.

Every year, in the month of June, all the sheep were driven into a large enclosure near a pond, in which they were washed until their wool was white and clean. This was the preparation for shearing, or taking off their heavy coats of wool.

Each separate flock was marked by a little cut made in the ears. The ears of one flock, for instance, were clipped at the ends; of another, notched at the sides; of another, marked by a slit.

This last was the mark which Frank looked for when he went with his grandfather to catch his sheep. Frank thought it was cruel to cut the ears so; but, when his grand-



father told him it was the only way by which each owner could know his own sheep, he was satisfied.

Whenever he caught one, he would lead it along to his grandfather's pen, where a man was waiting to take it on his back, and carry it into the pond. After being washed, the sheep were left to find their own way to the shore, which they did very quickly.

It took two days to wash all the sheep on the island. The washing was finished on Saturday. The sheep were

allowed to rest and dry themselves on Sunday ; and on Monday morning, bright and early, Frank was ready to start with his grandfather to catch the sheep for the shearing.

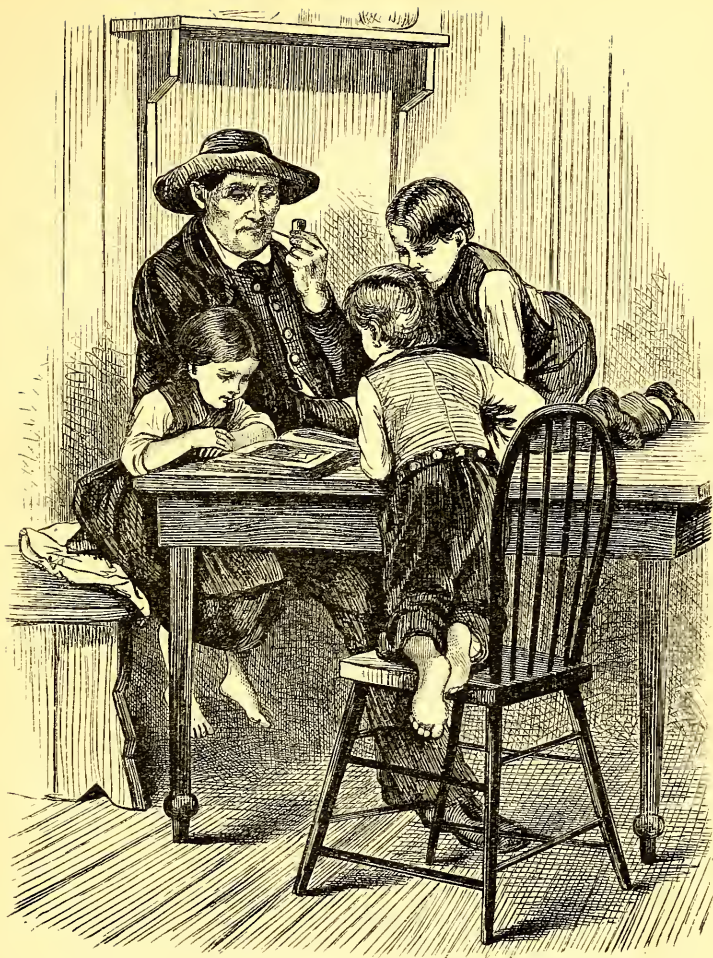
The shearing occupied two days more ; and, after their heavy coats were off, the sheep would feel so smart, that they would frisk about like young lambs ; and some of them would jump five or six feet up in the air.

During all this time, their poor little lambs had been kept apart by themselves. They must have felt lonely enough without their mothers ; but, as soon as the shearing was over, all the sheep and lambs were set at liberty. Such a bleating and baa-ing as there was ! The sheep ran round for the lambs, and the lambs for their mothers ; and away they skipped over the plains like children at play.

Frank had made himself so useful in catching the sheep, that his grandfather gave him two sheep and two lambs as a reward, and put a new mark on them for him. So Frank became a young sheep-owner, and, the next year, had his own sheep to catch.

CARTWRIGHT.





EMMA'S CHOICE.

THREE young children, Emma, Charles, and Arthur Payson, had been left to the care of their old grandfather, through the death of their parents.

Grandpa Payson was not rich : he was a day-laborer, and had to work hard for the support of a family, which would

have been large enough without the addition of three hungry little ones.

But grandpa's heart was large enough to take them all in; and they proved such good and lovable children, that he soon became very much attached to them.

Little Emma was his especial favorite; and one December day he said to her, "What shall I get you, darling, for a Christmas present? A nice pair of shoes would be just the thing, I'm thinking."

"Oh, no, grandpa! Give me a book—a book with pictures in it: that will be better than new shoes. By going barefoot, I can make my old shoes last me a year longer."

Well, in the shop where Grandpa Payson bought a beautiful bound copy of "The Nursery" for his darling, he happened to mention to the shopkeeper the fact that Emma had preferred a new book to a new pair of shoes.

An old lady who stood near could not help hearing the conversation. That evening, while Grandpa Payson, Emma, and the two boys, were gathered around the table, feasting their eyes on the new book, there was a knock at the door, and a package was left, directed to "Miss Emma Payson."

"Dear me! What can it be? I never had a package left for me before in all my life," cried Emma.

She opened the package, and there found several pairs of shoes, and a note, telling her to select two pairs that would fit her, and to send the rest to the shopkeeper.

In the note the old lady wrote: "You must not only fill your head with knowledge, but keep your feet warm, if you would preserve your health. If your brothers will go to Mr. Lane's to-morrow, he will fit them both to new shoes, a gift from me. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!"



HELP ONE ANOTHER.

ONE day, passing through a meadow, I saw a sheep much troubled by flies. Presently I saw it walk to a small pond where there were some young

ducks, and stand there quietly. Soon the ducks took notice of the flies, and, coming out from the water, began snapping them up, as if to punish them for worrying the poor sheep.

By and by a starling, from a tree near by, flew down, lighted on the sheep's back, and helped in the good work of ridding her of the flies.

This, thought I, is a clear case of putting into practice the golden rule of "Help one another." Perhaps you will say, that the ducks and the starling wanted to make a meal of the flies; but I like to think that some less selfish motive was mingled with their work.

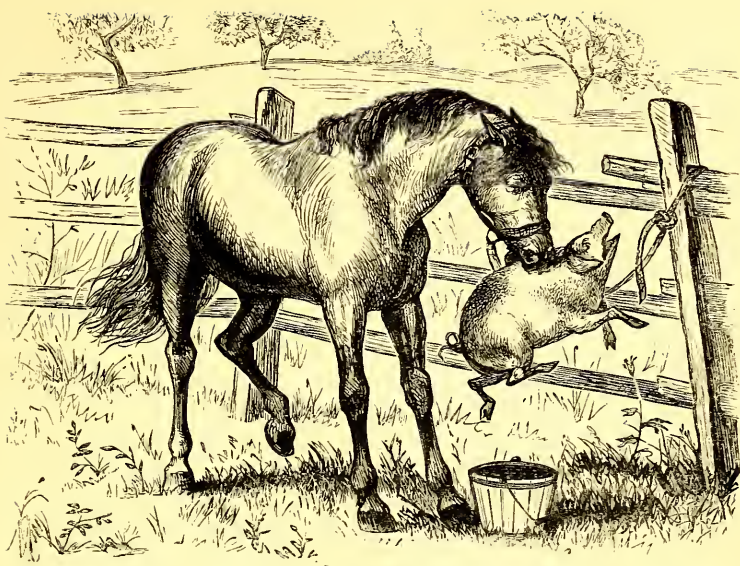
THE FAITHLESS FRIEND.

My little lamb, in early spring,
Was but a timid, weakly thing :
His old sheep-mother did not own him :
He would, no doubt, have soon been dead,
If I had not some pity shown him,
And seen that he was warmed and fed.
I was the only friend he knew,
And fond of him each day I grew ;
And, as I stroked his woolly head,
“ Wherever you may be,
I know, my little lamb,” I said,
“ You will remember me.”

But, when the fields grew green in May,
They sent my little pet away
To pasture, where the brooks were flowing
Through yellow beds of cowslip flowers,
Where purple violets were growing,
And scented blossoms fell in showers
From off the shading chestnut-trees,
And daisies nodded in the breeze :
And many mates my lambkin found,
As young and gay as he,
And all day long they frisked around
And gambolled full of glee.

But when the robin-redbreasts flew,
And loud and shrill the north-winds blew,
Back from the pastures hard and frozen,
Through winter in the barn to keep,
The little lamb that I had chosen
They brought with all the other sheep ;
And, oh ! how glad my face to see,
I thought, my pretty pet will be !
But when to meet him I went out,
And tried to coax and call,
He drew away, and turned about,
And would not come at all.

With his white fleece and playful ways,
My lamb now all about me praise ;
But dearer far to me the sickly,
Poor, shivering thing he used to be ;
When to my call he came so quickly
I thought that he was fond of me !
But if I pet him now, I know
He'll take my gifts, and off he'll go ;
For I, to my regret, have found
I can no more depend
On one who will go frisking round,
And quite forget a friend.



BILLY AND THE PIG.

HERE is another story about my father's wise old horse, Billy.

One day, when my father wished to go away to the mill, he sent my brother Robert down to the pasture to catch Billy. Robert brought the horse up to the house, tied him to the fence in the backyard, and gave him some oats in a pail.

In a pen back of the house we kept three pigs: two of them were white; and the other was spotted, — black and white. These pigs had got out of the pen by pushing off a board from one side of it.

Soon after Billy began to eat his dinner, the two white pigs came running through the yard. They saw Billy eating his oats; and, thinking it would be nice for them to have some as well as he, they ran up to his pail, and with-

out as much as saying, "By your leave," began to help themselves.

Billy had no idea of sharing his dinner with such company as this: so he lopped back his ears, looked as cross as he possibly could, snapped at the pigs fiercely with his teeth, raised his hind-feet from the ground, as if to kick them, and at last succeeded in frightening them away.

Scarcely had they left the yard, however, before the spotted pig got his eye upon the pail of oats; and he at once ran for it with all his might.

Billy tried to scare him as he had the others; but Spotty was not so easily frightened. He took no notice of any thing but the oats.

Finding that threats were of no use, Billy seized him by the back of the neck, raised him about two feet from the ground, shook him a little, and then let him drop.

Spotty was satisfied. He lost his appetite for oats, and ran squealing out of the yard.

EDITH'S PAPA.



JOCKO, THE RAVEN.

THE raven is a sly bird, and has not many friends. He will steal from you, if he can. He can crow like a cock, mew like a cat, and bark like a dog; and sometimes he will imitate the sound of the rattle with which the farmer tries to frighten him away from the corn.

The raven, like the parrot, can learn to talk a little. He is even capable of learning a little Latin. Dr. J. Franklin's raven, which was named Jocko, pronounced the word *aqua* (water) distinctly; but he much preferred wine to water. Sad to say, Jocko was a toper.

“One day,” says the doctor, “my housekeeper placed a glass of red wine on the table: in an instant the bird plunged in his beak, and began sucking up the wine, drop by drop. The housekeeper, fearing he would break the glass, took it away; but at this Jocko was very angry, and tried to peck at her face.

“If three glasses are placed on the table, — one of water, another of beer, and the third of wine, — Jocko will leave the first two, and will pay his respects only to the glass of wine.”



The raven has a strong memory, great prudence, and some capacity for reasoning. The keen watchfulness with which he will regard a man armed with a gun has often been noticed.

A traveller in the arctic regions relates that he once saw some ravens outwit a dog. While the dog was at his dinner, they would make him angry, and entice him away in pursuit of them; and, when they had led him some distance, they would fly quickly back, and snatch up the best bones, before he could prevent it.

That was hardly honest, was it? The raven, you see, does not set a good example. He drinks wine, he fights, and he steals. But I suppose he knows no better, and has not been taught, like you and me, that to do such things is very wrong.

Words by G. COOPER.
Allegretto. mf

CHIPPEREE, CHIP.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

1. I once knew a couple that liv'd in a wood,—Chipperee, chipperee, chip! And
2. When winter came on with its frost and its snow, Chipperee, chipperee, chip! They
3. Their parlor was lined with the softest of wool,—Chipperee, chipperee, chip! Their

up in a tree-top their dwelling it stood,—Chip-per-ee, chip-per-ee, chip!
cared not a bit when they heard the wind blow,—Chip-per-ee, chip-per-ee, chip!
kitch-en was warm and their pan-try was full,—Chip-per ee, chip-per-ee, chip!

The summer it came and the summer it went,— Chipperee, chipperee, chip! And
For wrapp'd in their feathers they lay down to sleep,—Chipperee, chipperee, chip! But
And four little babies peep'd out at the sky,— Chipperee, chipperee, chip! You

there they lived on though they never paid rent,—Chipper-ee, chip-per-ee, chip!
oh, in the spring, how their bright eyes did peep,—Chipperee, chip-per-ee, chip!
nev-er saw dar-lings so pretty and shy,— Chipper-ee, chip-per-ee, chip!



AN OLD-TIME SCENE.



LOOK at the picture, and see if you can tell what has roused all those children up so early in the morning. There is Mary in her stocking-feet. There is Ann in her night-dress. There is Tom, bare armed and bare legged.

Why have they all left their beds, and run into the play-room in such haste? And, why is little Ned, the baby, sitting up in the bed, as though he wanted to come too?

It is plain enough that the children use that room for a play-room; for you can see playthings on the mantle-piece. But why are they all flocking about the fireplace? And why is mamma coming upstairs with a dust-brush in her hand? And why is that cloth hung over the fireplace? And whose are those bare feet peeping from under it?

“Oh!” perhaps you will say, “it is Santa Claus; and the children are trying to catch him.” Oh, no! Santa Claus never allows himself to be caught in that way. You never see even his feet. He never leaves his shoes on the floor, nor dirty old brushes, nor shovels. It is not Santa Claus—it is only a chimney-sweeper.

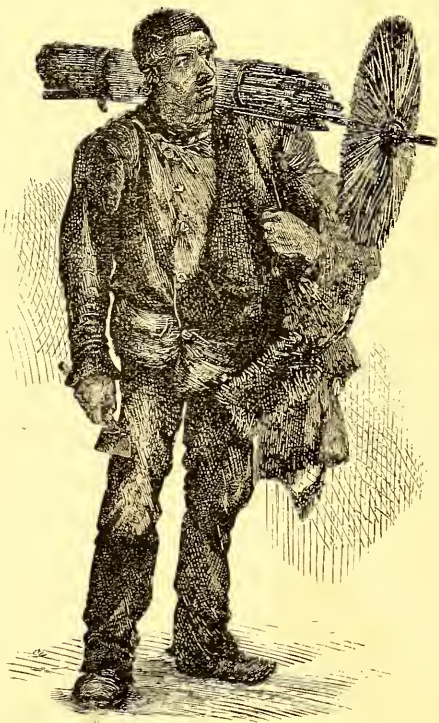
“But what is a chimney-sweeper?” I think I hear you ask. Well, we do not have such chimney-sweepers now-a-days, at least not in this part of the world. But ask your grandfathers and grandmothers to tell you about the chimney-sweepers that were to be seen in Boston forty or fifty years ago, and I warrant that many of them will remember just such a scene as you see in the picture.

In those days, before hard coal fires had come in use, chimney-sweepers were often employed. They were small boys, working under the orders of a master in the business, who was very often a hard master. Generally they were

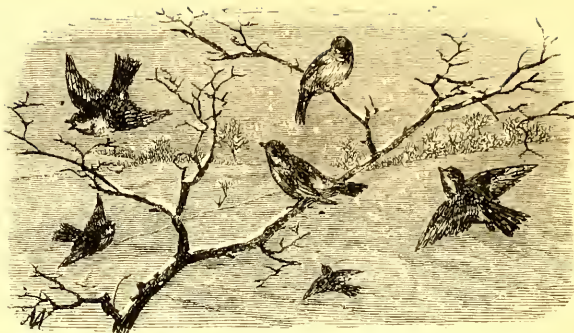
negroes ; but, whether so or not, they soon became so black with soot, that you could not tell them from negroes.

The chimney-sweepers always came early in the morning, before the fires were lighted ; and their coming was a great event to the children of a household. “ When a child,” says a famous English writer, speaking of the chimney-sweepers of London, “ what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation ! — to see a chit no bigger than one’s self enter into that dark hole — to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many stifling caverns — to shudder with the idea, that ‘ now surely he must be lost forever ! ’ — to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight, — and then (oh, fulness of delight !) running out of doors, to come just in time to see him emerge in safety ! ”

There are chimney-sweepers even now ; but none of the old-fashioned kind. In many places it is forbidden by law to send boys up the chimneys. So the modern chimney-sweeper puts his brush on the end of a pole, which is made in joints, like a fishing-rod, and, by attaching joint after joint, thrusts it farther and farther up the chimney.



THE MODERN CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.



TOM-TIT.

WHAT is it? What is it?

Only a feather

Blown by the wind

In this cold stormy weather,
Hunted and hurried so

Hither and thither?

Leaf or a feather,

I know not if either.

There, hark now, and see!

'Tis alight on a tree,

And sings, "Chick-a-dee-dee,

Chick-a-dee-dee!"

I know it! you know it!

'Tis little Tom-tit.

Look at it! Look at it

Flutter and hover!

Only a tuft of down

On it for cover!

Only a bare bough

To shelter it over!

Poor little rover,

Snow-fields for clover

Are all that you see!

Yet listen the glee

Of its "chick-a-dee-dee,

Chick a-dee-dee!"

Hark to it! look at it!

Little Tom-tit!

How is it? Why is it?

Like a snow-flurry,

With swish of wings,

And a swoop and a scurry,

Comes a whole flock of them

Now in a hurry!

Busy and merry

The little things, very;

Watch them, and see

How blithe they can be

With their "Chick-a-dee-dee,

Chick-a-dee-dee!"

Each one such a bit

Of a little Tom-tit!



NELLY'S FIRST LESSON IN DANCING.

GRANDPA MASON has not quite forgotten his dancing days. So one day, when little Nelly said, "I wish I knew how to dance like Emma Drake!" grandpa replied, "I'll teach you, Nelly, if you will bring me my accordion."

So Nelly brought the accordion; and grandpa seated himself in his old wooden arm-chair. First he taught her the steps, and then said, "Now, Nelly, you must try to move

round just as you saw Emma do ; and be sure and keep time to the music."

Nelly made a courtesy, and began to dance ; and, as grandpa looked on, his heart seemed to dance with her ; for he felt young once more, and went back, in thought, to the times when he was about as old as she.

That was a long while ago — more than seventy years. He sighed as he thought of his little brothers and sisters, all now gone to the better world. But Nelly's merry look soon drove away his sad mood.

"Well done, Nelly !" said he. "You will make a dancer ; for you follow the music well, and step out lightly and easily. Now let me see you rise a little on your left foot, and whirl round once."

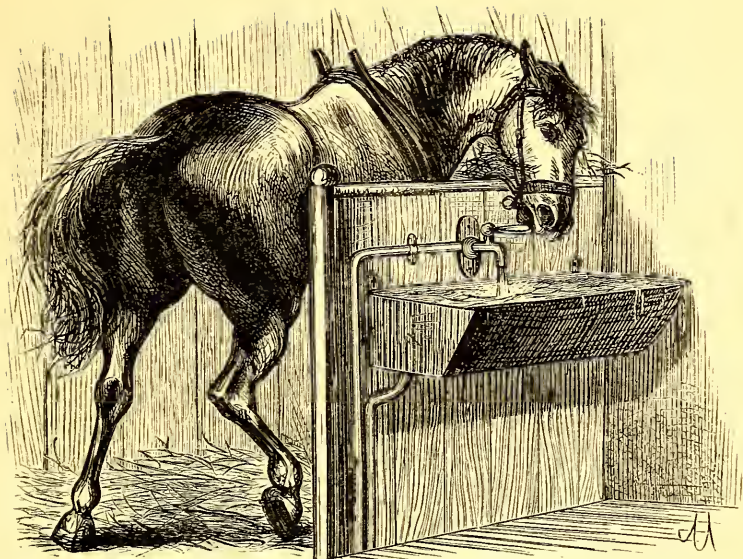
Nelly did it, and grandpa said, "Bravely done, little girl ! Here ends your first lesson in dancing. To-morrow we will have another. Now get your new 'Nursery,' and let me hear one of the stories ; for we must take care of the head, as well as the heels."

Nelly laughed ; but, when she began to read, the tune she had just heard came back to her, and she could hardly keep from dancing up and down.

"One thing at a time, darling," said grandpa. "If we would do one thing well, we must not let our thoughts wander to something else. Tell me when you think you can give your thoughts to reading. I can wait."

Nelly took a few more dancing-steps, whirled around twice, made a courtesy, then came, and read so well, that grandpa said, "You deserve a good mark for reading, my dear. Now, whether you read, or whether you dance, mind this : —

"What you do, if well you would do it,
Rule your thoughts, and give them all to it."



OLD JIM.

JIM is a fine large horse. He lives in the engine-house, and draws the hose-carriage. His stall is so made that, when the alarm-bell strikes, it opens in front of him, leaving the way clear for him to rush out and take his place in front of the hose-carriage.

One night, the hoseman (who sleeps upstairs in the engine-house, so as to be all ready if there is an alarm of fire) heard a great noise down below, — a stamping and jumping, as if the horses were getting ready to go to a fire, when there was no alarm at all. He went softly to the stairway, and looked down; and there was Jim, jumping over the shafts of the hose-carriage, first one way, then another, just to amuse himself.

One day old Jim was in the yard behind the engine-house, and a man went out to catch him, and lead him in.

But he rushed and pranced around the yard, and would not be caught. Then the man set out to drive him in; and what do you think Jim did?

Instead of going in at the open door, he made a leap, and went in at the open window, without breaking a glass, or hurting himself in the least. No one who saw the window would believe that such a great horse could possibly have gone through it.

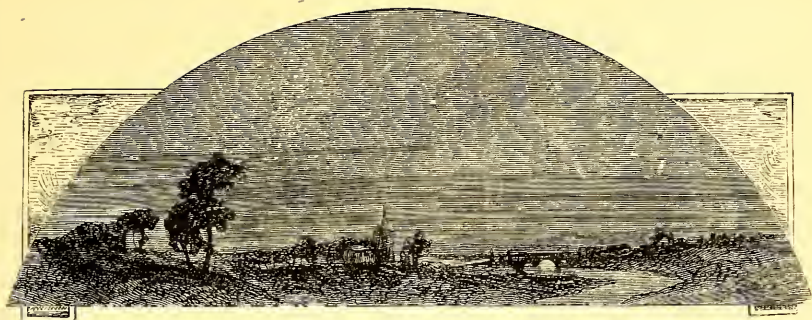
When Jim is fed, he sometimes puts his nose in the oats, and throws them all out on the floor. Then he begins to eat them up, and, after he has eaten all he can reach standing, he goes down on his knees, and reaches out with his long tongue, and picks up every oat he can find.

Outside of his stall, on one side, is a watering-trough, where Jim is taken to drink. The water comes through a pipe, and is turned on by a faucet. Two or three times the water was found running, so that the trough overflowed, when no one had been near to meddle with it.

At last the men suspected that Jim was the rogue, and they kept very still, and watched one night till Jim thought he was all alone. Then they saw him twist himself almost double in his stall, stretch his long neck out, take the faucet in his teeth, turn on the water, and get a good drink. But he could not shut it off again.

Jim is a brave horse to go to a fire; but there is one thing that frightens him dreadfully, and that is — a feather duster! He is not afraid of any thing he sees in the streets, and the greatest noise of the Fourth of July will not scare him; but show him a feather duster, and his heels will fly up, and he will act as if he were going out of his senses.

The firemen think Jim a most amusing horse; and they sometimes say that he understands as much as some people do, and can do most every thing but talk.



SECOND LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star :
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky !”

DID any of you find the red star I asked you to look for last month ? I hope you did ; for I want you to look at it again while I tell you something about the “twinkle” of it.

Look very carefully, first at the red star, and then at just as large a white star ; and, if your eyes are bright, you will see that the white one twinkles the most. I wish I could tell you why ; but I think nobody knows.

Be very careful, though, not to choose a white star that is not a star ; for, as that twinkles very little, you may think I am mistaken.

“A star that is *not* a star ?” I think I hear you say, “How I wonder what you are !” Well, I will tell you.

Although most of the “diamonds in the sky,” commonly called stars, are real stars, or suns like our sun, a few of them are not suns, but solid globes or worlds like that which we inhabit, warmed and lighted by our sun. When the sun is shining on them, they look bright to us ; but it is only

the light of our own sun thrown back, or reflected. They give no light themselves.

Because they have our sun, we and they are like members of one family. We call them "planets" (just as our earth is called "a planet"), and are as familiar with their names as if they were our brothers and sisters. One of them, for instance, is called Venus; another, Jupiter; and another, Saturn. Can you remember these hard names?

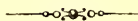
Now you would never notice the difference between these few stars and all the others, if you did not look very carefully to see whether they twinkle or not. And I would advise you to ask somebody to point them out to you whenever they are in sight.

I cannot tell you exactly where to look for them, because they wander about a good deal, and I do not know where they will be when you happen to read this number of "The Nursery."

From all this you will see that you will have to be very particular what kind of a star you look at when you say, —

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

M. E. R.



HOW A RAT WAS ONCE CAUGHT.

Do you know what sly and cunning creatures rats are? The picture shows how they sometimes contrive to carry off eggs. The old fox in the background seems to be watching the performance with great interest.

But, cute as they are, they sometimes get caught. I am going to tell you how a rat was once caught by a clam. It happened when I was a little child, and lived with my



mother. Whether such a thing ever happened before or since, I do not know ; but this is a true story.

One day, my father went to town, and bought some clams. When he came home, I took them down cellar in a basket, and laid them on the brick floor of the cellar. Now, when clams are put where it is dark and cool and quiet, they open their shells. If you should go softly up, and put a straw in one of their mouths, it would clasp its shells together so tightly, that you could not get them open.

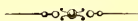
The cellar was under my mother's bed-room ; and in the night she heard a great noise, like something bumping and slamming, down below. Being a brave woman, she lighted a candle, and went down stairs ; and what do you think she found ? I will tell you ; for I am sure you would never guess.

When the house came to be still with the night-stillness,

and every one was in bed, an old rat had come out of his hole, and gone foraging around for his supper. As he walked majestically along, swinging his long tail after him, it happened to switch into a clam's opened shell, when, presto change! the clam was no longer only a clam: it was a rat-trap.

It pinched hard; and I am sure it hurt the old rat very much. He ran across the cellar to his hole; and the clam bounced on the bricks as he went; and that was what my mother had heard. The rat could not get the clam into the hole. It held him fast by the tail all the rest of his life, which was not long; for he was killed soon after.

LIZZIE'S MAMMA.



TO SEA IN A TUB.

HERE is a picture of a boy trying his new boat in a tub of water. His brothers and sisters are looking on. His elder brother seems to be pointing out some fault in the rig of the boat. Perhaps he thinks the sails are too large. The dog Tray takes a good deal of interest in the matter. I wonder what he thinks of it.

But the story I am going to tell you is about a little girl named Emma, and what happened one day, when she went out in the yard to play. Her mother had told her not to go outside the gate: so she looked around the doorway to see what she could find to play with. There stood a great tub full of water; and there, close by, was a pile of chips. "Boats!" said Emma to herself: "I'll sail boats!"

It didn't take a minute to get six of the nicest chips well afloat; but after all they were not much better than rafts.

"I must put on sails," said Emma. And running into



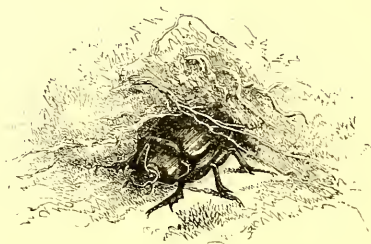
the sitting-room, and getting some pins, and then putting a bit of paper on each pin, and sticking a pin upright in each chip, at last she had her little boats with little sails, going straight across the tub with a fair wind.

Once a fly alighted on one of the boats, and took quite a long voyage. That made Emma think of trying to find other passengers; and she picked up a great ground beetle, and put him aboard. Poor beetle! he didn't want to go, and he wasn't used to it. He tumbled about on the deck; the boat tipped under him, and the next thing Emma knew he was overboard.

"Oh, he mustn't drown!" she cried. "I must get him out!" And she stooped over in great haste to save the poor beetle. But it was a large tub, and a very deep one too; and what did little Emma know about being careful? She lost her balance, and down into the water she went, with a great splash that wrecked all the boats in the same instant. "Mother, mother!" screamed a choking, sputtering voice, as Emma managed to lift her head.

Her mother heard it, and flew to the spot. It didn't take long to get Emma into the warm kitchen, to pull off the wet clothes, to wrap her in a blanket, and set her before the fire in the big rocking-chair, with a bowl of hot ginger-tea to drink. There Emma sat, and steamed, and begged for stories. By eleven o'clock she couldn't stand it any longer, and by noon she was out in the yard again, playing tea-party, and not one whit the worse for her sudden cold bath. But what became of the poor beetle?

MARY L. B. BRANCH.





A LENTEN-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Quog, quog, quog, quog!

A very unmusical note :

This eminent basso, Mr. Frog,

Has surely a cold in his throat.

But he does his best, with a good intent,

The little speckled man ;

For every frog must sing in Lent,

As loud as ever he can.

Quog, quog, quog, quog !

When the morning sky is red,

He sits on the slippery, mossy log,

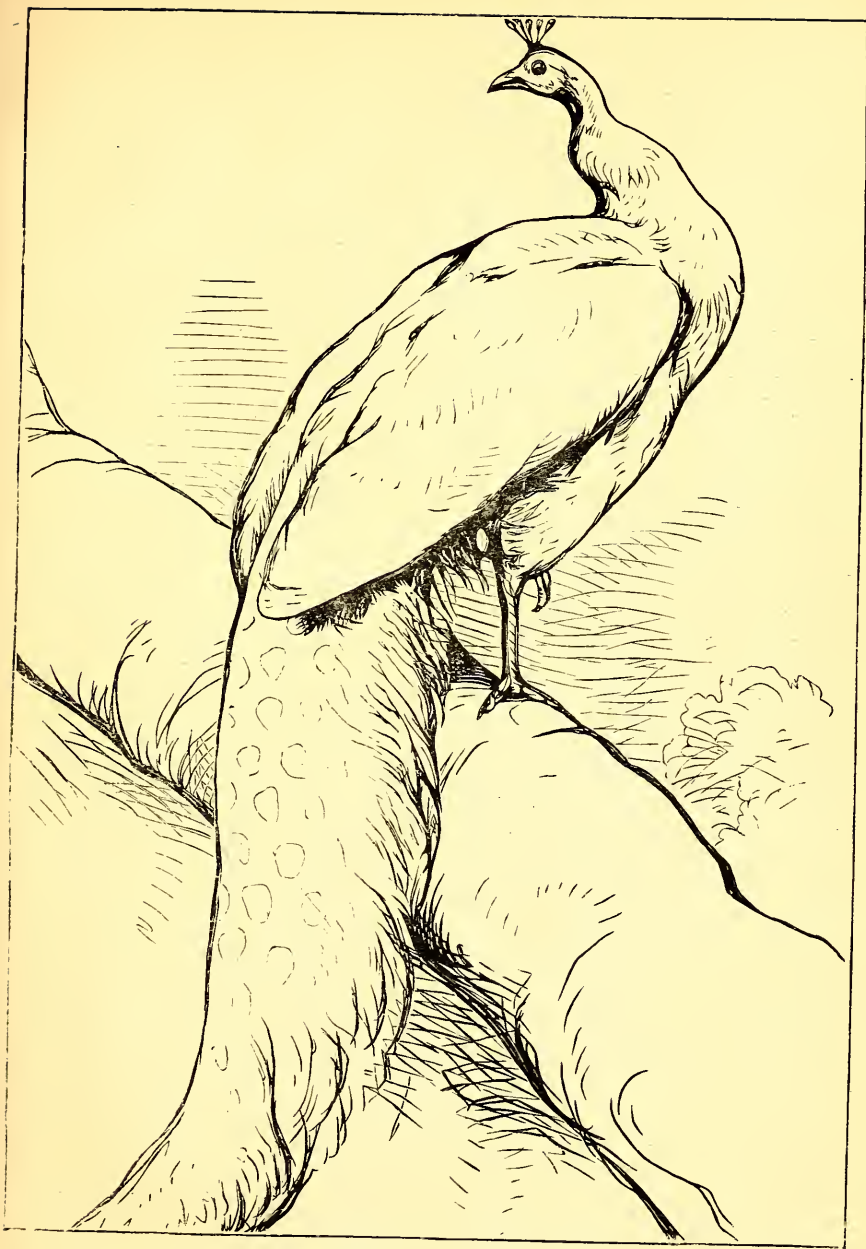
With the rushes over his head.

He does his best, with a good intent,
The little sprawling man ;
For every frog must sing in Lent,
As loud as ever he can.

Quog, quog, quog, quog !
When the evening sky is pale,
He nestles low in the sheltering bog,
While the gentle dewes exhale.
He does his best, with a good intent,
The little struggling man ;
For every frog must sing in Lent,
As loud as ever he can.

Quog, quog, quog, quog !
He strains till he shakes the reeds,
And scares his neighbor, Miss Polly Wog.
As she hides in the water-reeds.
He does his best, with a good intent,
The little panting man ;
For every frog must sing in Lent,
As loud as ever he can.

Quog, quog, quog, quog !
Oh ! aren't you afraid you'll burst ?
You should have put on, dear Mr. Frog,
Your girdle of leather first.
But on he goes, with his good intent,
The little gasping man ;
For every frog must sing in Lent,
As loud as ever he can.



DRAWING-LESSON BY HARRISON WEIR.

A WOODCHUCK HUNT.

ONE September morning, before breakfast, Ned and Harry went woodchuck hunting. They took Dick, who is a big, fat, spotted coach-dog, and Gyp, a little black-and-tan, with short ears, and afraid of a mouse, — both “such splendid hunters,” Harry said.

Gyp ran ahead on three legs; and Dick walked sedately behind. Ned carried the bow, and Harry, the three arrows: and it was enough to make any wise woodchuck tremble to see them.

First they crossed a potato-field, and then a meadow where there was a brook, and where they lost Gyp so often among the bogs, that Harry carried him at last so as to know where he was. Dick ran through the brook, and shook himself over Ned's new sailor-suit; but that was no matter.

Then they came to a rickety old stone wall, and Dick barked. “It must be a woodchuck in the wall. We've got him!” shouted Ned. “Down comes the wall!” Then the stones fell; and Gyp jumped up and down with excitement, while Dick gave a low and terrible growl. “He must be here,” said Ned.

But, as he was not to be found, Dick was reproved for giving a false alarm; and they all jumped over the stones of the old wall, and ran up the hill towards the walnut-grove, where woodchucks were sure to be as thick as nuts.

“Here's a fresh hole!” shouted Harry. “Now it's almost breakfast-time: he'll be out before long. Come on, Mr. Chuck, we're waiting for you.”

So the boys lay down flat on the mound of earth, and peered into the hole, by way of inviting its owner to come



out and be shot ; while Dick and Gyp gave persuasive growls and yelps.

Strangely enough no woodchuck appeared ; and after waiting an “ age,” — five minutes long. — the brave hunters decided to dig in. “ We ought to have brought spades,” they said ; but sticks and stones and hands did very well in the soft, wet earth.

About the time that Harry got out of breath, and Ned had dropped a stone on his foot, Dick barked furiously at something moving under a hazel-bush. “ Shoot, Ned, shoot !” Harry shouted. “ Whiz ” went an arrow straight into the bushes, where it lodged, and never more came out.

“ A chase, a chase !” cried Ned, throwing down his bow ; and away they went, — Harry and Ned, Dick and Gyp, — over stones and fences, bushes and bogs, in pursuit of something ; but whether it was a woodchuck or a cat they never

got near enough to tell. Suddenly it disappeared in a corn-field.

Dick and Gyp put their tails between their legs, and dropped their ears; but Ned and Harry spied some pumpkins ripening among the stacked corn.

“Gay for Jack-o-lanterns!” said Harry. “Wouldn’t they frighten Belle and Lucy, though!”

So two of the biggest pumpkins were cut off. “Now let’s take ’em home,” said Harry, thinking of his breakfast. But, oh, how heavy those pumpkins grew! In getting over a wall, Harry’s fell and was smashed: so the boys took turns in carrying the other one.

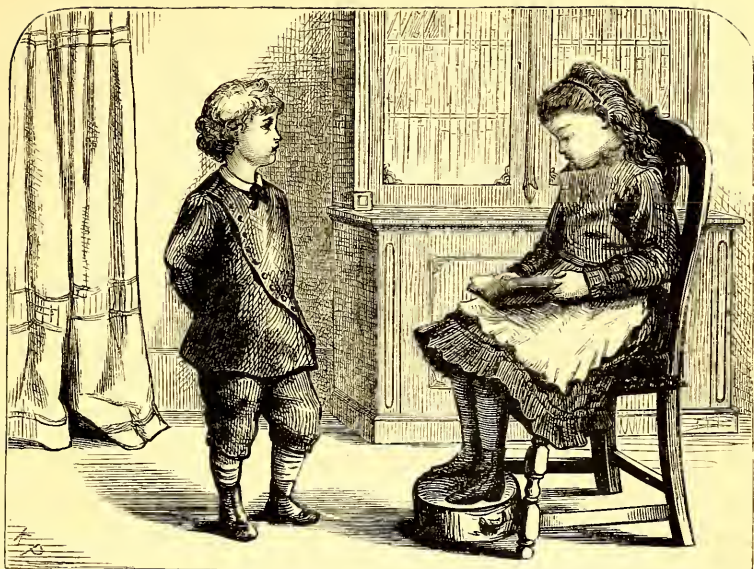
Mamma stood on the piazza, in a fresh white morning-dress. She heard Dick and Gyp, and then she saw her little boys. Oh, what a sight!—the striped stockings and blue sailor-suits all one shade of yellow brown earth!

“Did you have good sport?” asked papa, coming to the door.

“Splendid! Found lots of *holes*,” said Ned, dumping the pumpkin. And what they did with the pumpkin, perhaps I’ll tell you another time.

MISS A. H. R.





THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

“THERE are many thousand words in our language,” said Ellen, reading from a book, “and some words are used for one purpose, and some for another; and the same word may be used in different ways. When your uncle gave you a lot of shells last December, what did you do with them, Edwin?”

“I classified them: that is, I put one kind into one heap, and another kind into another heap; and so on.”

“Well, that is just the way we do with words; we put them in classes which we call Parts of Speech. Now, there is one class of words which is made up of name-words or nouns; that is, of words that are used as names of persons or things. In the sentence, ‘Birds fly,’ *birds* is a noun, and *fly* is a verb.”

“I think I knew that much already, Schoolmistress.”

“Well, sir, since you know so much, let me hear you correct the mistakes in the following sentence: ‘A pear or peach, when they are ripe, are good food for the boy or girl who like them.’”

“It should be: ‘A pear or a peach, when it is ripe, is good food for the boy or girl who likes it.’”

“Well done, Edwin! go up to the head of your class.”

Edwin walked round his sister, as she sat in her chair, and then gravely took his place again before her.

“Here are two sentences, Edwin: ‘I fell down,’ and ‘I fell down stairs.’ *Down* is not the same Part of Speech in the two sentences. What is it in the first?”

“An Adverb; and in the second it is a Preposition.”

“Well, sir, school is dismissed. You may go. I shall give you a good mark in grammar.”

IDA FAY.



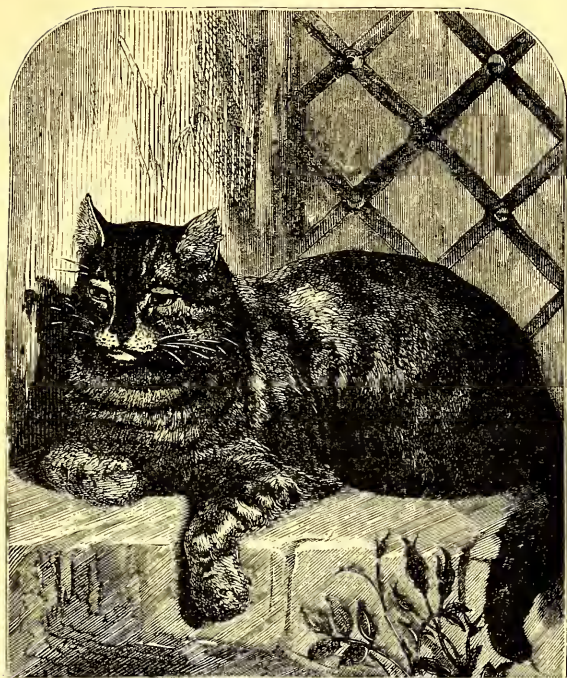
A MEW FROM PUSSY.

IN ANSWER TO “A SQUEAK.”*

I AM only the lazy old cat
That sleeps upon somebody’s mat:
I sit in the sunshine,
And lick my soft paws,
With one eye on mousie,
And one on my claws.

Little mouse, little mouse! look out how you boast!
Of just such as you I have eaten a host!
I’m a much smarter cat than you seem to suppose;
I have very keen eyes, and, oh — such a nose!

* See January number, page 18.



I'm an innocent looking cat ;
I am well aware of that :
I squint up my eyes,
And play with the flies,
But underneath I am wondrous wise :
I know where your nest is,
 And just where you hide
When you have been thieving,
 And fear you'll be spied.
I saw your small tracks all over the meal ;
And I saw your tail, and I heard you squeal
 When grandmamma's broom
 Nearly sealed your doom,
And you went whisking out of the room.

I am only a lazy old cat :
I care not much for a *rat* ;
But a nice tender *mouse*
About in the house
Might prove a temptation too great,
Should I be in a hungry state.
Little mouse, little mouse ! Beware, beware !
Some time, when you think not, I shall be there,
And you'll not only look at,
But feel of, my paws ;
And, the first thing you know,
I'll be licking my jaws,
And washing my face with an innocent air,
And mousie will be — oh, where ? oh, where ?

RUTH KENYON.



Peter. — Fresh baked peanuts ! Give a fellow some, Polly.

Polly. — Yes, Peter, you shall have a good share.



TOMMY AND THE BLACKSMITH.

Tommy. — Do you shoe horses here, Mr. Blacksmith?

Blacksmith. — Yes, little man: that's my business.

Tommy. — Well, I want my horse shod.

Blacksmith. — How much can you pay for the job? It will take a good deal of iron to shoe such a big horse as that.

Ruth. — He wants you to do it for nothing, Mr. Blacksmith.

Blacksmith. — Every trade must live, my little lady. If Tommy can afford to keep a horse, he ought to be able to pay for having it shod.

Tommy. — I will pay you next Christmas.

Blacksmith. — Never run in debt, my lad. If you can't

pay for a thing on the spot, do without it. Shun debt as you would poison.

Ruth. — That is just what my grandfather says.

Tommy. — Well, when I get some money, I'll come again, Mr. Blacksmith ; for this horse must be shod, if there's iron enough to do it with. Good-by !

Blacksmith. — Good-by, Tommy ! Good-by, Ruth !

ARTHUR SELWYN.



DOWN ON THE SANDY BEACH.

Down on the sandy beach,
When the tide was low ;
Down on the sandy beach,
Many years ago,
Two of us were walking,
Two of us were talking
Of what I cannot tell you,
Though I'm sure you'd like to know.

Down in the water
A duck said, " Quack ! "
Up in the tree-top
A crow answered back,
Two of us amusing,
Two of us confusing :
So we had to give up talking,
And just listen to their clack.

" Quack ! " said the little duck,
Swimming with the tide ;
" Caw ! " said the saucy crow,
Swelling up with pride,

" I'm a jolly rover,
And I live in clover :
Don't you wish that you were here,
Sitting by my side ? "

" Quack, quack ! " said the duck,
Very much like " No."
" Caw, caw ! — ha, ha ! "
Laughed the silly crow :

Two of us delighting,
Two of us inviting
To join the merry frolic
With a ringing ho, ho, ho !

Crack ! — and a bullet went
Flying from a gun !
Duck swimming down the stream,
We on a run,
Wondered why or whether
We couldn't be together
Without another coming in
And spoiling all the fun !

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



IN THE COUNTRY.

FANNY and Willy are having a nice ride on the back of the great cart-horse.

Mamma points at Willy with her sun-shade, and says, "Hold on tight, little boy." Pink, the dog, says, "Bow-wow! Take me up there with you."

Kate and Jane have the care of the biddies. They feed them with corn every day. The hens



flock around the door as soon as the two girls come out.

Kate and Jane both say that the hens are fond of them; but I think they are still more fond of the corn.



DODGER.

DODGER is a full-blooded Scotch terrier. His eyes are the brightest of all bright eyes; and he acts just as one might suppose from his name. He dodges here and there. — under the sofa, and behind the stove, and up in a chair, and sometimes puts his paws up on the baby's cradle.

The other day, the baby's red sock dropped off from his foot; and Dodger slyly picked it up, and, going to a corner of the room, ate off the red tassels that were on it. I don't think he will do it again; for he did not act as though they tasted very good,

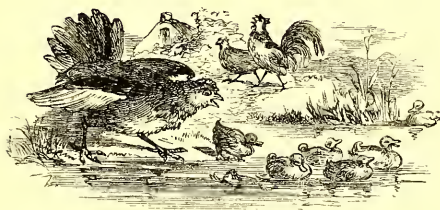
Dodger has many cunning ways. He will bring his master's slippers, sit up straight, pretend to be dead, and do many other funny things. Just now his master is trying to teach him to shut a door.

Dodger belongs to a little boy in Hartford, Conn., who has read "The Nursery" for five years. The little boy's name is Georgie, and I am

GEORGIE'S MAMMA.



THE MOTHER-HEN.



By the side of my home a river runs; and down close by the banks of it lives a good family named Allen. Mr. Allen keeps a large number of hens and

ducks. One old hen had twice been put to sit on ducks' eggs, and hatched two broods of ducks.

The first brood she hatched took to the water as soon as they saw it, as all little ducks will. The old hen was almost crazy at such behavior on the part of her chicks, and flew down to the water's edge, clucking and calling at a great rate. However, — to her great surprise, probably, — they all came safely to land. Every day after that, when the little ducks went for a swim, their hen-mother walked

nervously back and forth on the shore, and was not easy till they came out of the water.

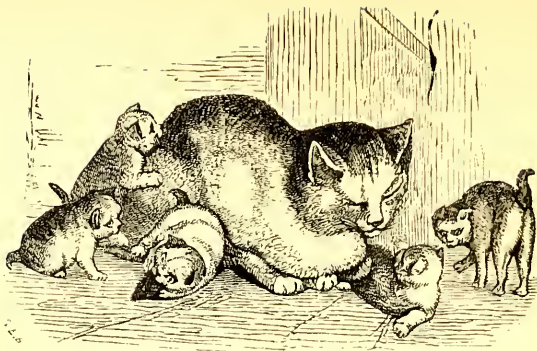
By and by, after those ducks had all grown large, the hen hatched another brood. These, too, at first sight of the water, went in for a swim. The old hen was not quite as frightened as before, but stood and looked at them, clucking a little to herself, as if to say, "Strange chickens these of mine; but yet, if they like it, I don't know as I need care, so long as they don't ask me to go with them." So, after a while, that brood grew to be big ducks.

One day last summer, as I sat on the bank of the river, looking at the pretty blue rippling water, who should come walking proudly down to the water's-edge but, Mrs. Hen with another brood of little, waddling, yellow ducks behind her! She led them clear to the edge of the water, saw them start off, and, turning away, went contentedly to scratching at some weeds on the shore, taking no more notice of her little family. She had come to regard this swimming business as a matter of course.

Now one little duck, for some reason, — maybe he was not so strong as the others, — had not gone into the water with the rest, but remained sitting on the shore. Presently the mother-hen, turning round, happened to spy him. She stopped scratching, and looked at him as if she were saying, "All my chickens swim: now what is the matter with you? I know it must be laziness; and I won't have that."

Then spreading out her wings, and making an angry clucking, she flew towards the unlucky duckling, took him by the back of his neck in her beak, and threw him as far as possible into the water. As she walked back to her weeds again; it seemed almost as if I could hear her say, —

"The chicken who can swim and *won't* swim must be made to swim."



SONG OF THE CAT.

Words by A. LLOYD.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Cheerfully

1. The cat and her kit-tens recline in the sun, Mew! mew! mew! They're fond of their food and they're
 2. My dear lit-tle kit-tens when you are well grown, Mew! mew! mew! Some day you will each have a
 3. The kit-tens they lis-ten'd and said they'd be good, Mew! mew! mew! And not kill the birds nor de-

fond of their fun; Mew! mew! mew! Their old mother says they must sit in a row, The
 home of your own; Mew! mew! mew! You'll catch all the mice and you'll kill all the rats, And
 stroy the young brood! Mew! mew! mew! They lov'd their good mother, and tho't 'twould be nice, To

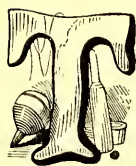
big-gest is Jack and the lit-tle one Joe, And now al-to-gether they make the place ring, With the
 grow up, I hope, both re-spect-a-ble cats, Don't get in the cupboard, nor kill the poor lark, Keep a-
 grow strong and hearty and catch and kill mice. She wash'd all their faces and put them to bed, And now

one song they know and the chorus they sing: Mew! mew! mew! Mew! mew! mew!
 way from big dogs and get home before dark: Mew! mew! mew! Mew! mew! mew!
 what do you think was the last thing they said: Mew! mew! mew! Mew! mew! mew!



"WHY DID ELFRIDA GO TO SLEEP?"

“WHY DID ELFRIDA GO TO SLEEP?”



THAT was the question, “Why did Elfrida go to sleep?” She had been sent to the grocer’s in the village; and the grocer’s was only half a mile off from Brook Cottage, where she lived with her aunt and five cousins. She had been sent to buy a pound of sugar, half a pound of coffee, and five small rolls of bread.

Usually she would go to the shop and return in less than half an hour. Now a whole hour went by, and no Elfrida was to be seen. What could be the matter? Had she run a thorn into her foot, and been lamed? Had she stopped to talk with the children on their way home from school? Had she been run over by a fast horse?

“Let us go and find her,” cried James, the eldest of the three boys. “Let us all go!” echoed Susan, his youngest sister. “Shall Sport go with us?” asked Emma. “By all means!” said James. “Here, Sport, Sport! Where are you, old fellow?” A big black-and-white Newfoundlander soon rushed frisking in, wagging his tail, and seeming ready to eat up every one of the children, just to show them how fond he was of them all.

Then the children all set out for Mr. Spicer’s shop. There they learned that no Elfrida had been seen in the shop that afternoon. “Where can she be?” cried James, a little anxious. “Sport, where is Elfrida?”

Sport stopped his nonsense of playing with a stick, and began to look serious. Then he made a bee-line for the nearest turning on the right, on the way home. This was an old lane, on which some old gardens backed, and which led, by a little longer way, to Brook Cottage.

By the time the children had arrived at the head of the

lane, Sport was seen galloping back in a state of great excitement. “Bow-wow!” — “Oh, you have found her, have you, old fellow?” — “Bow-wow!” — “Well and good! You are a jolly old Sport!”

On the step of the gate of an old garden sat Elfrida, fast asleep, with her empty basket in her lap. Emma proposed to tickle her nose with a straw. “No! I will pull that thick braid of hair,” said Susan. “No! let me whisper in her ear,” said James. But, before anybody did any thing, Sport settled the question by putting his paws up on her shoulders, and crying, “Bow-wow!”

Elfrida started, and looked around as if in a dream. “What does it mean? How long have I been here?” cried she. “Why did you go to sleep?” asked the two girls. “Yes, why, why, did you go to sleep?” echoed all the boys. “Oh, that’s my secret,” said Elfrida. “Now who can catch me in my run to Mr. Spicer’s?” So off she started, followed by Sport and all the children.

“Now tell us why did you go to sleep?” said the children, as they were all on their way home, after she had made her purchases. “Will you promise not to tell anybody, if I tell you?” asked Elfrida. “We promise, we promise!” cried all the children. “Now, then, why did you go to sleep?” — “Hush! I went to sleep because — because — because I was sleepy,” said Elfrida.

ARTHUR SELWYN.



THE PRAIRIE-DOG.

My friend John lives in Colorado, not far from Denver ; and he writes me, that he and his sister, not long ago, walked out to see some prairie-dogs.

The prairie-dog is about the size of a full-grown squirrel, and of a like color. It makes a hole for itself in the ground. This hole is in the shape of a tunnel, and as large round as a man's hat.

Now, this little dog is so gentle, that he lets the owl and

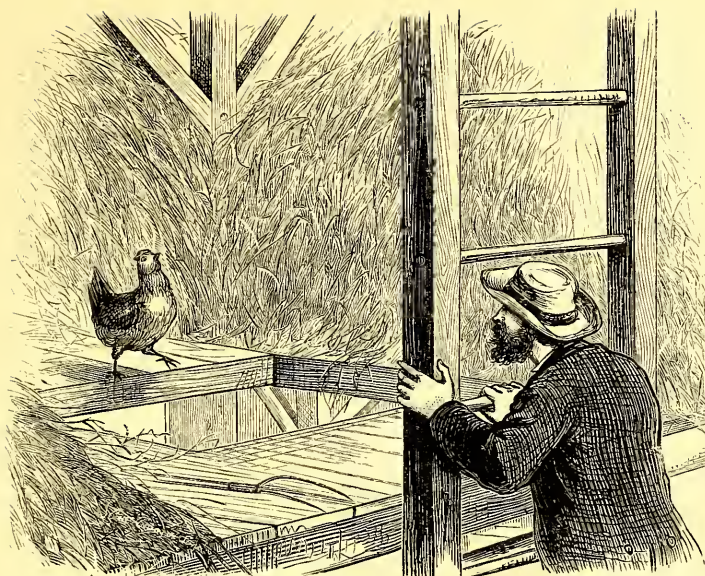


the rattlesnake come and live with him, if they like. All three are often found dwelling together. For my part, I should not much like such neighbors.

The prairie-dogs live on the roots of grass. Scattered all around the entrance to their homes, you may see remnants of the dry roots which they have got for food. They are quick in their movements, and quite playful.

Johnny writes me, that, when some of these little dogs saw him and his sister approaching, they sat down on their hind-legs, and began barking. Then they dropped into their holes backwards. As Johnny did not care to wake up any of the other lodgers, he and his sister went home, well content with their first sight of a prairie-dog.

AUNT ALICE.



STRUT.

STRUT was the name of a hen that lived on Father Nunn's farm, nine miles from Norwalk, Ohio.

She was very vain ; that is, she had a very good opinion of herself. She always would strut when walking. Indeed, it was hard for her to pick up grains of corn as other chickens did. I think she never saw her feet in her life : certainly she never looked where she stepped.

Worse than all this, when she saw any person in the yard, instead of dodging away, as a modest hen should, she would strut right up to such a person, and look saucily in his face, as though asking, " Who are you ? Where are you going ? What for ? "

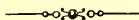
At last, however, Strut received a severe rebuke for her evil ways. Cousin William Bird, who is soon to be a doctor, was visiting at Father Nunn's. Having occasion to climb

the ladder to the barn-loft, he saw Strut on the farther side. He knew that she would come straight to him; and he also knew that she would not look where she stepped. So he held still to see what would happen; for exactly between them was an opening in the floor for throwing down hay.

Sure enough, Strut started for Cousin William. and, stepping off the edge of the hole, fell fluttering, cackling, and frightened, to the floor beneath.

She was humbled by her fall; for she never strutted again, but walked and ate afterwards like other chickens.

UNCLE JOE.



THE CATERPILLARS.

EIGHT great cabbages growing in the ground;
Crowds of little caterpillars crawling all around;
Caterpillars squirmed about, and wriggled in the sun;
Said, "These cabbages look sweet: suppose we taste of
one!"

Down flew a hungry bird, coming from the wood,
Saw the caterpillars there, and said, "Won't those taste
good!"

Up crept pussy-cat, hunting round for mice,
Saw the bird, and smacked her lips, and said, "Won't he
taste nice!"

Dog saw pussy creeping there, and he began to run.
Said, "Now I will frighten puss, and then there will be fun!"
So doggy barked; and pussy hid; and birdie flew away;
And caterpillars lived to eat a cabbage up that day.

FLETA F.



THIRD LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

I HAVE told you about the sun and the stars. Can you think of any thing else in the sky that you would like to know a little about? Of course, I do not mean the dark clouds, but something bright and pretty, that all children love to look at.

I think you must have guessed that I mean the moon, — the beautiful moon. Now, I want you to make another guess : Is the moon bright because it is made of fire, like the sun ; or because the sun shines on it, as it does on Venus and Jupiter ?

If any of you think it is made of fire, you must try to warm your little toes and fingers in the moonlight, as you do in the sunshine, and you will find out for yourselves that it is not a great fire, like the sun, and that you cannot get warm in the light of it.

And now you will guess at once, that, if it is not fire itself, it must shine from the sun's fire ; and that is right. The moon itself is cold and dark. It is the light of the sun that makes it look bright to us. We might call it the sun's looking-glass, in which we see his image or reflection.

But we cannot at all times see the whole of it. When we do, we call it a full moon, and, when we see only the edge of it, we say it is a new moon. The moon itself does not change its shape. It is always round, like an orange — a dark round ball, which we should never see at all, if the sun did not light it up for us ; and it is only a part of the time we can see the side which is lighted up.

Which do you suppose is the larger, — the moon, or the stars ? Now I know you will say the moon, because it looks so much larger ; but you must remember that the stars are so far away, we can hardly see them at all, and the moon is our own moon, and much nearer to us than our own sun.

We can see more of it than we can see of the stars ; but it is a very small thing indeed, compared with one of them. It would take about fifty moons to make one such earth as we live on, and it would take more earths than you can count to make one star or sun.

M. E. R.



THE ROBBERY.

I MUST tell you of something that happened one day last summer, when I was at the Zoölogical Garden in Philadelphia.

Among the persons standing around the cage where the monkeys were kept, was an old lady who had on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. All at once, a big brown monkey stretched out his paw between the bars, snatched the spectacles, and scampered away, chattering and grinning with delight.

Of course, the poor lady was in distress. The keeper came to the rescue, and, by driving the monkey about the



cage with a long pole, forced him at last to drop the spectacles. But one of the glasses had come out of it; and this the thief still held in his mouth, and refused to give up.

The keeper followed him sharply with the pole. Away he went, swinging from one rope to another, screaming and scolding all the time, until the keeper was so tired, that I feared he would have to let the monkey keep the glass. But this the keeper said would never do; for he knew, that, if he let the monkey carry the day, he never could control him again.

So the keeper still plied his pole. The monkey dodged it as well as he could, until the blows came so thick and fast, that he could bear them no longer, when he opened his mouth, and let the glass drop.

Now comes the funniest part of the story. The glass fell quite near the bars, just where the old lady was standing;

and a gentleman took her parasol, which had a hooked handle, to draw it within reach. But he put the parasol in a little too far, and it slipped out of his hand.

Instantly a large yellow monkey wrapped his long tail around it, and started off. Imagine the feelings of the poor old lady — first robbed of her spectacles, and then of her parasol !

But her property was all recovered at last ; the robbers were both punished ; and she went on her way in peace.

MRS. E. S. R.



PUSS AND HER THREE KITTENS.

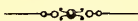
OUR old cat has kittens three ;
What do you think their names should be ?
One is a tabby with emerald eyes,
And a tail that's long and slender ;
But into a temper she quickly flies,
If you ever by chance offend her.
I think we shall call her this —
I think we shall call her that ;
Now, don't you fancy " Pepper-pot " ?
A nice name for a cat ?

One is black, with a frill of white,
And her feet are all white fur, too ;
If you stroke her, she carries her tail upright,
And quickly begins to purr, too.
I think we shall call her this —
I think we shall call her that ;
Now, don't you fancy " Sootikin " ?
A nice name for a cat ?

One is a tortoise-shell, yellow and black,
With a lot of white about him :
If you tease him, at once he sets up his back :
He's a quarrelsome Tom, ne'er doubt him !
I think we shall call him this —
I think we shall call him that ;
Now, don't you fancy " Scratchaway "
A nice name for a cat ?

Our old cat has kittens three,
And I fancy these their names will be :
" Pepper-pot," " Sootikin," " Scratchaway," — there !
Were there ever kittens with these to compare ?
And we call the old mother — now, what do you think ?
" Tabitha Longclaws Tiddleywink."

THOMAS HOOD.



THE LITTLE RECRUIT.

THERE had been an insurrection in Dolldom. *Insurrection* is a big word : what does it mean, I wonder ? I will tell you : it means an uprising, a rebellion. If a number of persons should refuse to obey the law, and rise up in arms to resist it, they would be guilty of an insurrection.



Now, it happened (according to Tommy's story) that all the dolls in the house, headed by a naughty male doll of African descent, and known as " Dandy Jim," rose in insurrection against their lawful

queen, Lucy the First, whose brother, Duke Tommy, was commander-in-chief of her Majesty's forces.

The rebels were well fortified in one corner of the play room. They had mounted several cannon on alphabet-blocks; and a whole company of tin soldiers defended the outworks. Besides this, a china dog and a wooden elephant had been enlisted as allies, and stood bravely in front.

General Tommy felt a weight of responsibility upon his shoulders, and, like a prudent soldier, he resolved not to go into battle until his army was large enough to make victory certain. So he enlisted Queen Lucy the First as a recruit.

Queen Lucy looked very grand in her paper cocked hat, with a feather at the top. She carried a gun; and General Tommy taught her how to fire it off. When all were ready for the onset, he blew a trumpet.

The army marched in excellent order along the entry, into the play-room; and not a soldier drew back as they came within sight of the enemy. "Halt!" cried General Tommy. The army halted. The traitor, "Dandy Jim," stood pointing his sword, and the dolls all kept still.

One long blast of the trumpet, and then the brave General Tommy cried out, "Now, soldiers, on, on to victory!"

On they went. The tin soldiers were soon swept down. The dog and the elephant were handsomely beaten; and, rushing into the fort, General Tommy seized the traitor, "Dandy Jim," by the throat, and said, "Now, sir, your doom is a dungeon!"

The dolls all fell on their knees, and thus was the great insurrection in Doll-dom put down without bloodshed, and the authority of Queen Lucy the First fully restored. Of course, there was great rejoicing; and, when the reporter left, General Tommy was preparing for a grand illumination.



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

ON a fine summer day, a dove, that was perched upon the branch of a tree, saw a bee fall into a stream that was flowing past. The poor bee tried to get out of the water, but could not.

The dove, seeing that the bee was struggling for her life, dropped a leaf close beside her, so that she might climb on to it, and save herself. This the bee at once did, and very glad she was to find herself safe once more.

Not long after this, a sportsman, who was roaming through the woods for game, saw the dove flying about, and lifted

his gun to shoot her. But, just as he was taking aim, something happened, that checked him in the act.

The bee, whose life had been saved by the dove, was going about from flower to flower in search of honey, when she saw the sportsman taking aim at the good dove that had befriended her in her time of need. "That dove once saved my life, and now I will save hers," thought the bee to herself.

With that she flew at the sportsman, and stung him on the lip. The poor fellow dropped his gun with a loud cry of pain, which so startled the dove, that she flew away; and the man did not have another chance to shoot her. "Surely one good turn deserves another," thought the bee, as she turned merrily to her work.

LEONORA.



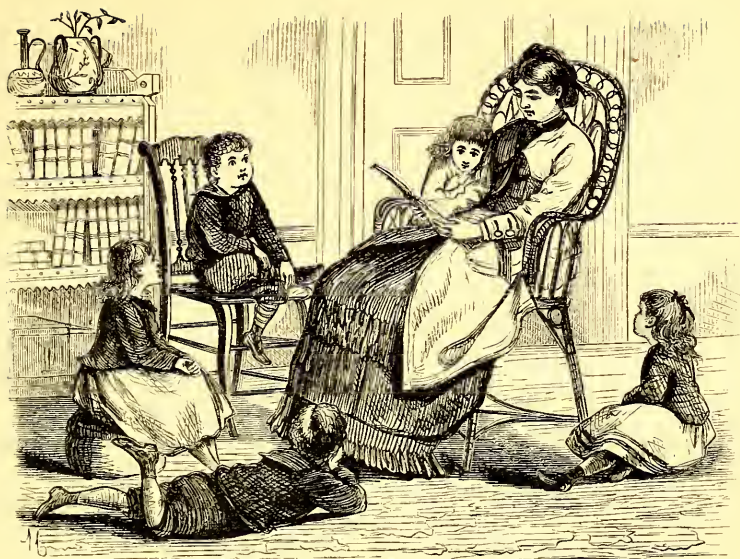
A LETTER FROM TEXAS.

Dear Children, — I am writing this letter at my office-desk in San Antonio, Texas, a long way off from some of you who will read it. I am the big brother of a lot of little ones, and they call me "Doc."

We take "The Nursery," and the little folks think it is splendid. As soon as it comes, mamma reads the stories, and shows them the pictures.

They crowd around her to listen: some of them sit down on chairs like little ladies; some sit on the floor like beggars; and some — I am sorry to say — lie flat down on the carpet, like — certainly not like ladies and gentlemen.

What do you think, children, of boys and girls who lie on the floor, and kick up their heels in the air? *You* would not do so, would you?



Now listen ! I want to tell you something about our cat. When we first got her, she was a tiny kitten, and we fed her on milk in a saucer. You ought to have seen her lap it up with her little tongue ! Don't you think it is a pretty sight to see a kitten drinking milk ? I do. But our cat isn't a kitten any longer, but a great, big, grown cat.

Well, the other night she got locked up in the school-room. You know Miss Anna and Miss Emma teach a big school in our house, and Willie, Pressley, Eddie, May, and Emily go to it. Sadie, "Little Lalla," and baby are too young for school yet. These are my little brothers' and sisters' names. There are eight of them mentioned here. See if you can count them.

As soon as Emily found out that Kitty was locked up, she ran to Miss Eliza and mamma, and asked them to let her out ; but they said, "No," for they knew that, if she

got out of the schoolroom, she would surely run into the dining-room, and drink up the baby's milk. So she had to stay there all night.

Early next morning, Miss Eliza went into the schoolroom to let Kitty out; and what do you think she saw? There was Kitty, fast asleep in Willie's little wagon, and four little kittens lying by her side, fast asleep too.

When Miss Eliza went back to the nursery, and told the children what she had seen, Eddie, May, Emily, Sadie, and even "Little Lalla" set up a big shout, and, bursting out of the nursery, ran shouting and laughing to the little wagon in the schoolroom, where, sure enough, there they were, four little ones. Three were gray and white, and one gray and black. Kitty looked so pleased and so happy! You ought to have seen her. Wasn't that a nice surprise?

May chose the one that looked most like Kitty: Emily and Sadie each chose one of the gray-and-white ones, and Eddie took the gray-and-black fellow.

To-day is Emily's birthday. She is seven years old, and may have a little party. If she *does*, how I would like to have you all here to play with her! However, at some future time I may write, and tell you all about it.

But it is time for me to run home, and get some dinner: so good-by.

"Doc."





DRAWING-LESSON BY HARRISON WEIR.

A STORY OF A SEAL.

“THE seal is an amphibious quadruped.”

“Oh, come now, Aunt Emily, do not puzzle us with your hard names,” cries Johnny.

“But, Johnny, a lad seven years old ought to know that *amphibious* means ‘capable of living on land or water;’ and that *quadruped* means ‘having four feet.’”

“Oh, now I understand,” said Johnny. “But does the seal have feet?”

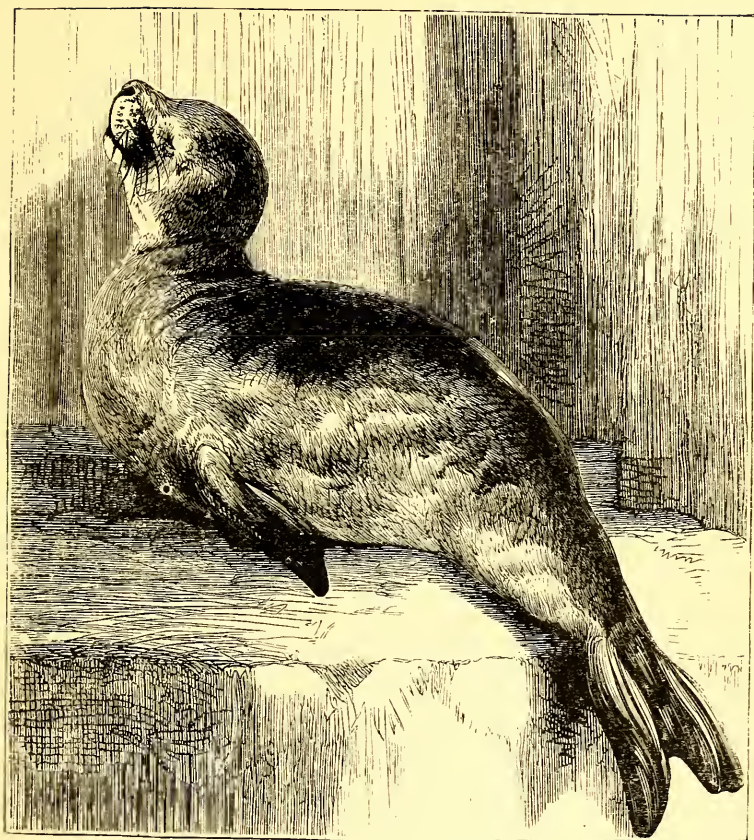
“It has a sort of feet; but they are so wrapped up in the skin, that they are not of much use on land, except to help it to creep, after a fashion. So the seal passes most of its time in the sea, coming on shore only to bask and sleep in the sun, or to suckle its young ones. It is covered with a close thick fur and is a very good swimmer.”

“But let us have the story,” said Jane.

“The story is this: once a fisherman, after harpooning an old seal, found one of its young ones on the sand, and took it home. Here it became the playmate of the children, whom it seemed to love very much. They named it Blue-eyes. It would play with them from morning till night, would lick their hands, and call them with a gentle little cry, not unlike the human voice in its tone.

“It would look at them tenderly with its large blue eyes, shaded by long black lashes. It was very fond of music. It would follow its master to fish, swimming around the boat, and taking a great many fish, which it would give up without even biting them. No dog could have been more faithful, or more quick to learn what was wanted.

“But the fisherman’s half-sister was a silly old woman. She had come to help nurse his wife, who was ill. This half-sister took it into her head that the poor seal would



bring bad luck to the family. She told her brother that he must get rid of it.

“Weary of her teasing, he at last took the poor seal, rowed with it out into the open sea, and there, more than seven miles from the shore, threw it into the water, and then hurried home as fast as sails would carry him.

“But, when he entered his cottage, the first thing he saw was the faithful seal lying close beside the cradle of one of his children. As soon as it saw its master, it showed great

joy, and tried to caress him. But he took the seal and gave it away to a sailor, who was going on a long voyage. Two weeks afterward, as the fisherman came back from his boat, he saw the seal at play with the children.

“ ‘If you do not kill that seal, I will kill it myself,’ said the old aunt. The children began to cry. ‘No, no, you shall not kill it!’ cried Hans with flashing eyes. ‘You shall kill me first,’ cried little Jane. ‘You have no right to kill it,’ cried Mary, the eldest girl.

“ ‘Am I to be ruled by these children?’ said the silly aunt, turning to her brother.

“ ‘The seal shall live,’ said he: ‘the children shall have their way. Your notion that the poor seal brings bad luck is a very silly notion. You ought to be ashamed of it.’

“ ‘Hurrah!’ cried Hans. ‘Blue-eyes, the vote is taken: you are to live, and all this nonsense about your bringing bad luck is blown away.’

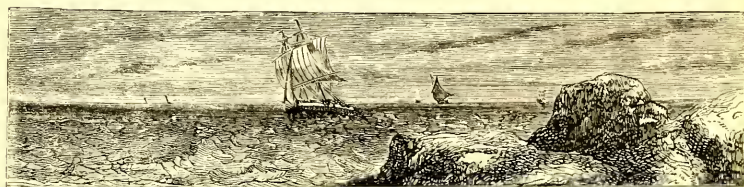
“The seal began to flop about as if in great joy.

“ ‘I shall leave the house at once,’ said the silly aunt.

“ ‘Do as you please,’ said the fisherman.

“And so it turned out, that the only ill luck brought to the family by the seal was the departure of the cross and silly old aunt. And, if the truth were known, this was found to be a very good thing for all. The fisherman prospered, the mother of the children got well at once; and all were happier than ever before, including Blue-eyes, who now was the jolliest seal that ever played with children.”

EMILY CARTER.





FUN IN WINTER.

THE ground was white with snow. The sky looked black as though another storm were coming. The day was very cold; but the tough boys and girls did not mind the cold weather. They were out to have some fun.

Their rubber boots, and thick coats and mittens, kept them dry and warm. One of the boys, though, had come out bare-headed. He was the boy who never *could* find his cap when he wanted it. His name was Tom.

“Now look here, Tom,” said his brother Sam, a sturdy little chap, who was always trying to keep Tom in order; “this won’t do. You go into the house and get your cap. Go quick, or you’ll get this snowball right in your face.”

“Fire away!” said Tom, dancing around, and putting up his arm to keep off the snowball.

"I'm going to have a hand in this game," said Joe, aiming a snow-ball at Sam. "Look out for yourself, old fellow."

"Clear the track!" cried Bill and Ned, rolling a huge snowball down the hill.

Mrs. O'Sullivan, who was just going up the back-steps to ask for cold victuals, looked around to see what was going on; while Charles had his own fun in dragging his little sister up the hill on her sled.

All this time, a little boy named Jim, who had been having a private coast in the field near the house, was peeping over the fence, and wishing he were old enough to play with the other boys. He didn't venture to join them, for he was bashful, and rather timid: but he saw all that took place, and he will remember all about it when he sees this picture.

UNCLE SAM.



OLD WHITEY.

I AM a great boy six years old, and I take "The Nursery." Some of the stories I spell out myself; but the most of them mamma reads aloud to my little brother Albert and me.

Last summer, we all went to visit an uncle who lives on a large farm. We had just the best kind of a time. There was a big dog, named Rover, that would play with us for hours. He would run after and bring back a ball or stick, or any thing that we would throw for him. He would "speak," "roll over," "sit up and read," and do lots of funny tricks.

Then there was a white horse twenty-five years old, and just as sleek and fat as a colt. Old Whitey has lived on the farm ever since he was a little colt. Old as he is, he is still able to do a great deal of work.



One day Uncle Wash was ploughing, and he put me on the back of Old Whitey. Well, I liked that very much, and began to cluck, and jerk the reins, to make him go along; when in an instant, without any warning, he pricked up his ears, kicked up his heels, and ran away, leaving the plough behind.

I can't tell you how scared I was. I held on as long as I could; but it was of no use. The old horse ran through swamps and bogs, and dropped me, head first, in the mud and dirt. I was hurt on my head and side, but I would not cry because I was too big for that. When the men got to me, I was hunting for my hat.

After getting rid of his load, the runaway coolly walked up to the barn, and stood looking as mild as a lamb. I didn't have any faith in Old Whitey after that, though his master said he never knew him to do such a thing before.

NELSON.

FRED AND NED.

“OH, this is weather for play, for play !
And I will not go to school to-day,”
Said Master Frederic Philip Fay.

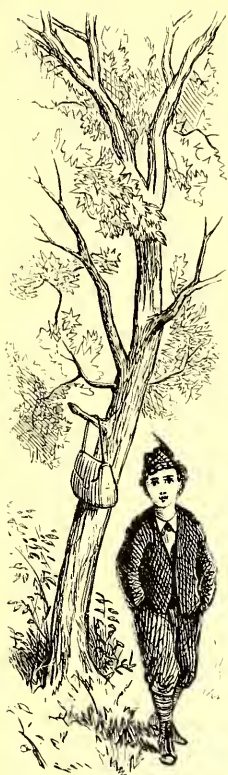
So he hung his satchel upon a tree :
And over the hills to the pond went he,
To frolic, and see what he could see.

He met a boy on the way to school,
And said, “Ned Foster, you’re a fool
To study and plod because it’s the rule.”

Quoth Ned, “You’ll find that *he’s* the fool
Who, for his pleasure, shirks his school :
Sun, moon, and stars, all go by rule.”

Then Ned passed cheerily on his way,
And not another word did say
To Master Frederic Philip Fay.

Fred sat him down on a rock near by,
And cast a look on the bright blue sky,
And then at the sun, that was mounting
high.



“Yes, truly, the sun has no time for play :
He has to go in a certain way,”
Said Master Frederic Philip Fay.

“Oh! what would become of us all, suppose
The sun, some morn, should say, as he rose,
‘A truant I’ll be to-day — here goes!’

“Then off should whirl in a mad career,
And leave it all night and winter here, —
No blue in the sky, no flower to cheer ?

“Yes, there is a duty for every one,
For Master Fay, as well as the sun :
A law must be minded, a task must be done.”

Up started Frederic Philip Fay :
He took from the tree his satchel away,
And ran off to school without delay.

IDA FAY.



WHY DO THEY ALL LOVE FREDDY?

“BUT do they all love Freddy, mamma?”

“I think there is no doubt of it, Freddy. The cat loves you; for she will let you pull her about, and never try to scratch you.”

“Yes; and I think old Towser loves me. He lets me get on his back: he never bites me.”

“I would like to catch him at it—biting my little Freddy! He knows too much for that; and, besides, he loves you.”

“But does the old cow love me, mamma?”

“Why, didn’t she let you play with her calf, and never try to hook you? The old cow loves Freddy, and will give him all the fresh milk he wants.”

“The hens love me because I feed them.”

“Yes, the hens love you; and, more than that, the little sparrows love you; for they follow you, and hop about your feet, as if they wanted to say, ‘Good-morning, Freddy! We all love you, Freddy.’”

“But I will tell you one beast that does not love me, mamma. The old sow does not love me.”

“Don’t you believe it, little boy! The old sow loves you just as well as Towser does; just as well as the cow does; just as well as old Scamper, the horse, loves you.”

“I should like to be sure that the sow loves me.”

“Come with me, and I will put you on her back; and, if she does not like it, it will be a sign that she does not love you; but, if she does like it, it will be a sign that she loves my little Freddy just as much as the others do.”

So mamma took Freddy, and placed him on the back of the old sow. The old sow gave a look over her ears, saw it was Freddy, and then uttered a contented grunt, as much



as to say, "All right! Freddy, you are a darling, and I love you."

"Did I not tell you that the old sow loved you, like the rest?"

"Yes, mamma; but why, why, do they love me? Tell me that."

Mamma snatched Freddy up in her arms, took him into the house, and then said, "I think they must love you, Freddy, because you love them. Love wins love, you know. The person who says that no one loves him should ask himself the question, 'But do I love any one?' "

HOW THE MORNING COMES.

CHEERY, cheery,
Out of the dreary
Dark there glows
A tint of yellow, a purple gleam,
A shine of silver, a brazen beam,
A flush of rose ;
The darkness, meanwhile, flying, gone :
Thus does the morning dawn.

Creeping, creeping,
Daintily peeping,
Hastes the light
Through the window to see where lies
The little girl with the sleepy eyes ;
Glistens bright
With very joy to find the place
Where lies her dreaming face.

Drowsy, drowsy,
A little frowzy
Gold-locked head
Turns on its pillow, yawns, and winks ;
Lifts from its pillow, peeps, and blinks ;
Turns in bed ;
Then with a slow, reluctant shake,
Is almost wide awake.



MY RABBITS.

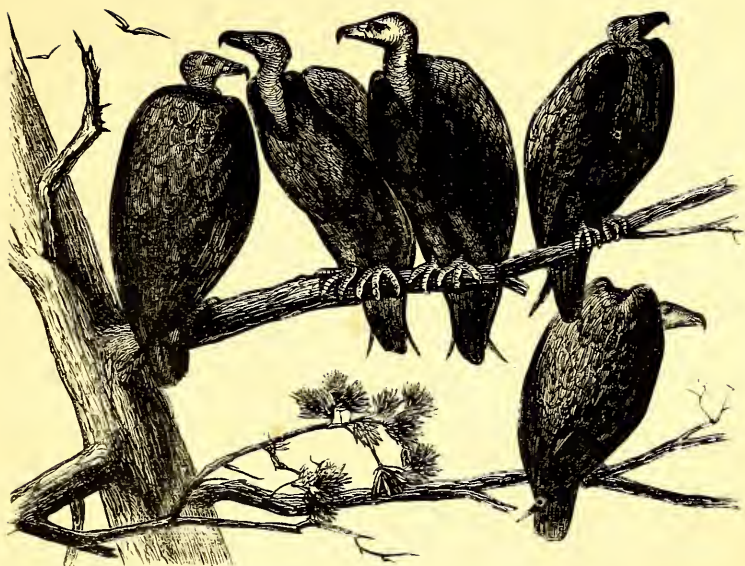
ONE day Cousin John asked me if I would like two nice rabbits. I said I would like

them very much. So he gave them to me, and I had a pen made for them.

One I called Pink, and the other White. They were very tame, and soon got to know their names. I took them out and let them run about the yard every fine day.

Once Pink ran away, and I thought he was lost. I had a long chase after him through the bushes; but I caught him at last and brought him home.

My brother George kept a lot of chickens in the yard, and while I fed my pet rabbits, he would feed his chickens.



THE COUNCIL OF BUZZARDS.

The buzzard is a large black bird, nearly as large as a turkey. He never kills that he may eat, but devours the refuse in the city streets, and the dead animals on the prairies and swamps of the Southern States. It is against the law to shoot buzzards; for they are the health officers of the South.

Here, in beautiful, sunny Louisiana, I seldom look out doors without seeing one or more buzzards slowly circling around in the air in quest of food. Before they begin to eat, they arrange themselves in a solemn row, as if holding a council, and “caw” in a very wise manner. Then one flies down, and then another, and another; and as they eat, they seem to comment on their repast. At last nothing is left of it but the bare bones to bleach in the sun. They will eat an ox in a day.



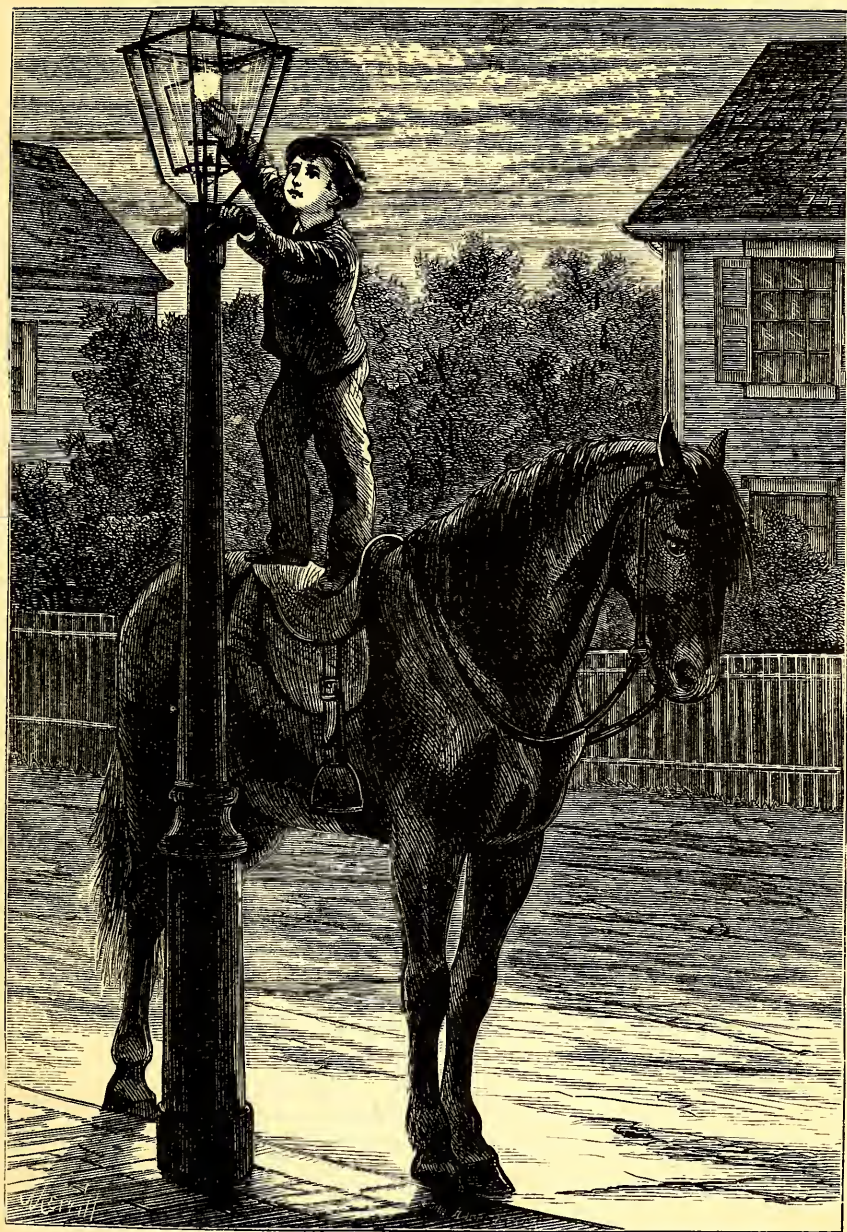
A MOTHER GOOSE MELODY.

Music by ANNIE MOORE.

Three lit-tle dogs were basking in the cin-ders, And three little cats were playing in the windows,

Three lit-tle mice popp'd out of a hole, And a piece of cheese they stole, they stole! The

three little cats jump'd up in a trice, And crack'd the bones of the three little mice, The three little mice.



THE YOUNG LAMPLIGHTER.

THE YOUNG LAMPLIGHTER.



WALLACE is a boy about ten years old, who lives in a town near Boston. He has a brother Charles, eighteen years of age. These two brothers are the town lamplighters.

There are at least fifty lamps to be lighted every night; and some of them are a good deal farther apart than the street-lamps in large cities. Charles takes the more distant ones for his part of the work, and drives from post to post in a gig.

Wallace, being a small boy, calls to his aid his father's saddle-horse. This horse is a kind, gentle creature, and as wise as he is kind. He and Wallace are about the same age, and have always been good friends.

So when Wallace puts the saddle on him every evening, just before dark, the horse knows just what is going to be done. He looks at the boy with his great bright eyes, as much as to say, "We have our evening work to do, haven't we, Wallace? Well, I'm ready: jump on."

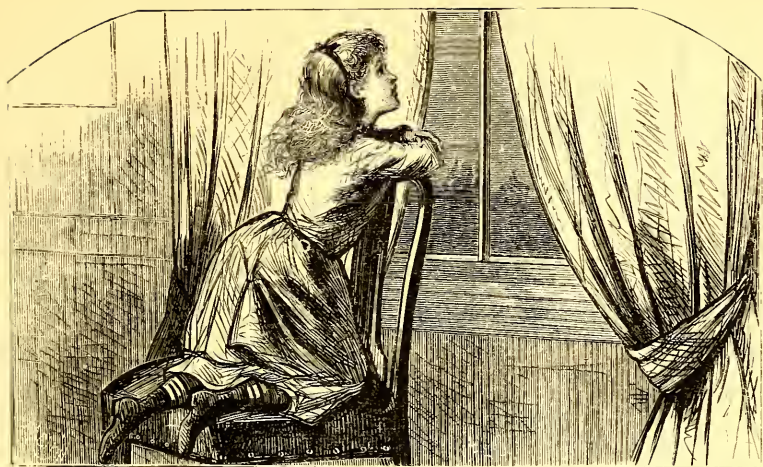
Wallace mounts the horse; and they go straight to the nearest lamp-post. Here the horse stops close by the post, and stands as still and steady as the post itself.

Then Wallace stands upright on the saddle, takes a match from his pocket, lights the lamp, drops quickly into his seat again, takes up the bridle, gives the word to the horse, and on they go to the next lamp-post.

So they go on, till all the lamps allotted to Wallace are lighted. Then they trot home merrily, and, before Wallace goes to bed himself, I am sure he does not forget to see that his good horse is well fed and cared for.

This is a true story.

UNCLE SAM.



FOURTH LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

BECAUSE our earth has one sun and one moon, you may think all earths have only one ; but wise men have looked through their telescopes, and have discovered that some of the stars which look to us like single stars are really double ; and many of them are clusters of three or four, all lighting up the same planets.

Those earths, then, have more than one sun : they have two, three, or four, as the case may be. Think of two suns. How bright it must be ! And imagine one of them red, and the other blue, as some of them are. Wouldn't you feel as if you were living in a rainbow ?

And how would you like to look out of the window in the evening and see four moons ? The wise men can see through their telescopes that Jupiter has four and Saturn eight. (You remember I told you Jupiter and Saturn are two of the earths lighted up by our sun.) Shouldn't you think so many moons would make the nights so bright that one could hardly go to sleep ?

On the whole, I think we get along very well as we are ;

and I hope the people who live in the brightness of two suns have strong eyes given them. It must be very beautiful, though. Perhaps you can get an idea how it seems to have a red sun, if you look through a piece of red glass ; but I do not believe we can any of us imagine what it would be like to have two suns of different colors.

Do you think a red sun shining on a moon makes a red moon ? A colored sun or a colored moon seems very strange to us ; but I suppose the people that are used to them would think our white light strange.

I wonder whether the two suns rise and set at the same time. But we may all wonder and wonder. Nobody knows much about it. I hope you will all look at a double star through a telescope, if you ever have an opportunity.

M. E. R.



"POPPING CORN."

BRING a yellow ear of corn, and then rub, rub, rub,
Till the kernels rattle off from the nub, nub, nub !
Then put them in a hopper made of wire, wire, wire,
And set the little hopper on the fire, fire, fire !
If you find them getting lively, give a shake, shake, shake ;
And a very pretty clatter they will make, make, make :
You will hear the heated grains going pop, pop, pop ;
All about the little hopper, going hop, hop, hop !
When you see the yellow corn turning white, white, white,
You may know that the popping is done right, right, right :
When the hopper gets too full, you may know, know, know,
That the fire has changed your corn into snow, snow, snow :
Turn the snow into a dish, for it is done, done, done :
Then pass it round and eat — for that's the fun, fun, fun !

FLETA F.



THE POOR BLIND WOMAN.

I HAVE a true story to tell about a colored woman who lives in the city of Salem, not far from Boston.

She is old and poor and blind. She has had a husband and six children; but they are all dead; her last remaining son was killed in the war, and she is now quite alone in the world.

But she is a cheerful old body. She does not whine, nor

complain, nor beg ; though she needs help much, and is very thankful for any help that is given her.

When she goes out to walk, she finds her way as well as she can by groping about with her big umbrella. Very often she loses her way, and goes in the wrong direction ; and sometimes she gets bewildered : but I have never known her to be really lost or hurt. There is always somebody to set her right ; and it is pleasant to see how kind every one is to her.

Many a time I have seen some gentleman, while hurrying to catch his train, stop to help her over the crossing ; or some handsomely-dressed lady take her by the arm, and set her right, when she has gone astray.

Best of all it is, though, to see the children so kind to her. She comes to our square every Saturday ; and, as she is very apt to go to the wrong gate, the little girls — bless their dear hearts ! — seem to consider it their duty to guide her, and to help her over the slippery places.

In the picture, you may see Lily helping the poor old woman along, as I often see her from my window. Another day it may be Lina, and the next time Mamie ; for they are all good to her. Even baby Robin runs to meet her, and is not afraid of her black face.

Last week, these small folks had a fair for her in Lily's house. Nobody thought they would get so much money ; but they made fifty dollars out of it. This will make the old woman comfortable for a long time.

The good woman said, when she was told what they had done, that she hoped the Lord would reward them, for she could not.

I think he has rewarded them already by making them very happy while they were doing this kind deed. P.



THE COOPER'S SONG.

I AM the cooper : I bind the cask :
The sweat flows down as I drive my task ;
Yet on with the hoop ! And merry's the sound
 As I featly pound,
And with block and hammer go travelling round,
 And round and round.

I am the cooper : I bind the cask ;
And gay as play is my nimble task ;
And though I grow crooked with stooping to pound,
 Yet merry's the sound
As with block and with hammer I journey round
 And round and round.

I am the cooper: I bind the cask:
Am healthy and happy — what more shall I ask?
Not in king's palaces, I'll be bound,
 Such joy is found,
Where men do nothing, and still go round,
 And round and round.

So I'll still be a cooper, and bind the cask:
Bread for children and wife is all I ask;
And glad will they be at night, I'll be bound,
 That, with cheerful sound,
Father all day went a-hammering round,
 And round and round.

FROM THE GERMAN.



“GOOD-MORNING, SIR!”

THERE was once a little robin that grew to be so tame, that it would come to my sister Helen's door every morning for a few crumbs. Sometimes it would perch on the table.

What a power there is in kindness! It is very pleasant to form these friendships with birds; so that they learn to trust you and to love you. The sound of the human voice often seems to have a strange effect on animals, as if they almost understood your words.

My sister would say, “Good-morning, sir! Come in! Don't make yourself a stranger. Hard times these; but you will find plenty of crumbs on the table. Don't be bashful. You don't rob us. Try as you may, you can't eat us out of house and home. You have a great appetite, have you? Oh, well, eat away! No cat is prowling round.”



The little bird, as if he knew that my sister was talking to him, would chirp away, and seem quite happy. As soon as the warm weather came, his visits were not so frequent; but, every now and then, he would make his appearance, as if to say, "Don't forget me, Helen. I may want some more crumbs when the cold weather comes."

IDA FAY.

PLAYING APRIL-FOOL.

It was the last evening in March, and raining drearily out of doors; but in mamma's sitting-room all was bright, warm, and cosey. Jim and his big brother Rob were stretched out on the rug, feet in the air, watching the blazing fire, and talking of the tricks they meant to play next day.

"No, sir," said Rob, "you can't fool me! I know about every way there is of fooling; and I'd just like to see anybody try it on me!" And Rob rolled over on his back, and studied the ceiling with a very defiant air.

Poor little Jim looked very much troubled; for, if Rob said he could not be fooled, of course he couldn't be; and he did want to play a trick on Rob so badly! At last he sprang up, saying, "I'm going to ask mamma;" and ran out of the room. Rob waited a while; but Jim did not come back: so he yawned, stretched, and went to bed.

Next morning, bright and early, up jumped Jim, pulled on his clothes, wrong-side out and upside down (for he was not used to dressing himself), and crept softly downstairs.

An hour or two later, Rob went slowly down, rubbing his eyes. He put on his cap, and took up the pail to go for the milk; but it was very heavy. What could be the matter with it? Why, somebody had got the milk already. Just then, Jim appeared from behind the door, crying, "April Fool! April Fool! You thought I couldn't fool you; but I did."

Rob looked a little foolish, but said nothing, and went out to feed his hens. To his great surprise, the biddies were already enjoying breakfast; and again he heard little Jim behind him, shouting, "April Fool! April Fool!"

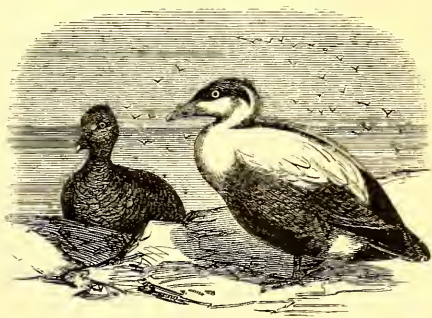
Poor Rob ! He started to fill the kitchen wood-box ; but Jim had filled it. Jim had filled the water-pails : in fact, he had done all of Rob's work ; and at last, when he trudged in at breakfast-time, with the sugar that Rob had been told to bring from the store the first thing after breakfast, Rob said, " I give up, Jim. You have fooled me well. But such tricks as yours are first-rate, and I don't care how many of them you play."

AUNT SALLIE.

THE EIDER-DUCK.

DID you ever sleep under an eider-down quilt ? If you have, you must have noticed how light and soft it was. Would you like to hear where the eider-down comes from ? I will tell you.

A long, long way from here, there is a country called Norway. It is a very cold country, and very rocky ; and there are a great many small islands all around it. It is on these islands that the dear little eider-ducks build their nests. They take a great deal of time and trouble to make them, and they use fine seaweed, mosses, and dry sticks, so as to make them as strong as they can.



When the mother-duck has laid four or five eggs, which are of a pretty, green color, she plucks out some of the soft gray down that grows on her breast, to cover them up, and keep them warm, while she goes off to find some food.

And now what do you think happens ? Why, when she

comes back to sit on her eggs, she finds that all her eggs and beautiful down have been taken away ! Oh ! how she cries, and flaps her wings, to find her darling eggs gone !

But, after a while, she lays five more, and again pulls the down out of her dear little breast to cover them. She goes away again ; and again the people take the down away.

When she returns the second time, her cries are very sad to hear ; but, as she is a very brave little duck, she thinks she will try once more ; and this time she is left in peace, and when she has her dear little children-ducks around her, you may be sure she is a joyful mamma.

So this is where the eider-down comes from ; and, as there are a great many ducks, the people get a great deal of down ; and with this down are made the quilts which keep us so warm in cold winter-nights.

The eider-down quilts are very light and warm ; but I always feel sorry for the poor mamma-duck.

SISTER PEPILLA.





THE TRIAL-TRIP.

DAVIE and Harold are two little Boston boys. They are brothers. Last summer, they had two pretty little yachts given them by a friend. Then they had a launch in the bath-tub; and their mamma named the yachts, breaking a bottle of water (a small medicine-bottle) over the bows. Davie's yacht was named the "West Wind;" and Harold's, the "Flyaway."

One afternoon, the boys went to City Point, hired a row-boat, and rowed out about halfway to Fort Independ-

ence, where they put the little vessels into the water for a trial-trip. It was a pretty sight to see the sails fill with the wind, and the tiny yachts ride the waves as if they meant to go to China before they stopped.

The "West Wind" beat the "Flyaway," and I regret to say that Davie taunted his brother with the fact, and made him cry; for Harold is a boy that takes every thing to heart.

MAMMA.

SWADDLING-CLOTHES.

DID the little readers of "The Nursery" ever think how thankful they should be for the free use of their arms and legs? I do not believe it ever came into their thoughts that there could be any other way than to use them freely. But in Syria, a country many miles from here, the mothers do not let their babies kick their feet, and hold out their dear little hands. They are bound very closely in what are called "swaddling-clothes."

They are seldom undressed, and are kept in a rough cradle, and rocked to sleep as much as possible. When the mother carries them out, she straps them to her back; and often, on the mountains there, one may see a woman with a baby on her back, and a great bundle of sticks in her arms.

With the sticks she makes her fire, in a room where there is no chimney, and where the smoke often makes poor baby's eyes smart; but all he can do, poor swaddled child, is to open his mouth, and cry.

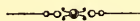
This custom of binding the baby up so straight and tight is a very old one. The Bible tells us, you know, that the mother of Jesus "wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger." So the people of Syria keep on



using swaddling-clothes, thinking, that, if they do not, the baby will grow crooked.

They are used in Russia also, and in other countries of northern Europe. Poor babies! We pity them.

EM. JUNIUS.



POLLIWOGS.

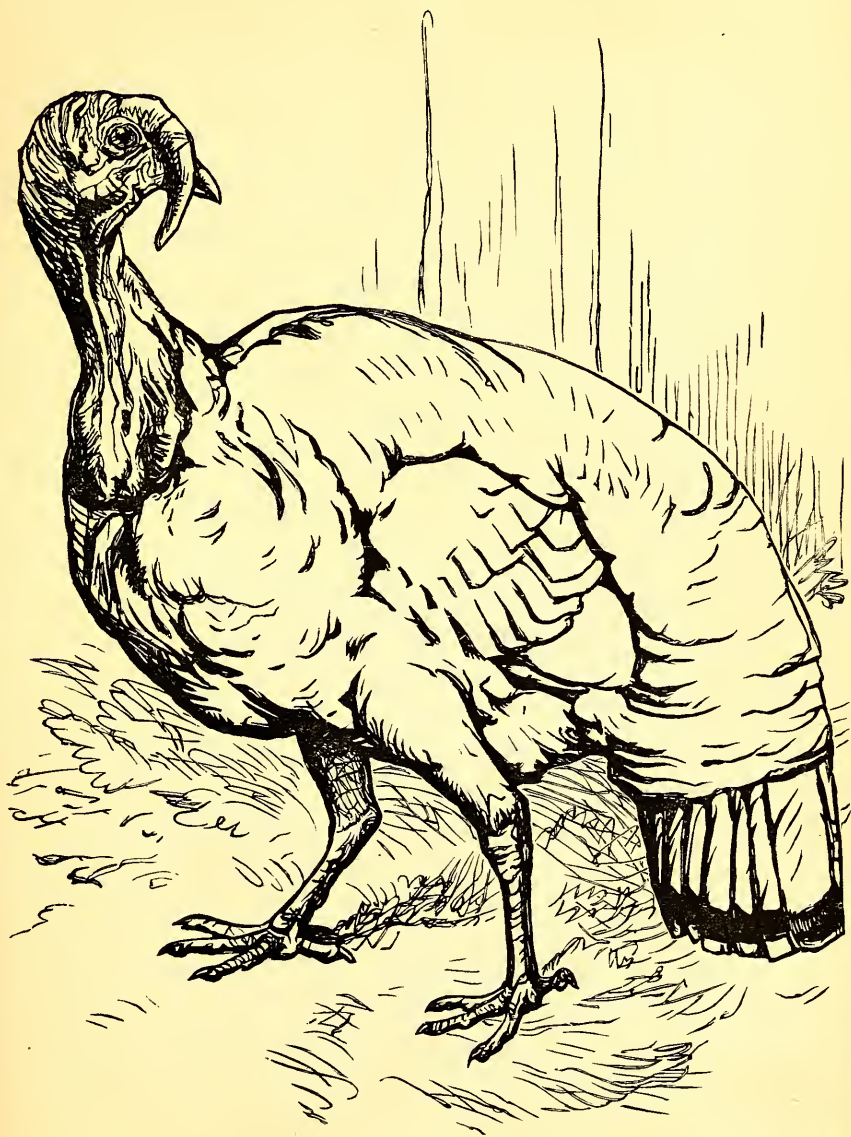
THE cat-tails all along the brook
Are growing tall and green ;
And in the meadow-pool, once more,
The polliwogs are seen ;
Among the duck-weed, in and out,
As quick as thought they dart about ;
Their constant hurry, to and fro,

It tires me to see:
I wish they knew it did no good
To so uneasy be!
I mean to ask them if they will
Be, just for one half-minute, still!
"Be patient, little polliwogs,
And by and by you'll turn to frogs."

But what's the use to counsel them?
My words are thrown away;
And not a second in one place
A polliwog will stay.
They still keep darting all about
The floating duck-weed, in and out.
Well, if they will so restless be,
I will not let it trouble me,
But leave these little polliwogs
To wriggle till they turn to frogs!

MARIAN DOUGLAS





DRAWING-LESSON BY HARRISON WEIR.

FANNY AND LOUISE.

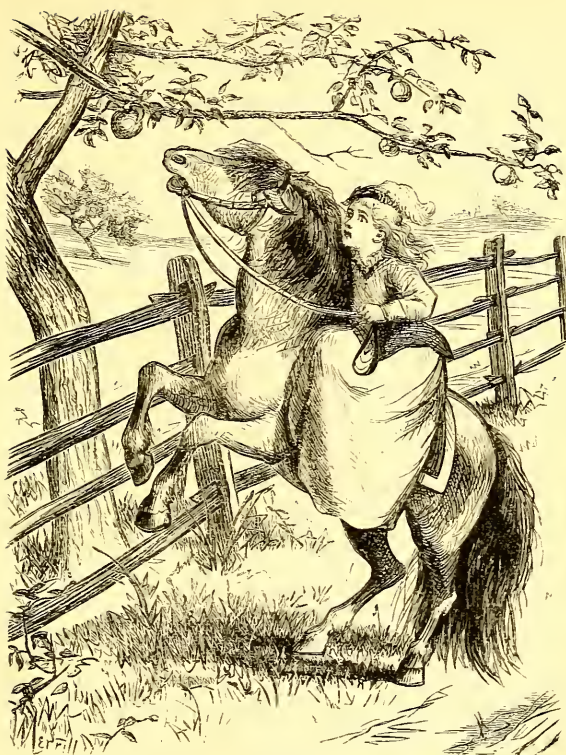
FANNY was a little pony, and Louise was a little girl. Fanny had a long black mane and tail, and Louise had long brown curls. Louise wore a gypsy-hat with blue ribbons, and Fanny wore a saddle and bridle with blue girths and reins.

Louise was a gentle little girl, and Fanny was a very head-strong pony; consequently Fanny had it all her own way. When she was trotting along the road, with Louise on her back, if she chanced to spy a nice prickly thistle away up on a bank, up she would scramble, as fast as she could go, the sand and gravel rolling down under her hoofs; and, no matter how hard Louise pulled on the reins, there she would stay until she had eaten the thistle down to the very roots. Then she would back down the bank, and trot on.

Fanny was fond of other good things besides thistles. She would spy an apple on a tree, no matter how thick the leaves were; and, without waiting to ask Louise's permission, she would run under the tree, stretch her head up among the branches, and even raise herself up on her hind-legs, like a dog, to reach the apple.

Louise would clasp Fanny around the neck, and bury her face in her mane: but she often got scratched by the little twigs; and many a long hair has she left waving from the apple-boughs after such an adventure.

Whenever Fanny smelled any very savory odor issuing from the kitchen, she would trot up, and put her head in at the window, waiting for Biddy to give her a doughnut or cookie. One day a boy named Frank borrowed Fanny, as he wished to ride out with a little girl from the city. As they were passing a farm-house, Fanny perceived by the smell that some one was frying crullers there.



She immediately ran down the lane to the house, and stuck her head in at the open window, and would not stir from the spot until the farmer's wife gave her a cruller. Then she went quickly back to the road, and behaved very properly all the rest of the way.

Fanny was such a good pony, with all her tricks, that the neighbors often used to borrow her. This Fanny did not think at all fair; and she soon found a way to put a stop to it. One warm summer day, the minister borrowed her in order to visit a sick man about two miles away. After several hours he returned, very warm and tired, walking

through the dust, and leading Fanny, who came limping along, holding down her head, and appearing to be very lame.

She had fallen lame when only half-way to the sick man's house ; and the good old minister had led her all the way, rather than ride her when she was lame. All the family gathered around Fanny to see where she was hurt, when Fanny tossed her head, kicked up her heels, and pranced off to the stable, no more lame than a young kitten. It had been all a trick to punish the minister for borrowing her. And it succeeded ; for he never asked for Fanny again.

L. S. H.



THE TOAD.

WHAT a curious thing is the little brown toad ;

Do come and look at it, pray !

It sits in the grass, and, when we come near,

Just hops along out of our way.

It does not know how to sing like a bird,

Nor honey to make like a bee ;

'Tis not joyous and bright like a butterfly ;

Oh, say, of what use can it be ?

But, since God made it, and placed it here,

He must have meant it to stay :

So we will be kind to you, little brown toad,

And you need not hop out of our way.

E. A. B.



TRUE STORY OF A BIRD.

ONE day last spring, in looking over the contents of some boxes which had long been stowed away in the attic, I found some pieces of lace, which, though old-fashioned, seemed to me very pretty. But they were yellow with age, — quite too yellow for use.

I took them to the kitchen, and, after a nice washing, spread them on the grass to bleach. I knew that the bright sun would soon take away their yellow hue.

A day or two after, Johnnie came running in, and said,

"Auntie, the birds are carrying off all your old rags out there," pointing to the place where the laces were spread. Out I went to see about my "old rags," as he called them; and I found that several pieces were missing. We knew that the birds must have taken them; but, where to look for them, we could not tell.

That afternoon, Johnny invited me and his cousins to take a row with him in his boat to Rocky Island, of which the readers of "The Nursery" have heard before. We were all glad to go. As we were passing some bushes on the bank of the river, one of us spied something white among them. We wondered what it could be.

Johnny rowed nearer; and we could see that it was a piece of lace. Rowing nearer still, we saw another piece, and another, and at the same time heard the flutter of wings. We then asked to be landed, and our boatman soon brought us to shore in fine style.

On parting the bushes, we saw a nest just begun, and a piece of lace near it, but not woven in. Close by were four other pieces; but they were all caught by the little twigs, so that the bird could not get them to the nest. We took the lace off carefully, leaving the nest as it was, and brought it away with us.

On returning to the house, the children measured the lace, and found nearly six yards, the largest piece being about two yards. It seemed quite a lift for the little birds; and it was too bad that after all they did not get the use of it. But do you think they were discouraged?

Oh, no! for they soon had a nice nest built; and one day Johnny found an egg in the nest, which, from its bright hue, he knew to be a robin's egg. This was followed by other eggs, and, in due time, by a whole brood of young birds.



A ROUGH SKETCH.

HERE is a boy drawing on a wall. He is a shoemaker's boy. His name is Bob.

Tom, the baker's boy, and a little girl named Ann are looking on. "What is it?" asks Ann at sight of the picture.

“It’s a fine lady, of course,” says Tom. “Don’t you see her head-dress and her sun-shade?” Bob is so busy that he cannot stop to talk.

He is well pleased with his work. But the man who is looking around the corner of the wall does not look pleased in the least.

It is plain that he has no love for the fine arts. Or it may be that he does not like to see such a rough sketch on his wall.

Perhaps he thinks that when boys are sent on an errand, they ought not to loiter by the way.



PETER'S PETS.

"How old are they, Peter?" asked Ralph Lamson, pointing to two little guinea-pigs on a rude cage which Peter had himself made.

"I've had them about six weeks," said Peter. "I don't

know how old they were then; but they were only little things: they've grown twice as big since I've had them."

"What do you give them to eat?" asked Edwin Moore.

"Oh! all sorts of things," replied Peter. "They're fond of carrots, apples, and all sorts of green leaves, and, what is queer, they are fond of tea-leaves."

"Fond of tea-leaves!" cried Ralph and Edwin.

"Yes," said Peter, "they like tea-leaves very much. I give them oats too, and bits of bread."

"And what do they drink?" asked Edwin.

"They don't want much to drink, if they get plenty of green stuff and tea-leaves," said Peter; "but they like a drop of milk now and then, if they can get it."

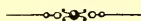
"Where do these animals come from?" asked Ralph.

"From Brazil and Paraguay in South America. It is thought that their odor drives away rats; and that is one reason why we keep them."

"What will you sell them for?" asked Ralph.

"Oh, I can't sell them!" said Peter. "They are my pets. Funny little fellows they are, and not so stupid as they seem. This white one I call Daisy; and the other I call Dozy, because he sleeps a good deal."

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE STROLLING BEAR.

IN St. Paul, one day last winter, a big black bear was seen strolling along on the sidewalk on Third Street. He seemed to be quite at his ease, and would stop now and then, and look in at the shop-windows.

Half a dozen men and boys soon gathered behind him, following him at a safe distance. Others, going up and down



the street, would stop to learn the cause of the crowd, and perhaps join it, so that they might see the end of the fun.

For a while, Bruin did not seem to care much for the crowd. But they grew to be pretty free in their speech, calling out to him, "Does your mother know you're out?" "Will you take a glass of whiskey?" and making other rude remarks. Bruin stood it for a while, then turned fiercely upon the crowd, who scattered at once, some running into shops, and others down the side-streets.

This free-and-easy bear then continued his stroll. But the crowd behind him grew larger and larger, and he again turned upon them, and made them run, all laughing and shouting, in various directions.

At last, as if he had had enough of this kind of fun, he quickened his pace, driving five or six fellows into a saloon, while he followed close at their heels. The boys on the other side of the street laughed at this: so he crossed the

street quickly, and put them to flight; and the way they all ran was fun for those near the saloon, who were now the laughers, in their turn.

At last, a man with whom Bruin was well acquainted, and on good terms, came up, with a chain in his hand, and threw it about the bear's neck; and then, as if he had had quite enough of a stroll, Bruin quietly followed his guide, and was led back to his owner.

ALFRED SELWYN.



THE PARROT AND THE SPARROW.

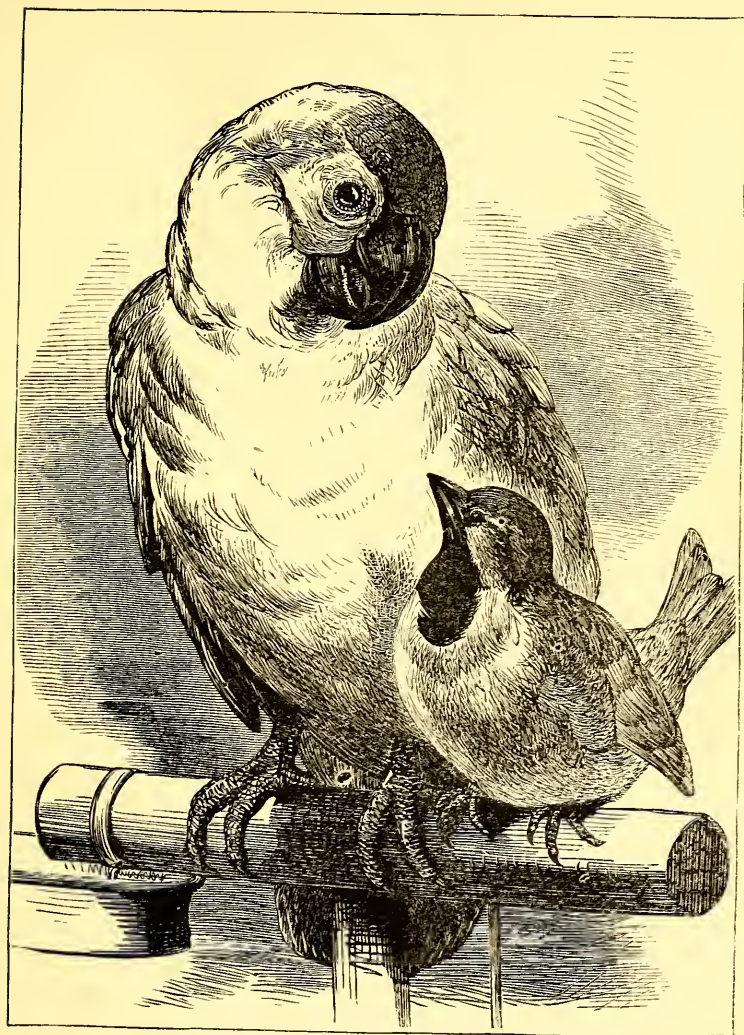
AT the "Jardin des Plantes," a famous garden and museum in Paris, there was once a parrot that took a great fancy to a little wild sparrow.

Every morning, the little bird would fly to the parrot's perch; and there it would sit almost all day by the side of its great friend. Sometimes the parrot would raise his unchained claw, and the sparrow would perch upon it.

Jacquot, — that was the parrot's name, — holding the sparrow at the end of his claw, would turn his head on one side, and gaze fondly on the little bird, which would flap its wings in answer to this sign of friendship. Then Jacquot would slide down to his food-tin, as if to invite the sparrow to share his breakfast.

Once the parrot was ill for some days. He did not eat: he trembled with fever, and looked very sad. The sparrow tried in vain to cheer him up. Then the little bird flew out into the garden, and soon returned, holding in his beak some blades of grass. The parrot with great effort managed to eat them. The sparrow kept him supplied with grass; and in a few days he was cured.

Once, when the sparrow was hopping about on the grass-



plot near the parrot's perch, a cat sprang out from some bushes. At this sight, Jacquot raised a loud cry, and broke his chain to fly to the aid of his friend. The cat ran away in terror; and the little bird was saved.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THAT FOX!

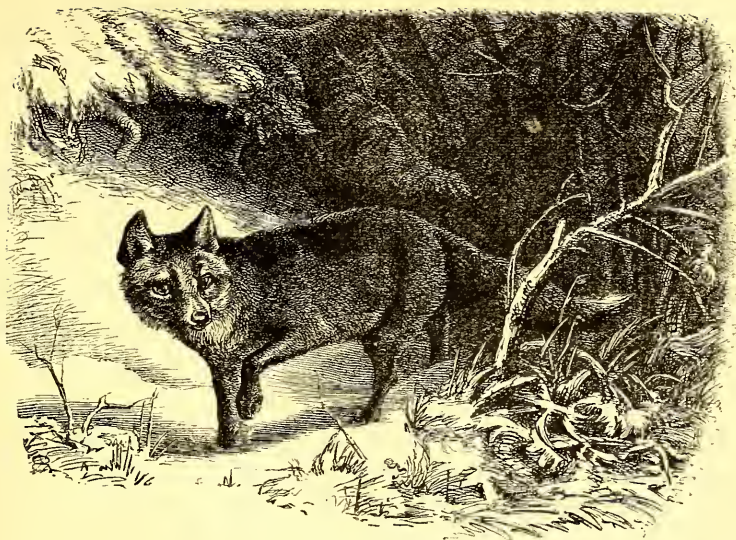
A LITTLE gray fox
Had a home in the rocks,
And most of his naps and his leisure took there ;
But, one frosty eve,
He decided to leave,
And for a short absence began to prepare.

A letter he wrote ;
And he brushed up his coat ;
And he shook out his tail, which was plummy and fine :
At first break of day
He galloped away,
At some distant farm-house intending to dine.

How gay he did look,
As he frisked to the brook,
And gazed at himself in the water so clear !
He looked with delight
At the beautiful sight ;
For all was so perfect, from tail-tip to ear !

That noon, our gray fox
Called on good Farmer Knox,
Where some of the fattest of poultry was kept,
And, sly as a mouse,
Lay in wait by the house ;
Or, peeping and watching, he stealthily crept.

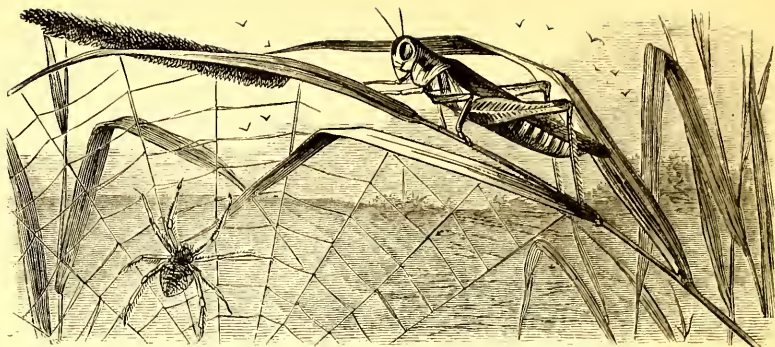
He felt very sure
He should shortly secure
A fat little chicken, or turkey, or goose ;



And his eyes were as bright
As the stars are at night,
As he tried to decide which his foxship should choose.

From his sharp-pointed nose
To the tip of his toes,
He was all expectation! — when, suddenly “*Snap!*”
With a “*click*” and a “*clack* ;”
And, before he could wink,
This smart little fox was caught fast in a trap.

And now that gray fox
Does not live in the rocks ;
And just what his fate was I never have learned :
This only I know,
That, a long time ago,
He left there one morning — and never returned.



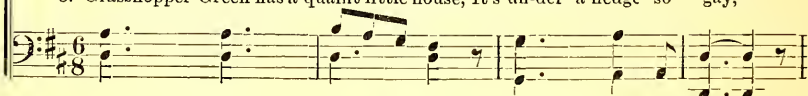
GRASSHOPPER GREEN.

T. CRAMPTON.

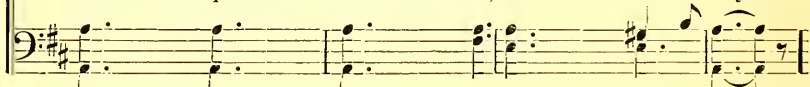
mf Moderato.



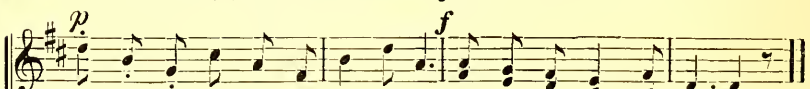
1. Grasshopper Green is a comi - cal chap; He lives on the best of fare ;
2. Grasshopper Green has a dozen wee boys, And soon as their legs grow strong,
3. Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house, It's un - der a hedge so gay,



Bright lit - tle jac - ket and breeches and cap, These are his sum - mer wear.
All of them join in his frol - ie - some joys, Humming his mer - ry song.
Grand - mo - ther spi - der as still as a mouse, En - vie's him o'er the way.



Out in the mead - ows he loves to go, Playing a - way in the sun ; It's
Un - der the leaves in a hap - py row, Soon as the day has be - gun ; It's
Lit - tle folks al - ways he calls I know, Out in the beau - ti - ful sun ; It's



hop - per - ty, skip - per - ty, high and low, Summer's the time for fun.





ARTHUR'S NEW SLOOP.

ARTHUR'S NEW SLOOP.



OW, boys," said Uncle Martin, "if you were at sea in a vessel like this, what should you do when you saw a squall coming up?"

"I should take in all sail, and scud under bare poles," said Arthur.

"But what if you did not want to be blown ashore?"

"Then I should leave out the first reef, so as to catch as much wind as I could risk, and steer for the sea, the sea, the open sea."

"Well, that's pretty well said, though not just as a sailor would say it. Look here, Henry, where is the stern?"

"You have your left hand on it, sir."

"That's true. And where's the rudder?"

"Your little finger is resting on it."

"What sort of a craft do you call this?"

"I call it a sloop; for it has but one mast."

"If you were holding the tiller, and I were to say, 'Larboard' or 'port,' what should you do?"

"If I stood looking forward, I should move the tiller to the left side of the vessel."

"That's right; and, if I said 'Starboard,' you would move the tiller to the right side. — Now, boys, which of you can tell me the difference between a tiller and a helm?"

"I always thought," said Arthur, "that they meant pretty much the same thing."

"No: the difference is this," said Uncle Martin: "A tiller is this little bar or handle by which I move the rudder. The helm is the whole of the things for steering, consisting of a rudder, a tiller, and, in large vessels, a wheel by which the tiller is moved. So a tiller is only a part of the helm."

"Yes, now I understand," said Arthur. "How jolly it is to have an Uncle Martin to explain things!"

"You rogue, you expect me to be at the launch, eh?"

"Yes, uncle: I've got a bottle of hard cider to smash, on the occasion. It ought to be rum, by the old rule."

"The best thing to do with rum is to pour it into the sea," said Uncle Martin. "But what's the name of the new sloop?"

"Ah! that you will hear at the launch," said Arthur.

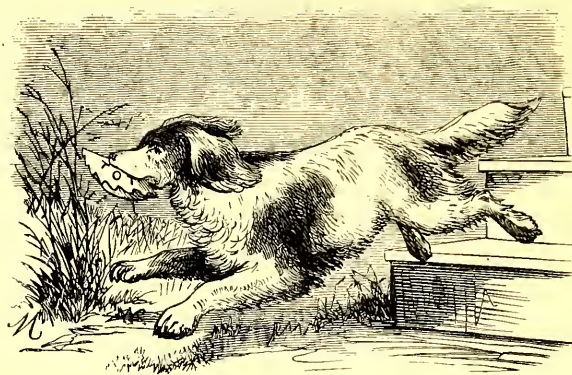
"It's the 'Artful Dodger,' " whispered brother Henry.

ALFRED SELWYN.



TOT'S TURNOVER.

SUGARED and scalloped and cut as you see,
 With juicy red wreath and name, T-O-T,
 This is the turnover dear little Tot
 Set in the window there all piping hot:
 Proud of her work, she has left it to cool:
 Benny must share it when he's out of school.



Scenting its flavor, Prince happens that way,
Wonders if Tot will give him some to-day.
Benny is coming, he's now at the gate —
Prince for himself decides not to wait.
Oh, pity! 'tis gone, and here you and I
See the last that Tot saw of that pretty pie.

M. A. C.

A TRUE STORY.

ONCE, when I lived in the country, some robins built a nest in a lilac-bush in the garden. One day I looked in the nest, and saw one little green egg. Two or three days after, I saw three more little green eggs, and pretty soon what did I see there but four little cunning baby-birdies?

The old birds seemed so happy as they fed their little ones, who opened their mouths wide to take the food in, that I loved dearly to watch them.

One night there came a terrible storm of wind and rain. When I awoke in the morning, and opened my window,

there were the old robins flying about the garden in great distress, making such a dreadful cry, that I went out to see what was the matter. What do you think I saw?

The pretty nest was on the ground, torn in pieces by the wind; and the little baby-birds lay in the cold wet grass, crying pitifully. The old birds were flying about, and beating the grass with their wings.

I ran to the house, and found an old tin pail. I lined this with nice hay from Billy's stable, picked up the poor little robins, and put them in the warm dry hay. Then I hung the pail on a branch of the bush, tied it firmly with some twine, and went into the house to watch the old birds from my window.

They looked first on one side, then on the other, to see that there was nobody near. At last they flew to the old pail, and stood on its edge. Pretty soon they began to sing as if they were just as happy as they could be.

I think they liked the old pail just as well as their pretty nest; for they lived in it till the little baby-birdies were able to fly, and to feed themselves.

One day I looked in the pail, and it was empty. The birdies had grown up, and had flown away.

HANNAH PAULDING.



THE KINGFISHER.



WHERE the white lilies quiver
By the sedge in the river,
I fly in and out,
I hunt all about ;
For I am the daring king-
fisher, kingfisher !

Rod and line have not I,
But, a fish when I spy,
From the tree-top I start,
And down, down, I dart ;
For I am the daring king-
fisher, kingfisher !

My dinner I make,
My pleasure I take,
And the fish must be quick
That would parry my trick ;
For I am the daring king-
fisher, kingfisher !

Now summer is near,
And the boys will be here ;
But I fly or I run,
When I look on a gun,
Tho' I am the daring king-
fisher, kingfisher !



PLAYING SOLDIER.

LITTLE Mary lives in Boston. She has no brothers or sisters to play with her, and no mother. But her papa plays with her a great deal.

There is one game she has with him that is very entertaining to others who are looking on. At least so her aunts and uncles thought on Thanksgiving evening, when it was played for their amusement. I have called the game "Playing soldier." Mary was the captain; and her papa was the soldier.

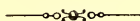
This is the way it was done: Mary went to her papa, who was standing, and placed herself in front of him, with her back against him. "Shoulder arms!" shouted the little captain; and her tall soldier immediately put her on his left shoulder, in imitation of the real soldier, who holds his musket or gun against that place.

"Forward march!" shouted our little captain again; and her soldier marched forward with a quick step.

"Halt!" cried she after he had marched back; and he stopped at once.

"Ground arms!" was the next command; and the soldier put his captain down on the floor in front of him just as she had stood before — and the play was over.

M.



MADIE'S VISIT AT GRANDMA'S.

MADIE is a dear little girl who lives in a pretty village in the State of New York. Every summer she goes to visit her grandmother, whose home is at Bay View, near a beautiful body of water called Henderson Bay, a part of Lake Ontario.

She is very happy at Bay View; for, besides grandma, there are an uncle and two aunts, who are never too busy to swing her in the hammock, out under the maples, or play croquet with her on the lawn.

Sometimes she drives out with her uncle behind his black ponies; and, if the road is smooth and level, he lets Madie hold the reins. But she likes better to go with him on the water, in his fine sail-boat, "Ildrian," which is a Spanish name, and means "fleet as lightning."

When the weather is fine, and the water is calm, her aunts take her out rowing in their pretty row-boat, "Echo." As they row along by the shore, stopping now and then to gather water-lilies, Madie looks at the pretty cottages and white tents nestled among the green trees, where the city people are spending their summer.

They pass many boats on the way, filled with ladies and



gentlemen, who give them a gay salute ; and Madie waves her handkerchief in one hand, and her little flag in the other, as they go by. Sometimes they go ashore in a shady cove ; and Aunt Clara fills her basket with ferns and moss, while Madie picks up shells and gay-colored stones on the beach.

But these lovely summer-days go by quickly. October comes, and with it Madie's mamma, to claim her little girl, who is so tanned and rosy, that mamma calls her, "Gypsy," and thinks papa will hardly know his little "sunbeam" now.

So Madie kisses everybody "good-by" a great many times, — even the bay-colt in the pasture, and the four smutty kittens at the barn, — and goes back to her own home. But, when the sweet June roses bloom again, she will go once more to Bay View, which she thinks is the nicest place in the world.

WHAT I OVERHEARD.

ONE day last summer, at the great Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, I overheard a conversation that interested me very much. The subject of it was a queer little animal called a "gopher," which sat stuck up in a case with its comical little head perched up in the air; for it wasn't even *alive*, but was a poor little stuffed gopher.

In front of the case I noticed two farmers, who were talking about my little friend in a very earnest way: so I listened to their remarks.

"Yes," said one, "I tell you he is a dreadful creature to dig. Why, he makes us a sight of trouble out our way! can't keep anything that he can dig for, away from him."

"Is that so?" said the other man.

"Yes. Why, I pay my boys five cents for every one of 'em they catch; and it's lively work getting 'em, I tell you! See his nose, now! doesn't that look sharp? I tell you, when that fellow gets hold of a job, he *keeps right at it!* There is no *giving up* in him."

"Dear me!" thought I, "how nice of little gopher! Ugly as he is, I quite fall in love with him." And I drew nearer, and showed, I suppose, my interest in my face; for the speaker turned around, and addressed me.

"Yes, ma'am, he steals my potatoes, and does lots of mischief. Just look at those paws of his! Doesn't he keep them busy, though!"

"Are gophers so very industrious, then?" I asked.

"Industrious, ma'am! Well, yes: they've got the *work* in them, that's true; and, if they begin any thing, they'll see it through. They don't sit down discouraged, and give up; but they keep right on, even when there's no hope. Oh, they're brave little fellows!" And the honest old

farmer beamed in admiration upon the stiff, little unconscious specimen before us in the case.

“It is very interesting,” I said, “to know of such patience in a little animal like this.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he responded: “you would think so if you could see one. Why, *working* is their *life*. If they couldn’t work, they’d die. I know, ’cause I’ve proved it. Once, we caught one, and I put him in a box, and my boys and I threw in some sand. The box was considerably big, and the little fellow went right to work. He dug, and threw it all back of him over to the other side; then back of him again, till he went through that sand I don’t know how many times. Well, he was as lively as a cricket, and, to try what he would do, I took away the sand, and ’twas but a few hours before he was dead. Yes, dead, ma’am! just as dead as this one, here!” pointing with his finger to our friend in the case, who preserved a stolid indifference to the fate of his gopher-cousin.

I stopped to take a further look at “little gopher,” with whom I felt pretty well acquainted by this time. H. M. S.



BYE-LO-LAND.

BABY is going to Bye-lo-land,
Going to see the sights so grand:
Out of the sky the wee stars peep,
Watching to see her fast asleep.

Swing so,

Bye-lo!

Over the hills to Bye-lo-land.

Oh the bright dreams in Bye-lo-land,
All by the loving angels planned!
Soft little lashes downward close,
Just like the petals of a rose.

Swing so,

Bye-lo!

Prettiest eyes in Bye-lo-land!

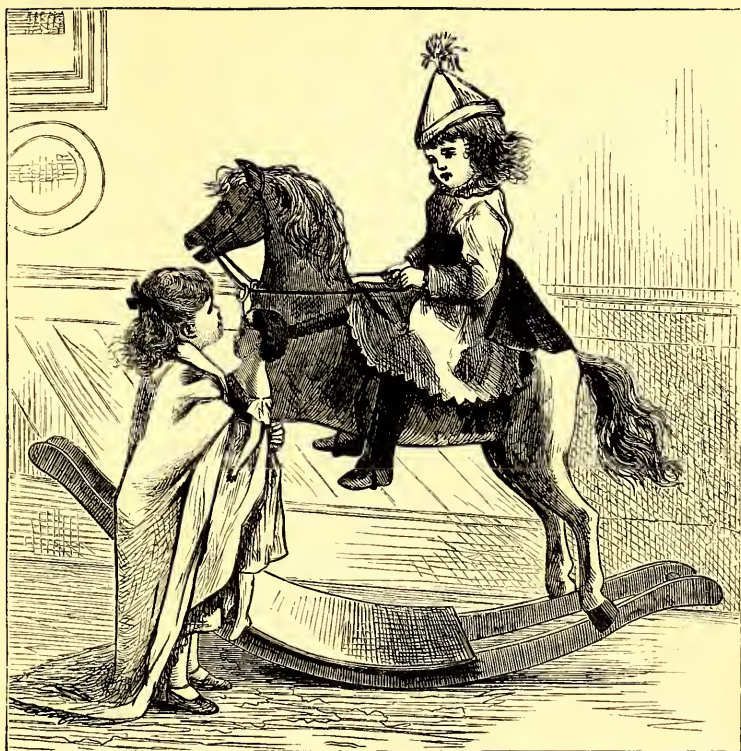


Sweet is the way to Bye-lo-land,
Guided by mother's gentle hand.
Little lambs now are in the fold,
Little birds nestle from the cold.

Swing so,

Bye-lo!

Baby is safe in Bye-lo-land!



THE ENCOUNTER.

Mr. Jones. — Good-morning, madam. It is a fine day. Are you going out for a walk?

Mrs. Smith. — I was just taking my little Aldabella out for an airing. Poor child! She has been kept in the house so long by the bad weather, that she has lost all her color.

Mr. Jones. — Be careful, and don't let her catch the whooping-cough.

Mrs. Smith. — O sir! you alarm me. Is it much about?

Mr. Jones. — Yes, ma'am: so is the measles. I know

two gentlemen who were kept away from their base-ball last Saturday afternoon by the measles.

Mrs. Smith. — What an affliction! Is that horse of yours safe? Does he ever kick?

Mr. Jones. — I never knew him to kick in my life; but, as you see, he is a little restive: he may step on your toes.

Mrs. Smith. — Oh, pray hold him in, Mr. Jones! Don't let him be so gay.

Mr. Jones. — Madam, my horse seems to be of the opinion that we have talked long enough: so I will wish you a very good-morning.

Mrs. Smith. — Good-morning, Mr. Jones. Pray don't run over any little boys in the street.

Mr. Jones. — Little boys must not come in my way. Good-by, Mrs. Smith! Good-by, Miss Aldabella!



JAMIE'S LETTER TO A LITTLE UNCLE.

My dear little Uncle, — You see I have not forgotten that long ago you wrote me a letter. My mamma told me to-night that she would answer it for me, because something happened yesterday that I want you to know.

You remember it was May-day. Mamma said, "Jamie, you are too little a boy to go out in the fields and woods Maying." That made me feel badly, because the sun was shining so brightly, and the grass looked so green, that I was sure there were plenty of flowers hidden away in the fields.

So I thought, "What can a little boy do? I am so little, I can't walk. I am so little, I can't talk much. I can creep, but when I get to a nice bit on the floor and put it into my mouth, mamma jumps, and takes it away,

and says, 'No, no, baby !' What can I do ? what can I do to please everybody ? "

At last I thought of something. I was sitting in mamma's lap, when, all at once, she called out, " Aunt Fanny, come here and put your thimble in the baby's mouth. I'm sure that's a tooth." And, sure enough, one little tooth had just peeped out. Then everybody said, " Baby has a tooth ! " I didn't tell them that I went Maying all by myself, and found that little tooth ; but I tell you as a secret, little uncle.

Dear little uncle, I am growing very big. Next summer I can run on the beach with you, and dig in the sand.

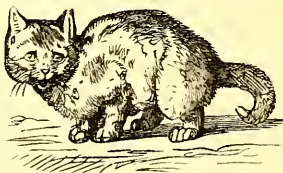
Now you must kiss my grandmamma for me ; give her a kiss on her right eye, her left cheek, her nose, and her lips, and whisper in her ear that I love her very much ; then pull my grandpapa's whiskers, and give him two kisses ; then give a kiss to all my uncles and aunts, and take one for yourself from your little nephew,

JAMIE.



THE DISAPPOINTED KITTY.

THE name of my kitten is Breezy. I gave her that name because she is never quiet. When she cannot frolic, she mews ; but, as she is frolicking all the time when she is not asleep, she does not make much of an outcry, after all.



It has been the height of Breezy's ambition to catch a mouse. The other day, I was sitting in my little arm-chair, studying my spelling-lesson, when what should come forth from under the cupboard but a wee mouse not much bigger than the bowl of a teaspoon.

Breezy, for a wonder, was asleep on the rug. Mousie looked around, as if in search of some crumbs. I put down my book, and kept very still. Which did I favor in my heart, — Mousie, or Breezy ?

To tell the truth, my sympathies were divided. The little bright-eyed mouse was so cunning and swift, that I thought to myself, “ What a pity to kill such a bright little fellow ! ” But then I knew how disappointed poor Breezy would be, if she should wake, and learn somehow that a mouse had run over the floor while she was indulging in inglorious slumber.

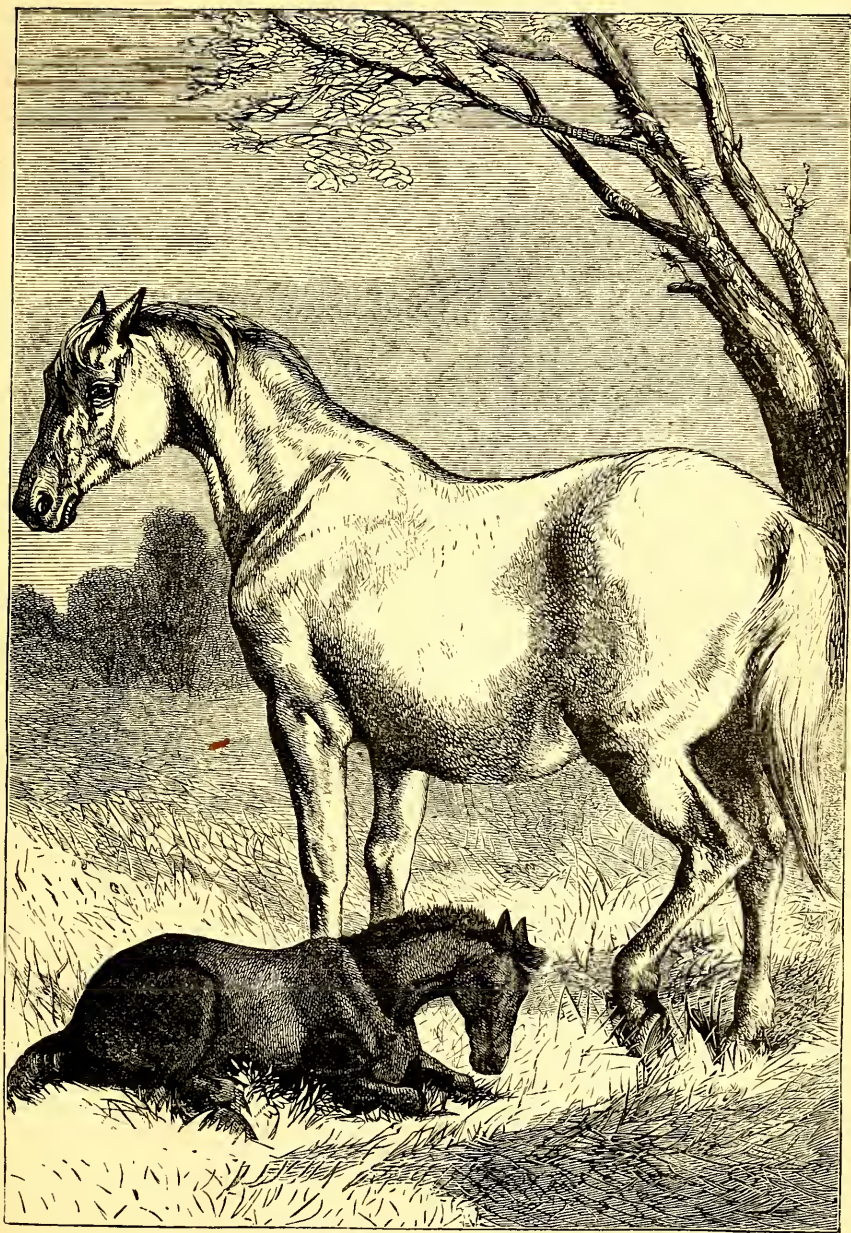
Out came mousie quite boldly, and, finding some crumbs under the table, nibbled at them in great haste. Poor little fellow, if I had had a bit of cheese, I should have been tempted to give it to him, there and then.

But, all at once, Breezy woke, and saw what was going on. Mousie, however, had not been so stupid, while making his meal, as not to keep one eye open on his enemy. Quick as a flash he ran for the little crack that led under the cupboard, and thus made his escape.

Poor Breezy ! She seemed really ashamed of herself. She had her nose at that crack a full hour after mousie had escaped. It seemed as if she could not get over her disappointment. Every day since then she has patiently watched the cupboard. Will mousie give her another chance ? That remains to be seen.

FANNY EVERTON.





THE MARE AND HER COLT.

THE MARE AND HER COLT.

HERE is a picture of the mare and her colt. The old mare is almost white; but the colt is jet black. He is a bright little fellow, and I am sure that his mother is proud of him.

Our Willie likes to stand at the bars of the pasture and look at the colt. He often comes so near that the little boy pats him on the head.

Willie has named the colt "Frisky," because he is so very lively. He is so nimble with his heels, that it is not safe for a small boy to go very near him now; but Willie expects to ride him by and by.

A. B. C.



KISSING A SUNBEAM.

LITTLE Baby Brown-Eyes
Sitting on the floor,
Every thing around him
Ready to explore,
Plumpy, dumpy, roly-poly,
Pretty Baby Brown-Eyes
Sitting on the floor!

Flutters in a sunbeam
Through the open door,
Like a golden butterfly
Silently before
Plumpy, dumpy, roly-poly,
Pretty Baby Brown-Eyes
Sitting on the floor.

See his little fingers
Eager for a prize,
And the hungry gladness
Laughing in his eyes!
Plumpy, dumpy, roly-poly,
Pretty Baby Brown-Eyes
Capturing a prize!

Plucking at the sunbeam
With his finger-tips,
Tenderly he lifts them
To his rosy lips;
Plumpy, dumpy, roly-poly,
Pretty Baby Brown-Eyes
Kissing the pink tips!

Brother of the sunbeam,
With your browny eyes,
Greet your silent sisters,
Stealing from the skies ;
Plumpy, dumpy, roly-poly,
Pretty Baby Brown-Eyes
Kiss her as she flies !

Mamma catches sunbeams
In your laughing eye,
Hiding in your dimples,
Peeping very sly :
Plumpy, dumpy, roly-poly,
Pretty Baby Brown-Eyes,
She'll kiss them on the fly !

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.



THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN HOME.

"FATHER is coming! Father is coming!" was little Tim's cry, as he sat at the window of the little house by the seashore.

"How do you know he is coming?" said mother, who was tending the baby, and at the same time trying to sew up the seams of a dress for Miss Bella, the second child.

"I know he is coming, because I can see him in his boat," cried Tim. "Hurrah, hurrah! I'll be the first one at the landing."

Mamma was by this time satisfied that her husband, Mr. Payson, was indeed in sight. He was a fisherman, and had been absent, on a trip to the Banks of Newfoundland, more than six weeks. There had been many storms during that time, and she had passed some anxious moments.

But now there he was before her eyes, safe and sound. "Come, Bella," she said, "let us see if we can't get the first kiss."

"No, no, I'll get it!" cried Tim, starting on the run for the landing-place.

Sure enough, Tim got the first kiss; but mother's and



baby's and Bella's soon followed; and so there was no complaint.

Mr. Payson had made a prosperous trip. His schooner lay off the point, and he had sold his fish at a good profit.

How glad he was to get home, and find his family well! Tim brought him his primer, and proudly pointed to the pages he could read. Bella showed her first attempts at sewing; and, as for baby, she showed how well she could crow and frolic.

"I've found the first violet, papa," cried Bella.

"But I saw it first," said Tim.

"And I smelt of it first," said mother.

"And baby pulled it to pieces first," added Bella.

It was a happy meeting; and father and mother agreed that to come home and find all the little ones well and happy was better even than to sell his fish at a good price.

THE PUPPY AND THE WASP.



As asleep I was lying,
My ear on the ground,
A queer thing came flying
And humming around.
Humming and coming
Close to my ear:
Shall I never be quiet?
O dear, and O dear!

You bold little teaser,
Now take yourself off;
Of your buzzing and fussing
I've had quite enough.
You will not? Tormentor,
I mean to rest here,
So mind how you vex me,
And come not too near.

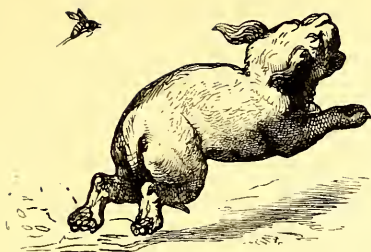


You dare to defy me?
You come all the bolder?
I'll punish you, rash one,
Ere I'm a breath older.
With my big paw uplifted
I'll crush you to dust:
Shoo! What a dodger!
Leave me — you must!



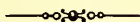
I'll bite you, I'll kill you,
I snap and I spring:
If I only could catch you,
You rude saucy thing!
If you were not so little,
So cunning and sly,
I'd punish you quickly,
Pert wretch! you should die.





It darts quick as lightning, —
 O woe, and O woe!
 On the nose it has stung me:
 O, it burns and smarts so!
 It pains like a needle,
 It gives me no rest;
 Oh, the wasp is a creature
 I hate and detest.

He knows he has hurt me,
 Away now he darts;
 Oh, poor little puppy!
 It smarts and it smarts!
 To think such an insect
 Should worry a dog!
 He could not have hurt me,
 If I'd been a log!



MORE ABOUT CRICKETS.

WE keep crickets in a box, and find them very interesting. They are very active, and occupy themselves in laying eggs, digging holes, eating, singing, and running. Only the males sing, and their wings are very rough, and curiously marked.

Crickets have four different kinds of wings, — yellow, brown, black, and brownish-red. Those that have yellow wings seem to be less hardy than the others. They do not sing so well, but lay and eat more.

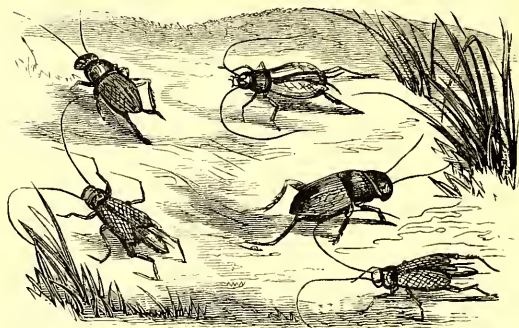
The brown-winged crickets are quite common, but not so common as the black-winged, which are the most common of all kinds. Brownish-red crickets are very rare. Those

that are black with yellow spots where the wings come out, sing the best.

The eggs are yellow, about an eighth of an inch long, and of an oval shape.

When we were in Lynn, a very handsome yellow-winged singer came into the box, and ate three crickets. We put him in another box with his mate, which he brought with him. In the same box were a large female, and a common sized white-winged cricket, both of which he ate.

Afterwards we found in his place a black-winged singer,



somewhat smaller than the yellow-winged one was; but his mate remained the same as before.

Some spiders make holes in the ground, and, when the crickets go into them, the spiders eat them.

The male crickets fight with each other, singing all the while; and the one that beats sings on, all the louder.

There is another kind of cricket that is a great deal smaller, and sings much longer, in an undertone. Its wings are always yellow or brown; but we do not know much about crickets of this kind, except that their habits are similar to those of the large ones, and that they are very numerous.



FIFTH LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

“ A little boy was dreaming,
Upon his nurse’s lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.

So, when his dream was over,
What should that little boy do ?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap —
And found it wasn’t true.”

If that little boy had been wide awake, and out of doors, with his cap on his head, instead of dreaming in his nurse’s lap, don’t you think he might really have seen a star fall out of the sky? Haven’t you all seen one many a time ?

But you would never dream that those blazing suns, the stars, are pinned into the sky, and that they might tumble into your cap if the pins fell out. You know better than

that; but do you know what does happen when a star falls?

We say, "A star falls," because what we see falling looks to us like a star; but it really is no more like a star than a lump of coal. If we should see a piece of blazing coal falling through the air, we might be foolish enough to think that, too, was a star. And what we call a shooting star is, perhaps, more like a lump of coal on fire than like any thing else you know of.

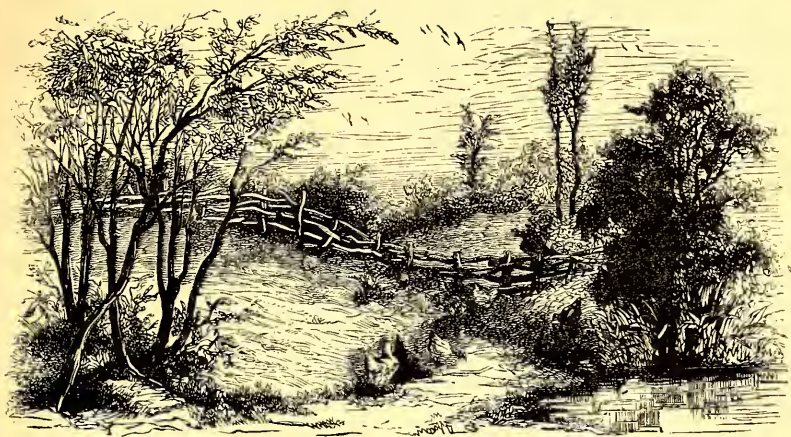
Sometimes these shooting stars fall to the ground, and are picked up and found to be rocks. How do you suppose they take fire? It is by striking against the air which is around our earth. They come from nobody knows where, and are no more on fire than any rock is, until they fall into our air; and that sets them blazing, just as a match lights when you rub it against something.

These meteors, as they are called, do not often fall to the ground; only the very large ones last until they reach the earth; most of them burn up on their way down. I think that is lucky, because they might at any time fall into some little boy's cap and spoil it, and might even fall on his head, if they were in the habit of falling anywhere.

That little boy who thought the stars were only pinned in their places must have felt very uneasy. I don't wonder that he dreamed about them.

Once in a great while, a shower of meteors rains down upon the earth; and sometimes many of them can be seen falling from the sky, and burning up in the air.

The fall of the year is the best time for meteors; but you will be pretty sure to see one any evening you choose to look for it, and, perhaps, on the Fourth of July one of them will celebrate the day by bursting like a rocket, as they sometimes do.



JUNE.

THE pretty flowers have come again,
The roses and the daisies ;
And from the trees, oh, hear how plain
The birds are singing praises !

The grass is fresh and green once more ;
The sky is clear and sunny ;
And bees are laying in a store
Of pure and golden honey.

The little modest buttercup,
The dandelion splendid,
Their heads are bravely holding up,
Now winter's reign is ended.

How charming now our walks will be
By meadows full of clover,
Through shady lanes, where we can see
The branches bending over !

The flowers are blooming fresh and bright
In just the same old places ,
And oh, it fills me with delight
To see their charming faces.

The air is sweet, the sky is blue,
The woods with songs are ringing ;
And I'm so happy, that I, too,
Can hardly keep from singing.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



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A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME XXII.

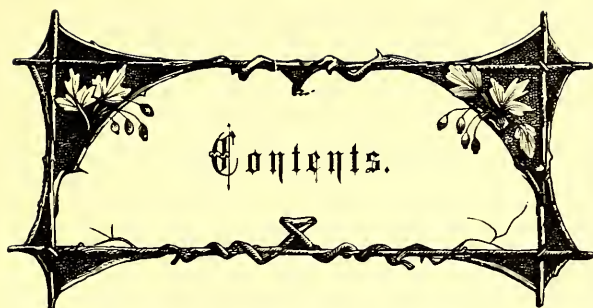
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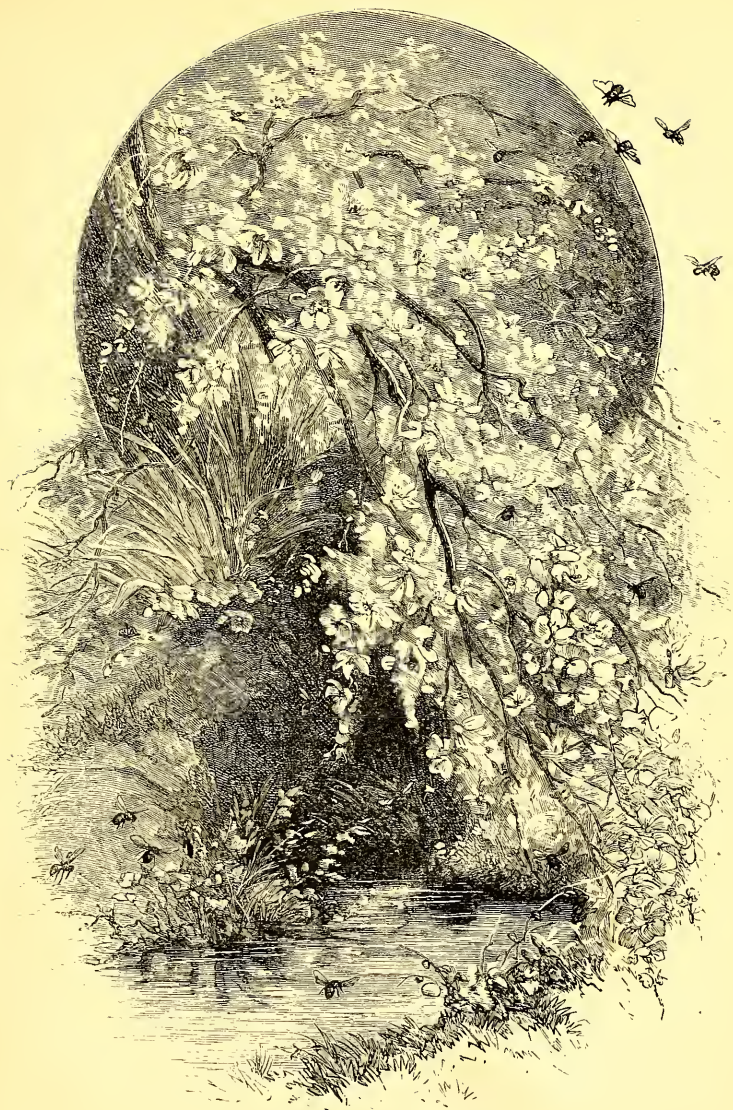
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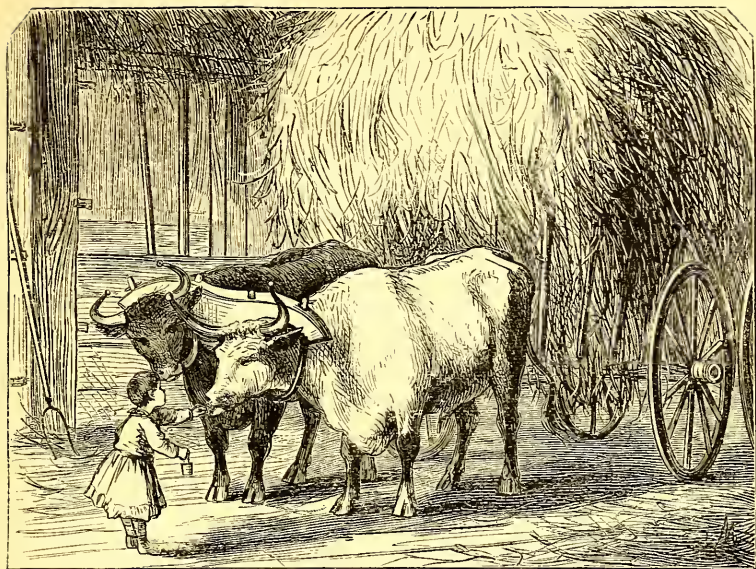
WILD BEES OF THE WOOD ARE WE;
BUT OUR HIVE YOU MUST NOT SEE.

THE WILD BEES' HOME.

WILD bees of the wood are we ;
But our hive you must not see :
Here behold our happy home,
Where we labor, where we roam.
Brooks that on their shining bosoms
Catch the overhanging blossoms ;
Banks all bright with clustering flowers, —
Here is where we pass our hours.

Seldom on this solitude
Does a girl or boy intrude ;
Few among you are aware
What a home is ours, so fair !
In the brook are little fish ;
You would like them on a dish :
Keep away, and bring no hooks
To these happy, murmuring brooks.

You would like to find our hoard
Of honey-comb and honey stored ;
You would track us, if you could,
Through the field, and through the wood,
Till, within some hollow tree,
You our waxen cells could see.
But beware now what you do ;
Treat us well, and we'll treat you.



PERCY AND THE OXEN.

SUMMER came, and the city streets were dry, dusty, and noisy, and the bricks made everybody's eyes ache.

So mamma took little Percy, who was only three years old, and the rosy, fat one-year-old baby, and went away in the steam cars to the green, fresh, cool, sunny country. Grandpa was left all alone in the still city home, with good old 'Titia to keep house for him until the family should come back in the fall.

Well, those who could go to the country had just as much fun as they could wish for,—sitting out under the trees all the sunny days, and in the barn, when the sun was too hot for them to want him to shine on them.

One day, great-aunt Hannah was giving her nephews and nieces a dinner of corn and beans, and apples and

cream, and nice bread and butter, and they all sat at the table a long time, talking and laughing, and enjoying themselves.

All at once little mamma said, "Why, where's Percy?" and sprang up, and ran to the side-door, which opened on to the green.

No Percy was to be seen there: so all began to hunt through the sitting-room, even through the parlor (where he never played), out in the kitchen, farther out through the long wood-shed, still farther out in the carriage-house; but he was in none of these places.

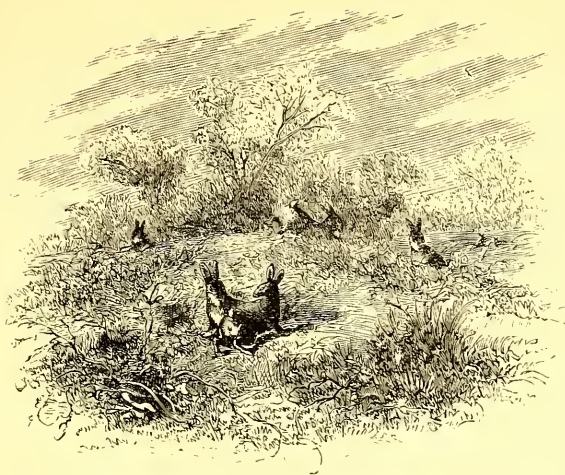
Then great-aunt Hannah opened the cupboards, and pulled out the drawers, as though she expected to find the "grand-boy" rolled up in a napkin, and tucked away in a corner.

There was a high state of flutter when mamma peeped round the edge of the open dining-room door, and said, "Come with me."

She was so smiling, that every one knew the search was up; and a row of tall people and short people, headed by little mamma, and ended by tall aunt Hannah, streamed out and over the green, across the road. There they were stopped, and told by mamma to go softly and look in one of the barn-windows.

What did they see? A good load of sweet-scented hay piled on a wide hay-cart, two big oxen yoked to that, standing in the middle of the barn-floor, with their two great heads held down very low.

In front of them was little chubby Percy, in his clean white frock, swinging a tiny pail, that would hold a teaspoonful of berries, in one hand, and with the other holding out a berry to the oxen, as they put their great mouths down to be fed.



PET RABBITS.

MANY of my little readers have owned tame rabbits ; but I doubt if they ever had for a pet the little wild rabbit who lives in the woods, and, at the South, builds his nest above ground.

On a warm, sunny afternoon in May, two little rabbits, whose mother had been killed by a dog, were brought home in a gentleman's pocket, and given to my little boys. They were not old enough to feed themselves: so we put some milk in a small bottle, and tied a piece of sponge to the neck of it, and in that way the little things sucked up the milk.

The children had a large, old-fashioned fireplace in their room, and, after taking out the andirons, they covered the bricks with fresh clover and grass, making a safe and snug home for the rabbits at night. Several times a day they were allowed to run about the lawn, and crop the sweet white clover ; and often at night, they would jump out from their home in the fireplace, and run about the room.

They were named George and Mary Rabbit, and always used to sleep side by side. But after a few weeks they must have felt tired of their humdrum life ; for one bright morning they ran away. I hope they are living happily together in the fragrant woods from which they were brought.

CHARLIE'S MAMMA.

KITTRELLS, N. C.



CHIPPING-BIRDS' SONG.



"CHIPPER, chipper, clear the way ;
We must be at work to-day.
See us swiftly fly along,
Hear our bursts of merry song.
Watch me in my busy flight,
Glancing in your window bright ;
Save your bits of yarn for me,
Just think what a help 'twould be !"

"Chip, chip, chipper !" How he sings,
As he comes for shreds and strings,
Which he is not slow to see,
From the budding lilac-tree !
Now with cunning, saucy pranks,
See him nod his hearty thanks :
"These are just the thing," sings he ;
"Truly you are helping me !"

"Chipper, chipper !" See him go ;
Now 'tis fast, and now 'tis slow ;
Working ever at the nest,
Never stopping once to rest ;
Getting little straws and strings
For his good wife, while he sings,
"Chip, chip, chipper, gay are we ;
See us in the lilac-tree !"

"Chipper, chipper," all day long ;
Thus I hear his tuneful song,
Meaning, as he flutters past,
Gayly warbling, working fast,
"I can't stop to talk to you ;
I have got my work to do :
Chip, chip, chipper, clear the way ;
We shall finish up to-day."

ANNIE A. PRESTON.



FOURTH OF JULY MORNING.

MAT, Let, and Win are the names by which three little sisters of my acquaintance are usually called. These are nicknames, of course. Can you guess what their real names are?

Lest you should be too long about it, I will tell you: they are Matilda, Letitia, and Winifred. Mat is the one standing on the chair in the picture; Let is the one sitting on the bed, with her left foot hanging down; and Win, the youngest, is the one sitting up in bed.

What is the cause of all this commotion? It is only four o'clock in the morning; but Mat and Let have rushed into Win's room to get a good view, out of her window, of the men firing guns out on the green. It is the Fourth of July.

"Why do they wake us up so early with their bell-

ringing, their crackers, and guns?" said Let. "I hate the Fourth of July!"

"She talks like a rebel," said Win. "She must be put in prison."

"That is not a bad idea, Win," said Mat. "She hates the Fourth of July, does she? — the birthday of the great republic! She hates it! — the day that made us a nation."

"Yes; and I hate the stars and stripes, and all this fuss and noise, this smell of smoke, and firing of crackers," said Let, showing a fist.

"Jump up, Win, and help me arrest this rebel," said Mat. "The country is lost if we allow such talk."

The next minute, the three sisters were running about the room, — Mat and Win trying to catch poor Let, and thrust her into the closet, which was to be her prison. Such a stamping, such an outcry, as there was!

"What's all that racket there?" cried papa, at last, from the foot of the stairs that led into his room underneath. "Isn't there noise enough out of doors, without your shaking the house over our heads?"

"Let says she hates the Fourth of July, and the old flag," cried Mat; "and we think she ought to be put in prison as a rebel. We are trying to arrest her."

"Go to bed, every one of you, you rogues!" said papa, "or I will put you all in prison for breaking the peace, — Where's my big whip, mother?"

"I'll tell you where it is, papa," cried little Win.

"Where, then, is it, you little darl — I mean you little rogue?" said papa.

"It is where Cinderella's glass slippers are," screamed Win. "Ask the fairies where that is."

What a scampering and laughing there was then!

Papa made a pounding with his feet on the stairs, as if he

were coming up in a great rage ; but he and mamma were laughing all the time, and so were Mat and Let, — all but Win, and she kept a grave face.

It was now almost five o'clock, and the three sisters made up their minds that they would dress themselves, and go out on the green to see the fun.

EMILY CARTER.



THE LITTLE DESERTER.

FREDERICK.

SEE him on the apple-tree,
Looking down so bold and free !
Now that he his wings can show us,
He pretends he does not know us.

Ah, you rogue! are you aware
How deserters often fare?
Come, be good, and I'll not chide:
See, the door is open wide.

BIRDIE.

Peep, peep, peep!

CLARA.

Were you not well treated by us?
Why, then, do you thus defy us?
Salad every morning early,
Crumbs of bread, and grains of barley,
Sugar, now and then a berry,
And in June a nice ripe cherry, —
These were yours; don't be ungrateful:
To desert us is too hateful.

BIRDIE.

Peep, peep, peep!

FREDERICK.

Now 'tis pleasant all, and sunny,
Bees are busy making honey,
You can flit from bough to bough,
You can sing and twitter now:
Wait till winter comes, you rover,
Then your frolic will be over.
Cats are on the roof already:
Birdie, dear, come back to Freddy.

BIRDIE.

Peep, peep, peep!

CLARA.

Peep and peep! What then, deserter?
Was there creature ever perter?
Mine you are; to me belong;
Me you owe each day a song.
Darling, here's your cage all clean;
Come, I say, and don't be mean;
Come, and be once more our pet,
And your fault we will forget.

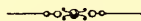
BIRDIE.

Peep, peep, peep! T'wee, t'wee, t'wee!

PAPA.

Ha! he takes his merry flight,
And the little bird is right.
No deserter, child, is he,
Who escapes to liberty.
Air and sun and open sky
Birdie likes, as you and I.
Paid to him is now your debt,
And I'm glad: so do not fret.

IDA FAY.



A FISH STORY.

COUSIN WILLIE lives on a pleasant island in Chesapeake Bay. He has a boat called the "Nautilus." One morning he was taking a sail in his boat, when he saw a large fish-hawk soaring and wheeling through the air, as though in search of a breakfast for its young nestlings. At length it

made a dive down to the water, and brought up a large fish.

Just then an eagle that had been watching the fish-hawk from the top of a tree, came swooping down toward the hawk, as if determined to have the fish for his own breakfast.

The eagle attacked the hawk ; and the two birds fought for the fish until the hawk was forced to let it drop, when the eagle made a rapid swoop, and caught the fish in his talons.

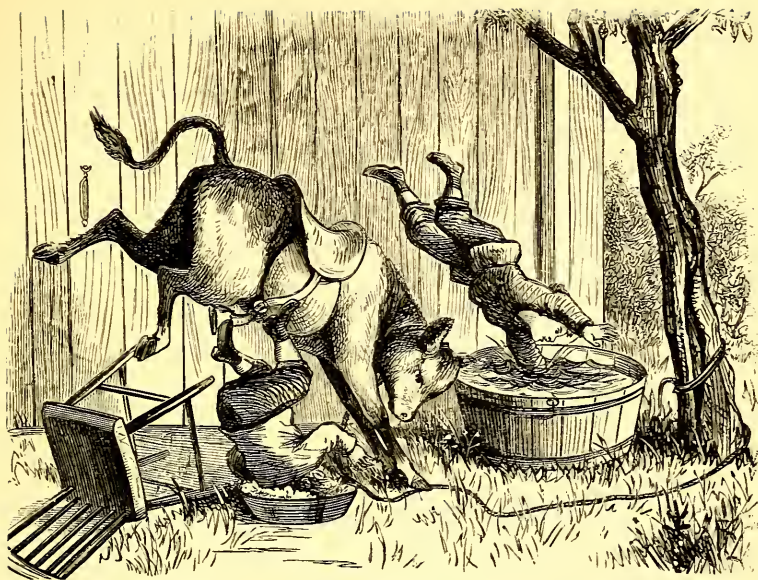
Cousin Willie, from his boat, watched the fight of the birds, and thought he would like to make the bold robber give up his prey. So he shot at him with a pistol, and gave him such a fright that he dropped the fish in his turn.

Willie picked up the fish, took it home, and laid it upon a table in the kitchen to be cooked for dinner. But a sly old cat saw it on the table, and, as no one was near to prevent, she grabbed it quickly, and stole away with it to give herself and her kittens a breakfast.

Thus the cunning puss and her kitties, you see,
Got the better of those brave fishers three.

Cousin Lucy.





BUTTERCUP'S CIRCUS.

FRED and Bertie, two little black-eyed boys, were visiting their Aunt Susan in a beautiful country village. The large, old-fashioned house, under a giant elm-tree, was full of wonders to them; but their greatest delights were in driving the old gray horse, or feeding and petting an Alderney calf which their Uncle Harry was raising.

This "baby-cow," as little Bertie called her, was kept away from its mother, old Clover, most of the day, and tied to a cherry-tree in the side yard. The boys named her Buttercup. They were allowed to feed her with meal and water; and she soon grew so tame, that they could pat and caress her as much as they pleased.

One day Fred found an old saddle in the stable; and he proposed to Bertie to help him put it on the calf, and have

a ride the length of her rope. They succeeded in fastening it upon Buttercup's smooth back; and Freddie exclaimed with delight, "Now we will have a first-class circus!"

They brought a chair from the house, and placed it by the side of Miss Cow, she looking wonderingly at them with great round eyes. The boys both stood together in the chair, and Fred said, "Now I will count, and, when I say *four*, we must spring upon the saddle. One — two — three — four;" and on they went.

But, before they could have said "*five*," Miss Buttercup's heels were in the air, and her head went down so quickly, that Master Fred felt a sudden chill, and found himself in a tub of rain-water that stood under the eaves of the woodshed; while Bertie went head-foremost into a pan of meal and water.

A slight noise followed their fall. Their uncle and aunt appeared. The saddle was sent back to the stable, and the boys did not engage Buttercup for any more circus performances that summer.

MAMMA MAGGIE.

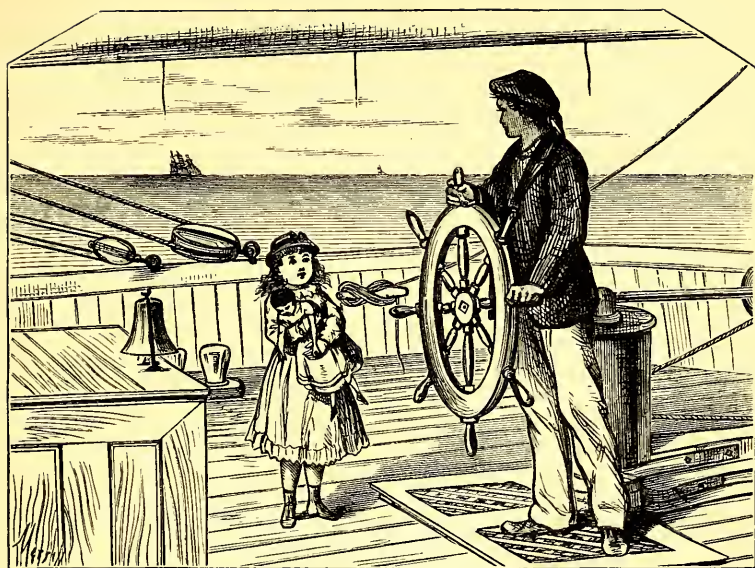


AT SEA.

BARK "MURRAY," PACIFIC OCEAN, December, 1876.

Dear Nursery, — I am making a voyage on a sailing vessel from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands. We have been on the water for three weeks.

Every day at noon, if the sun shines, the captain comes up on deck with a queer thing in his hand, which he calls a sextant. With this he looks at the sun, and finds out just where on this great ocean we are, and just how far we have gone in the last twenty-four hours. To-day he says we are three hundred miles from Honolulu.



There are twenty sails on this ship. I love to lie down on deck, and look at them ; and I think it is a beautiful sight to see them all spread and filled with wind. It almost seems as if their tops touched the sky. All the masts and sails and ropes have names. I am sure it would take me a good while to learn them ; but all the sailors know them.

When the captain wants a sail changed, he gives the order in a very loud tone ; then the first mate, who is never very far from the captain, repeats the order ; and then the sailors run quickly to the ropes and pull away, and sing while they pull ; and the sail goes up or down, just as the captain wants it.

Every hour a sailor takes his turn at steering the ship : so there is always one man at the wheel. There is a large bell swung just in front of him, which he strikes every half-hour to mark the time. When it is twelve o'clock, he strikes

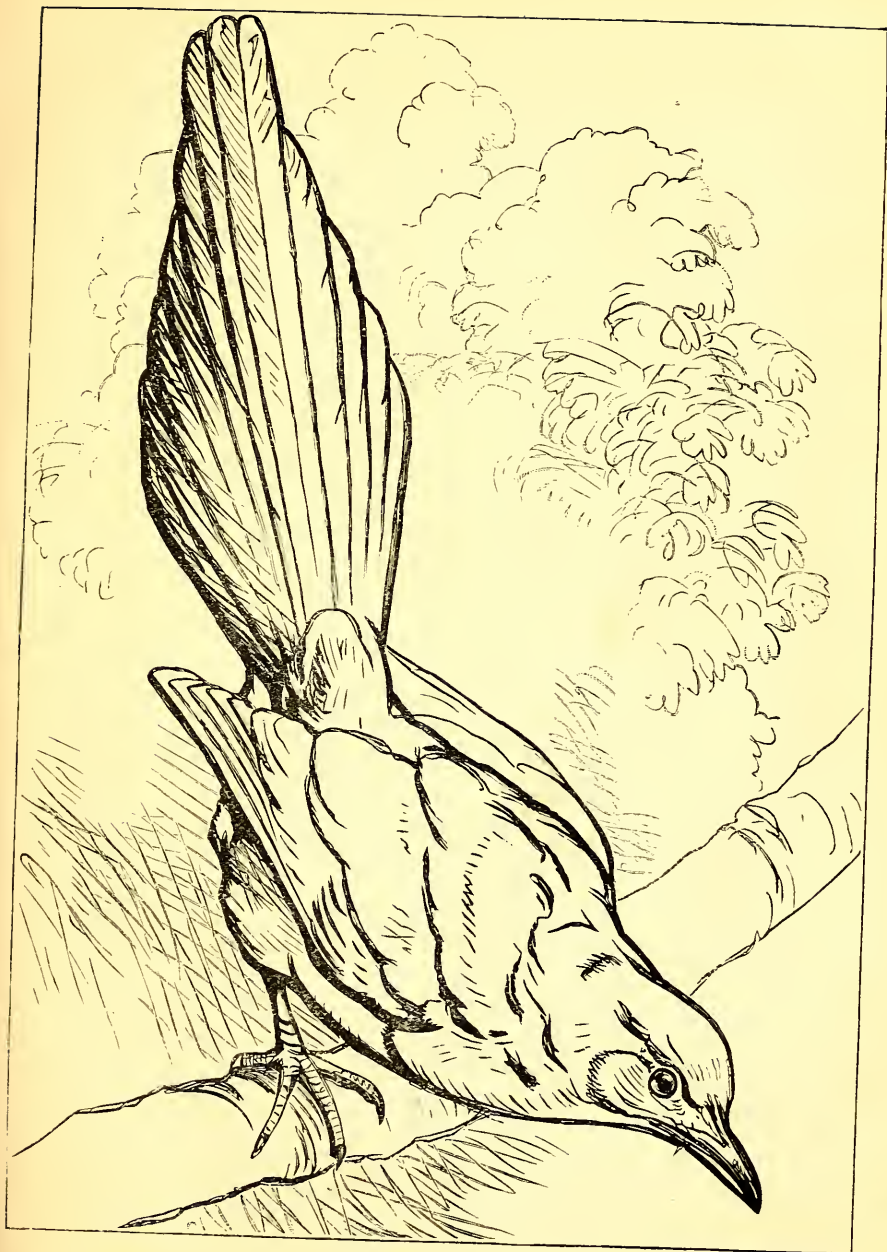
the bell eight times; and it is eight bells again at four o'clock and at eight o'clock. The first hour after eight bells is two bells; the second, four bells; the third, six bells; and the half-hours strike the odd numbers,—three, five, and seven bells. It is a very funny way to tell time, I think.

One day the captain slung a hammock on deck, and we had a nice time swinging in it. Another day, when the sea was very calm, he hung a rope from the rigging, and made a real swing for us. We have long fish-lines which we throw over the ship's side. Once a gentleman on board caught a beautiful dolphin, all green and blue and gold. The steward made a nice chowder out of the dolphin for our lunch, and we had baked dolphin for dinner that day.

Thanksgiving Eve a little lamb was born on board. The sailors named it "Thanksgiving," for the day. It is a dear little lamb now,—so white and gentle! We have tied a blue ribbon around its neck, and it will run all over the deck after us, and go to sleep in our laps. There is a cunning little pig, too, which I call "Dennis," after the pig that I read about in "The Nursery." I wish it were really the same wonderful little pig; but mamma says she does not think it can be.

I must tell you about the beautiful bouquet the steward made for our Thanksgiving dinner. It was made out of vegetables with a knife—yellow roses from carrots, and white roses, japonicas, and tuberoses from turnips and potatoes. Some of the petals he dipped into beet-water, and so made blush roses of them. Then he made two canary-birds of carrots, and perched them among the flowers. Mamma said that she had seen many a cluster of wax flowers that were not as beautiful.

Perhaps I will write again when we arrive at Honolulu.



DRAWING-LESSON BY HARRISON WEIR.

SOLOMON AND THE TAME BEAR.

UNCLE REUBEN was a farmer ; and he had a great many cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, geese, and turkeys, all of which, you know, are usually found on a large farm ; and, besides these, he had one animal not usually found on a farm, and that was a tame bear. He hired a large boy to do the "chores," as the easy part of farm-work is called ; and this boy's name was Solomon Sturtevant.

Now, although the bear was tame, he was kept chained ; for there was no knowing what mischief even a tame bear might take it into his head to do. He might take a notion to find out how a nice tender pig would taste.

Solomon thought it fine sport to tease the bear, and there was one way of doing it more amusing than any other, and that was to pelt him with green chestnut-burs.

Chestnut-burs, you know, are covered with sharp thorns ; and yet the bear, being very fond of chestnuts, would try to get at the nuts which he knew were in them, — snarling and whining, and making up very comical faces, because the burs pricked his mouth.

Solomon would stand and watch him, and think it fine fun. But he came near doing it once too often ; for one day, when he had carried the bear a capful of burs, intending to have a good laugh at him, the chain that held the bear was not fastened as firmly as usual. After trying two or three burs, the bear made a spring toward Solomon, got loose from his chain, and started after him in earnest.

Solomon was not long in deciding that he had something to do *that* time besides laughing, and started in a hurry to get out of the bear's way. Now there was a ladder leaning against the side of the barn close by, and Solomon thought that if he went up on the barn-roof he would be all right.



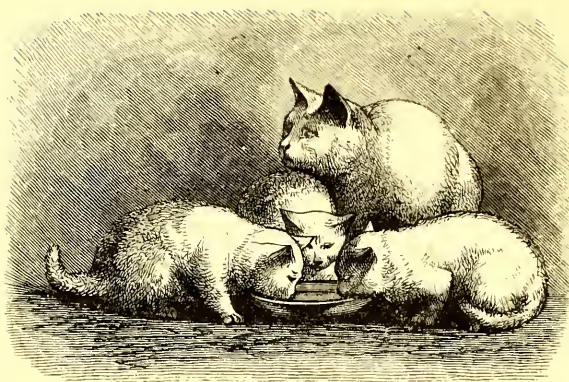
No such thing. The bear went right up the ladder after him. Then Solomon ran up the roof to the ridge; but the bear followed. Solomon ran down the other side of the roof, and so did the bear. Solomon jumped down to the cow-house, and still the bear followed him. Then Solomon jumped on to a shed that was close by the cow-house, and the bear jumped too.

Solomon now began to think that his time had come. He gave one more jump from the shed to the ground. This was too much of a jump for the bear to take, and so Solomon made good his escape.

I do not remember how the bear got down; but I am sure, that, when he did, Solomon did not care to feed him any more with green chestnut-burs. I think Solomon was too glad to escape a hugging to try it very soon again.

This is a true story.

AUNT EM.



AT DINNER.

My little kittens, here, you see,
Are just as good as they can be ;
Not often do three children dine,
Who are as well-behaved as mine.

I've taught them how to be polite,
To keep their bibs all clean and white,
To say, "Mee-oo" for "If you please,"
And never to be cross, or tease.

My darlings, Muff and Puff and Fluff,
Stop always when they've had enough :
They never come unwashed or late,
They never crowd or push the plate.

My care has not been vainly spent ;
That's why I purr with such content ;
For I'm the milk-white puss, you know,
That sits close by — their mother — Snow.



SIXTH LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

DID you ever hear of a great bear and a little bear made of stars? And a big dog? And a lion? If you never did, I suppose you would like to be told where they are, — such astonishing things as animals made of stars. But, if you think a minute, you will see that every thing that has any thing to do with stars must be up in the sky.

Now this very night, if the stars come out before you go to bed, I want you to look for the Great Bear. It is not a real bear, of course; but it is a kind of picture of a bear. I wish it could growl, to give you an idea where it is, because, it really looks so little like a bear, it is very hard to find. It is nearly overhead now; but you needn't be a bit frightened. The Great Bear has never been known to drop down on little girls and boys.

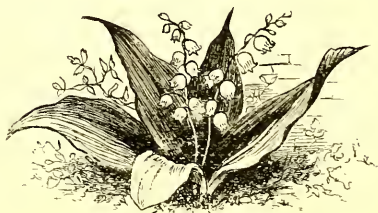
There is a funny thing about this bear. Part of him is a big dipper, and I think you will find him out by that. If you can find the seven bright stars in the shape of a dipper, you have found the bear's tail and a part of his body.

And now I want to tell you how it happens that these stars are called the Great Bear. If you look up in the sky some bright starlight night, you will see there a good many different figures, in stars; and a long time ago, people gave names to these figures. To one of them they gave the name of the Great Bear; to another, the Little Bear; to another, the Great Dog; and so on. These different star-figures are called constellations. They really look very little like the things they are named for: so I can't expect you to find them without help.

Now, it is very convenient to have the stars divided up in this way. When I asked you to find the red star last winter, it would have been a great help to you if I had told you what constellation it was in; but you might not have known what I meant by a constellation.

I had so many pleasant letters about that red star, I am going to ask you to write again when you find the Great Bear, although I suppose most of you are abed and asleep before he comes out for the night. He will appear earlier when the days are shorter, and I do not believe he can escape all your bright eyes. But I should advise you to ask some one who knows where he is to point him out to you.

M. E. R.





TEDDY'S KITTEN.

To let the kitten lie and sleep
Is something Teddy cannot do ;
Like caterpillar in a heap,
She'd like to curl the whole day through,
If Teddy did but want her to.

I wonder if she understands,
How just the look of her soft fur
So tempts his little roguish hands
He cannot keep away from her :
He says he wants "to hear her purr !"

And, if he does, 'tis well enough ;
But then, why does he rub the way
To make her silky coat look rough ? —
That coat of shining silver-gray,
So washed and polished every day ?

Why is it that he loves so much
To tickle the unconscious paws
With just a finger tip or touch,
Or open them to find the claws ?
His reason for it is, "Because !"

When Teddy sometime wanted rest,
What if a giant came and sat
Beside him when he slept the best,
And rolled him this way, rubbed him that,
And teased him, as he does the cat ?

Do you believe he'd smile and blink,
And bear the teasing patiently ?
I think he'd wink a sleepy wink,
And say, not over pleasantly,
"O giant, please to let me be !"



PICTURES FOR MARY.

WHEN little Jack Horner was eating pie, he put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum. When Mary's mother reads to her out of a book, the little girl acts a good deal like Jack.

She puts out her finger, and points to the pictures. She

thinks them the best part of the book. They are her plums.

If Mary calls out, "Moo-o-o," you may know that she sees a picture of cows. Here is the



very one she found a day or two ago. In it you see two cows,—a big one and a little one. The big cow is standing up, and the

little cow is lying beside her.

The little cow has no horns. Mary calls it "a little cow," because it looks too old to be called a calf.

Here is the very picture that Mary was looking at when she called out, "Ba-a-a!"

How many sheep do you see in it? There are two lying down: there is one standing up: that makes three. Is that all?



Look very sharp. See if you can't find more of them. Mary found some straying about on the hills. She thought she could see lambs too; but sheep, when a long way off, look very much like lambs.

THE CHAMOIS.

THE chamois is a sort of antelope. But first let us say something of the pronunciation of this word *chamois*. It is often pronounced as if it were spelled *sham'my*. This is, perhaps, the easiest mode. But it would be nearer to the French mode to pronounce it *sham-wah*, the last *a* having the sound of *a* in *wall*.

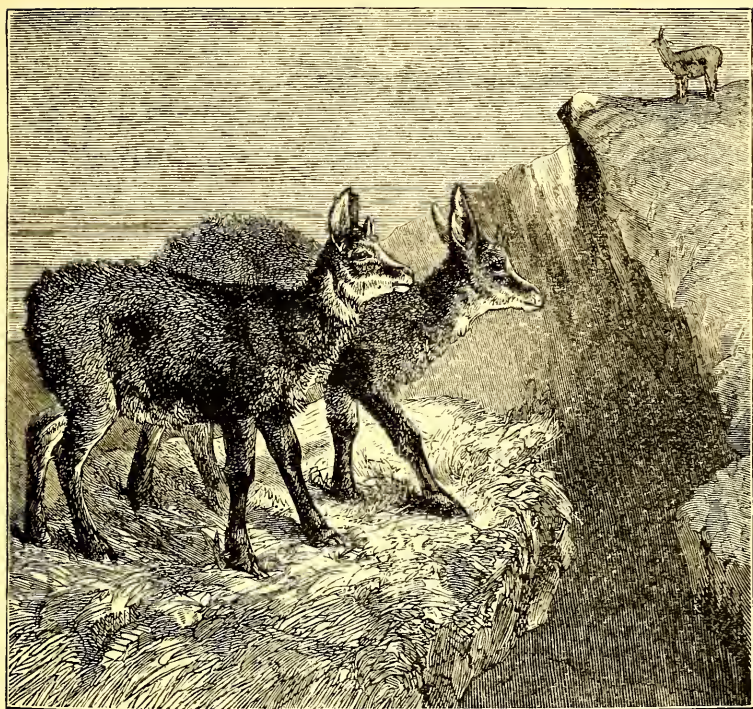
The family of antelopes consists of nearly seventy species, upward of fifty being found nowhere but in Africa. The whole of America, North and South, contains but one species. All the antelopes have a most delicate sense of smell, and few quadrupeds can equal them in fleetness. They will outrun the swiftest greyhounds.

The antelopes live in herds, and are very careful not to be surprised: so they place sentinels to watch, and give alarm. The eye, large and brilliant, is a marked feature of the tribe. The word "antelope" signifies "bright eyes."

Our picture shows us several young chamois, standing amid the crags and chasms and precipices which they delight in. A chamois can descend in two or three leaps a rock of twenty or thirty feet, without the smallest projection on which to rest.

The horns of the full-grown chamois are quite black and smooth, and formed like a perfect hook with very sharp points. These elegant creatures are the only animals of the antelope kind to be found in Western Europe. They choose for their home the loftiest mountains.

They dislike heat, and in the summer time they frequent the cold upper regions of the everlasting hills,—either the lofty peaks, or those valleys where the snow never melts. In the winter time, however, the cold of those bleak solitudes seems too much for them, spite of their long, hair and



thick coat of fine wool; and they descend to the lower regions. It is then, and only then, that the hunter has any chance of capturing them.

It is said they can scent a man a mile and a half off; and their restlessness and suspicion are extreme. At the prospect of danger they are off and away, racing at an incredible speed, scaling crags with the most amazing agility, and leaving the pursuer far behind.

They are usually taken by a party of hunters, who surround the glen where they are, and advance towards each other until the herd is hemmed in on all sides.

The flesh of the antelope is like venison. No animal

ought to yield sweeter meat than the chamois, when we think what he feeds upon. Mountain herbs and flowers, and tender shoots from tree and shrub—such is his food. He drinks very little, but that little is sparkling water; while the air which reddens his blood is the purest in the world.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE GARDEN TOOLS.



COME, hoe and shovel and rake,
From your winter nap awake!
The spring has come;

There's work to be done:
The birds are calling,
And off I must run
My little garden to make.

You have lain in the attic so long,
Perhaps you forget you belong
In the sunshine and air full half of the year;
And to leave you to mice and to cobwebs up here
Any longer would surely be wrong.

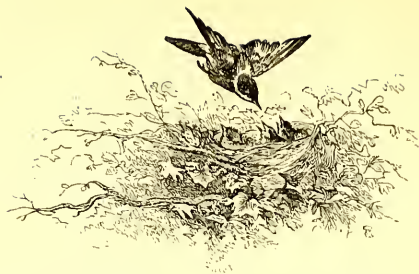
Come out of the darkness to light,
Where the sunbeams are glittering bright,
And the green grass is growing;
For I must be hoeing,
And digging the earth, and my seeds be a-sowing,
And finish it all before night.

Oh, how I hurried and dressed !
For the robin was building his nest,
And he cried, " Fie ! For shame !
What is the boy's name,
Who sleeps in the morning ? He's surely to blame
For not working here with the rest."

Come then, rake, shovel, and hoe,
With a run and a jump, here we go !
Soon so busy we'll be,
That the robins shall see,
For all their fine words, they're no smarter than we,
As off to the garden we go !

AUNTIE FRANK.





WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY ?

Words by TENNYSON.

Andantino Legato.

VOICE.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

1. What does lit-tle bir-die say In her nest at peep of day ?
 2. What does lit-tle ba-by say In her bed at peep of day ?

PIANO.

Let me fly says lit-tle bir-die, Mo-ther let me fly a-way.
 Ba-by says like lit-tle bir-die, Let me rise and fly a-way.

Bir-die wait a lit-tle lon-ger Till the lit-tle wings are stronger.
 Ba-by sleep a lit-tle lon-ger Till the lit-tle limbs are stronger.

So she rests a lit-tle longer, Then she flies a-way.
 If she sleeps a lit-tle longer, She shall fly a-way.



A DAY AT THE BEACH.



HERE are few of the little readers of "The Nursery" who could not tell of pleasant days spent among green fields and woods, or on the seashore. But in almost every large city, there are many children who have never been out of sight of brick walls.

Their homes are in close rooms in narrow streets, and there they live from one year's end to the other. In winter they are often pinched with cold. In summer they suffer even more from the heat. You may see them at windows and doors, or on hot sidewalks, trying to get a breath of fresh air. It is not pure air, but the best they can get.

What I am going to tell you is about two of those poor children. One is a little girl, nine years old, whom we will call Jane. The other, who is only eight years old, is her brother George.

Both children go to a Sunday school, and have for their teacher a kind lady, who takes great interest in them. One warm summer day, to their great delight, this lady, whom we will name Miss White, called for them to go with her on a trip to the seashore.

Dressed in the best clothes they could muster, they were soon on board the steamboat. Here every thing was new to them. As the boat steamed down the harbor, it would have been joy to anybody only to watch the happy expression on their faces.

By and by the boat neared the land; and there the children saw a wonderful sight. What do you suppose it was? It was a cow quietly feeding on the shore. They had never seen a cow before.

Then Jane got sight of an apple-tree, and George spied a

man raking hay. Here was another new sensation. While they were feasting their eyes on green fields, and inhaling the sweet country air, the boat stopped at the wharf.

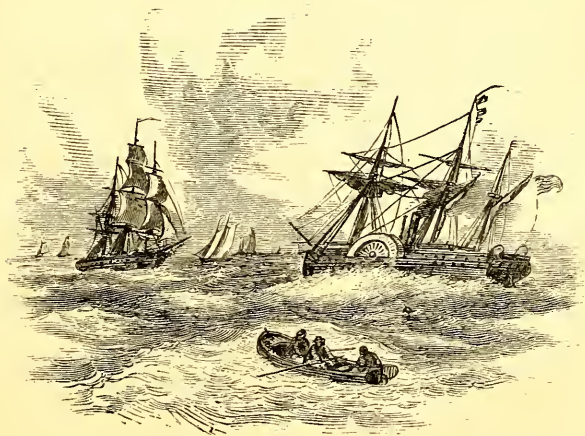
A few steps brought them to the beach; and there, stretched before them, was the great wide ocean, with the surf rolling in, and a cool sea-breeze blowing. Then their joy knew no bounds. Miss White did not try to restrain them; for she meant to give them at least one day of perfect freedom.

So they roamed at will. How they dug wells in the sand, how they flung stones into the water, how they picked up shells and sea-weed, how they scrambled over the rocks, it would take too much space to tell.

When they were well tired out, and began to be hungry, Miss White opened a luncheon-box in a shady place among the rocks, and gave them such a dinner as they had never had before. Then their bliss was complete.

The day passed away almost too quickly, and the time came to go back to the city. That seemed rather hard to Jane and George. But they have the promise of another excursion before the summer is over.

JANE OLIVER.





BUMBLE-BEE.

THE smartest of dandies is young Mr. Bee,
Who is known by the name of Bumble;
His life is a short one, but merry and free:
They're mistaken who call him "Humble."
Clad in black velvet, with trimmings of yellow,
He knows well enough he's a fine-looking
fellow;

And, hiding away a sharp little dagger,
He dashes about with a confident swagger,
While to show he's at ease, and to tell of his
coming,

A tune he is always carelessly humming.

Eating or drinking, or looking for pleasure
Fit for the tastes of a person of leisure,

Down where the meadow is sunny and breezy,

In the red clover, he takes the world easy;

Or, feeling the need of a little diversion,

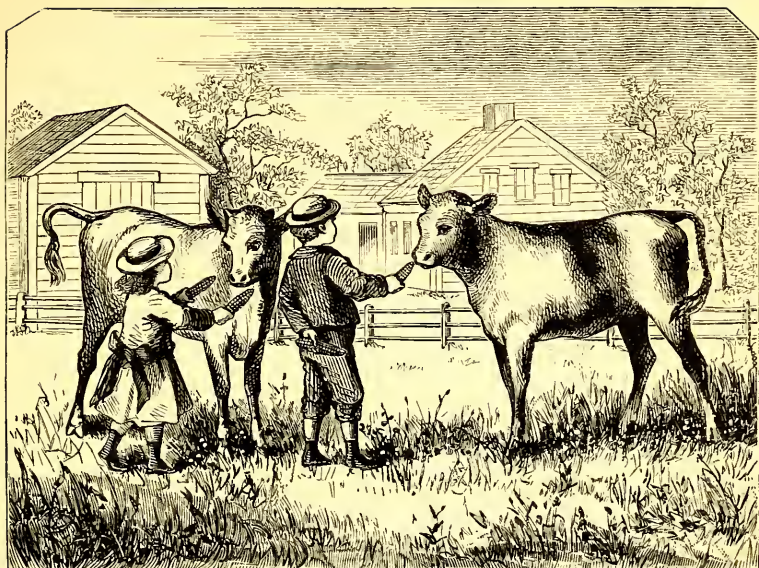
He makes to the garden a pleasant excursion,
And into a lily or hollyhock dodging

With quiet assurance he takes up his lodging.
With a snug little fortune invested in honey,

Young Bumble Bee lives like a prince, on his money,
And, scorning some plodding relations of his, he

Leaves hard labor to them,—his cousins named
"Busy."

D. B. BARNARD.



BUTTERCUP AND DAISY.

Dear little Readers of "The Nursery:"—I would like to tell you a story about my little brother Clinton and myself. We each have a nice little calf down at our grandpa's farm in the country. One is a pure Alderney, grandpa says, and is of a beautiful fawn color: the other is red and white. Grandpa let us name them: so we called them Buttercup and Daisy. Clinton's is Buttercup, and mine is Daisy.

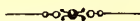
They are both very kind and gentle. Both have cunning little horns, just coming out of their heads; but they do not hook little brother or me. In the picture you will see them eating corn out of our hands.

At first we were afraid of their damp noses and rough tongues; but we soon got over that, and now feed them every time we go to the farm.

Papa tried to have the little Alderney give us a ride on its back ; but, as soon as we were well on, the calf kicked up its heels and ran away, saying, "Bah!" and leaving brother and me on our backs on the soft turf. We were not hurt at all, but had a good laugh.

Buttercup soon came back for more corn ; and uncle said, "Give it to her in the ear ;" but I said I thought her mouth was the best place to put it in. Then uncle laughed, and said that was a joke. Do you know what he meant ?

HARRY C. MATHER.



AUNT MARY'S BULLFINCH.

"Now be sure and not frighten it, children," said Aunt Mary as she left the room.

John and Lucy lifted the handkerchief from the cage, while Paul and Richard, with anxious eyes, stood by to get a sight of the piping bullfinch, of which they had heard so much.

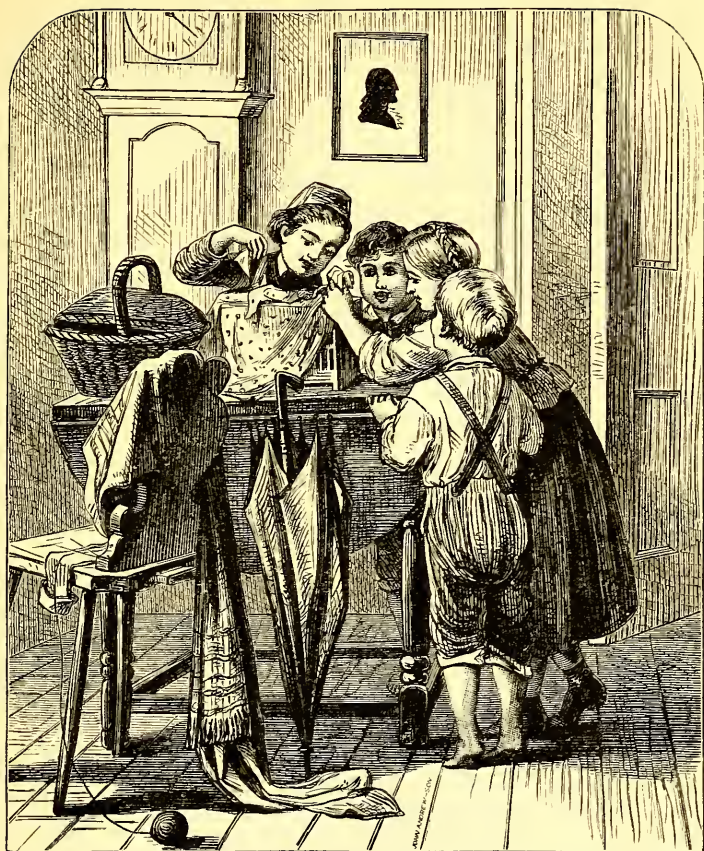
This little bird had been presented to Aunt Mary by a German lady to whom she had been kind. It could whistle two or three tunes in a way to surprise all hearers. While the children were looking at it, it began to pipe.

"I know that tune," cried Richard. "It is 'Coming through the rye!'"

"And now the tune changes to 'Merrily every bosom boundeth,' " said Lucy. "What a wonderful little bird!"

"But how did it learn to whistle these tunes?" asked Paul.

Aunt Mary, coming in at that moment, explained to the children that in some of the small towns of Germany are



persons who teach these little birds. It takes about a year for a bullfinch to learn a tune. But some of them learn more quickly than others: so it is with some children.

The birds are at first kept in a dark room; and when they are fed, a tune is played or whistled. They associate this tune with the act of feeding; and gradually seem to find out what is wanted of them.

The price of a bird that can pipe a tune in good style is from fifty to one hundred dollars. A good deal of time and

trouble has to be spent in teaching the birds. Sometimes a child is employed to play a tune on a little hand-organ; and this the little bird learns after hearing it many times.

When the bullfinch learns well, he is praised and petted, and this he seems to enjoy very much. Even birds, you see, like to be praised and petted.

DORA BURNSIDE.

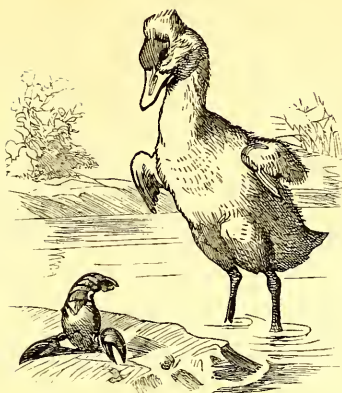


KING DRAKE.

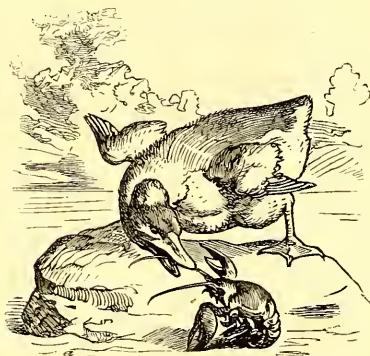
“I’m king of the rock,” said a silly old drake;
“And no one must dare my claim to partake.
I shall punish severely whoever comes near
Without my permission: let all the world hear!”



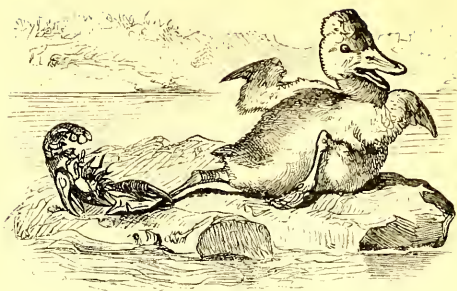
But out of the water, on the rock as he stands,
Comes up, as if praying, what seemed like two hands.
“Ah! here is a subject already for me!
Come, my son, and fear nothing, I’ll spare you,” said he.



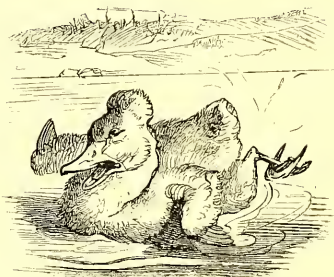
But his majesty starts as if from a shock,
When he sees a big lobster make a bow on the rock.
“That is well,” said the king; “but consider, my son,
This rock is my throne, and is only for one.”



The lobster, however, is slow to obey;
He spreads himself out; he will not go away.
“Are you deaf?” cries King Drake, “go, pigmy! Get
down!
How dare you thus brave a drake of renown?”

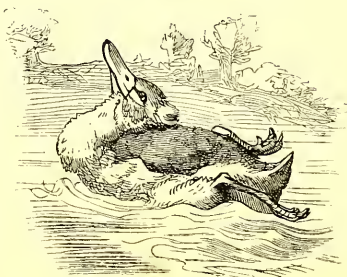


But the lobster, at this, nips King Drake in the leg.
“Oh, loosen your claw! Let go! Oh! I beg.”
Tighter pinches the claw: “Rebellion! help! hear!
King Drake is in trouble: is nobody near?”



In vain are his kicks; his cries are in vain:
The lobster clings fast, in spite of the pain;
Nor lets go his hold till they get to the bank:
Then the king waddles home, giving up throne and rank.

FROM THE GERMAN.



THE POOR MAN'S WELL.

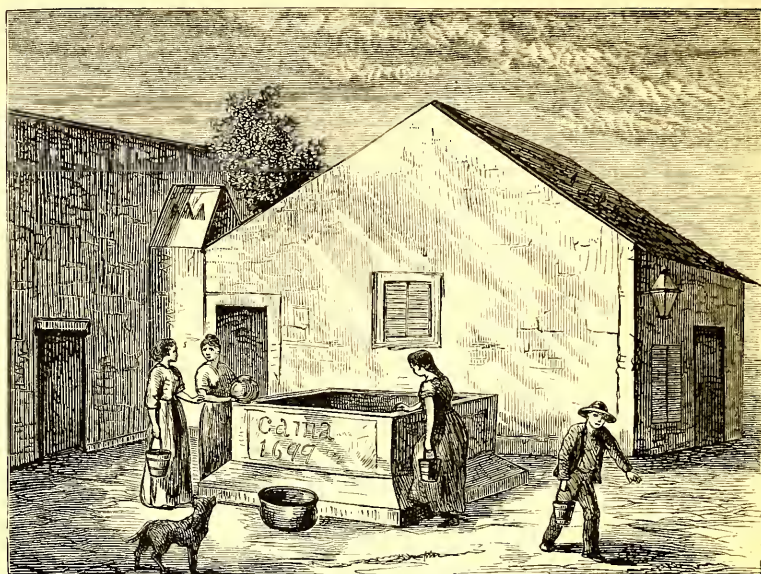
AMONG the Azores, is situated the beautiful Island of Fayal, with its orange-groves and profusion of flowers. But, notwithstanding the fruit and flowers, there is one thing which Americans who live there miss sadly, and that is fresh, cool water. There are no lakes or ponds, such as we have here; and so the people have to use rain-water, which they save in large tanks or cisterns.

There are a few wells on the island, which, as the water rises and falls in them twice in every twenty-four hours, are called "tide-wells." But there was a time, many years ago, when the people had neither cisterns nor wells, and were obliged to get water from hollows in the rocks. And this is the story of the first well.

The year 1699 was a year when scarcely any rain fell. The grain did not grow, the cows and sheep died from thirst, and many of the poor people also. Now there was a very rich man on the island, who had come here to live many years before, from another part of the world.

Though he was so rich, and might have done much good with his money, he was so stingy and so hard, that the people did not love him at all. But his bags of silver and gold did not buy him water; and at last the thought came to him, "Why! I will dig a well, as people used to do in my country. I will dig it on my own land, and no one shall have a drop of the water but myself."

So he hired men to come and dig the well; but he paid them only a little money, and was very unkind to them. They dug and they dug; but no water came. At last they said they would work no longer unless their master would promise them some of the water, and he promised them the use of the well for half of every day.



Now they dug with more patience ; and one morning, as early as six o'clock, they suddenly found water. They claimed the privilege of using the well for the first six hours ; and the master dared not refuse. As they were drawing the water, they noticed that it began to grow lower and lower in the well ; and at twelve o'clock, the master's hour, none was left.

He was very, very angry, and said he would never give the men any work again. However, at six o'clock that night, they again demanded the use of the well. He mockingly asked them if they expected the water would come for them, and not for him. Nevertheless they went to the well ; and, to the master's awe and wonder, it was full of water.

At midnight, the master again tried to get water from the well, and, as before, found it empty. He now felt

afraid, believing that some divine power controlled the action of the water. He went to the church and vowed, before God, that if the water should come again next morning, he would dedicate it to the poor forever.

In the morning, when the men visited the well, there was the fresh water awaiting them. The master kept his vow, and thus the well became "The Poor Man's Well." To this day the water rises and falls in it twice in every twenty-four hours. I give you here a picture of the well, and should you ever go to Fayal you may see the original.

K. H. S.



CAN you guess what she was? She was a little black kitten; and I must tell you all about her, and why we gave her such a funny name. Teddikins had a great mouse-colored cat called Maltie, and she had three little kitties, — Spitfire, Miss Tittens, and Cuddle. Spitfire was all black, just as black as a lump of coal, while Miss Tittens was gray, and Cuddle was gray and white.

The first time Teddikins and I looked into the box where Maltie and her kitties were, they were very, very little, and their eyes were not open. The black kitty was lying on top of the others ; and Teddikins put in his little fat hand and picked her up. What do you suppose she did ? She said, "*Sptss !*" and she kept on saying, "*Sptss*" until Teddikins put her down again ; and so we called her Spitfire.

Just as soon as she could see out of her funny little gray eyes, she began to try to get out of the box. She wanted to see what there was outside, where Maltie went. She would climb up a little way, and then tumble back on Miss Tittens and Cuddle, which would make them say, "Mew," and make Teddikins laugh ; but Spitfire always said, "*Sptss !*" and would try again.

At last, one day we heard a thump ; and we looked around, and there was Spitfire on the floor. She had climbed to the top of the box, and tumbled over the edge, and there she stood, with her tail straight in the air, and her legs wide apart, looking at us, and saying, "*Sptss !*"

Maltie was very proud of her kitties, and used to take Cuddle and Miss Tittens in her mouth, and carry them into the dining-room when we were eating our breakfast, to show them to us. But Spitfire would not let her mamma carry her. She would walk in all alone, tumbling over on her little nose very often (for her legs were not yet strong), but carrying her little black tail just as straight as little boys carry sticks when they call them guns.

One morning, Teddikins put a saucer of milk on the floor and what do you suppose that little Spitfire did ? Why, she looked at it very hard, and then she said, "*Sptss*," and walked right into the milk, and out the other side of the saucer, with Tittens and Cuddle after her. The floor was covered with the funny white prints of their little paws.

One day a mouse ran across the kitchen ; and Cuddle and Tittens were very much frightened ; but Spitfire humped up her back, and made her tail very big, and said “ *Sptss!* ” very hard, and then cantered off sideways staring at the mouse, and saying, “ *Sptss!* ” all the time.

You know how kitties like to go to sleep, all cuddled up together. But Spitfire would not lie down with the others : she always tried to get on top of them.

When the little kitties were quite strong, they used to play a funny sort of game. There was a round foot-stool, covered with carpet, and Spitfire used to sit up on it, and then Cuddle and Miss Tittens would try to climb up the sides. Then Spitfire would say, “ *Sptss!* ” and pat them on the heads with her little paws until they rolled down again. Sometimes, when she was busy driving one off, another would get up behind her, and drive her off too ; but she always worked hard until she was up again.

Do you not think she was a funny kitty ? She always went first, and took the lead, and used to box the ears of Cuddle and Tittens when they did not mind her. Now she is a big black cat, with a red collar around her neck, and she catches rats and mice, and is very good and useful. She only says, “ *Sptss!* ” when strange cats come into her yard ; but we still call her Spitfire.

E. F.



THE COSSET-CALF.

WHEN I was quite a little girl
I had a cosset-calf,
And, when it ran about the fields,
It always made me laugh.

It seemed as gentle as a lamb,
And from my hand was fed ;
And how I grieved when first I felt
The horns upon its head !

It always answered to my call,
And thrust its wet nose through
The bars, and tried its very best
To say, "How do you do?"

I left it in the early fall,
And kissed my pet with tears ;
For to a little child the months
Stretch out as long as years.

And when the summer came again,
I never shall forget
With what dismay I gazed upon
My former little pet.

I was afraid of those great horns,
So crooked on its brow,
Nor would believe my little calf
Was that enormous cow !

But soon I learned to know its face
And conquered my alarm,
And thought there was no nicer cow
On any other farm.

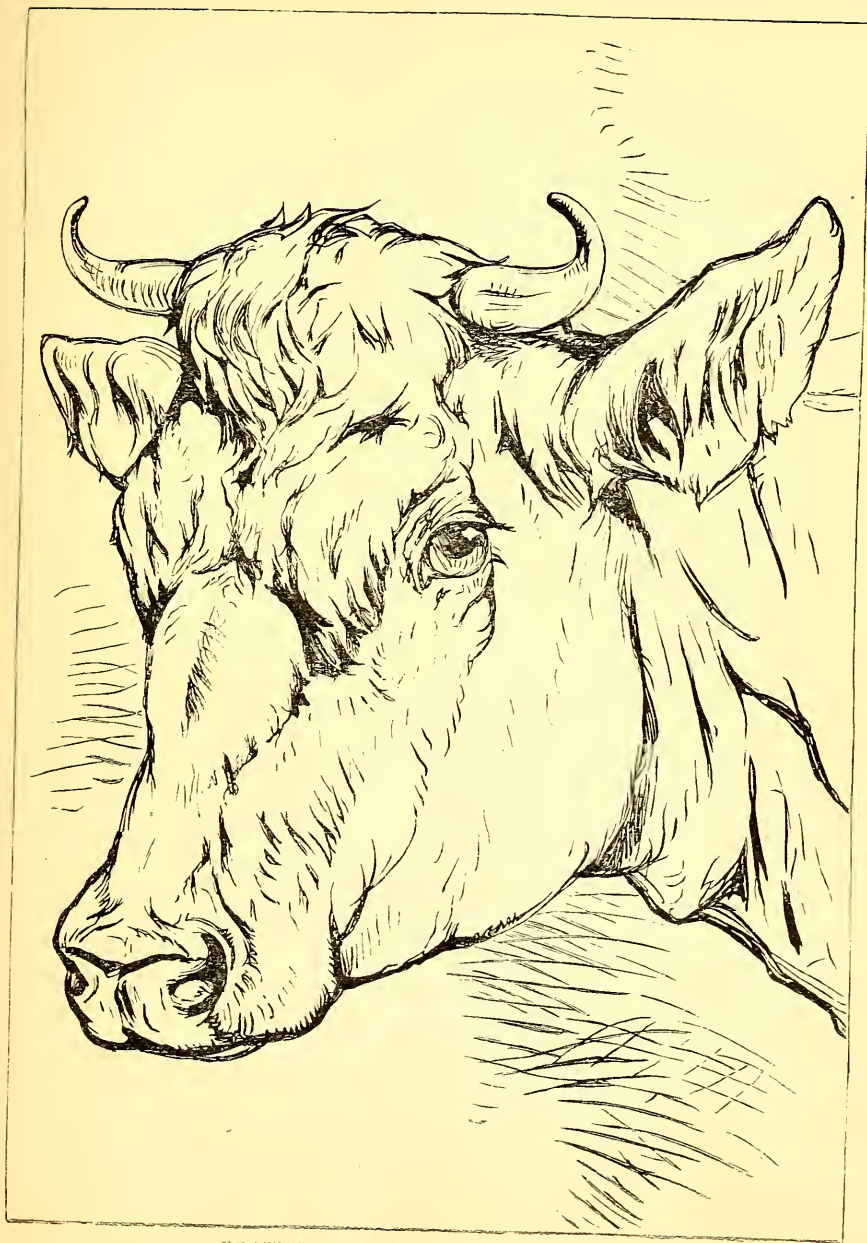
And oh the rich sweet milk she gave !
Why, just to make me laugh,
My mother used to call me then
Her little cosset-calf !

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



PRIMER AND SLATE.

PRIMER and slate, primer and slate !
Hurry up, mother ! I fear I am late.
A, B, C, D, and 1, 2, 3, 4,
Must be studied, so I can recite them once more.
Primer and slate, primer and slate,
Must be carefully conned if we hope to be great :
A man cannot hope much of a man to be,
Unless, when a boy, he has learned A, B, C.



DRAWING-LESSON BY HARRISON WEIR.

“GREAT I AND LITTLE YOU.”

“How do you like that little new neighbor of yours?” asked Herbert Greene’s big brother, who had seen the two little boys playing together in the yard.

“Oh, you must mean Georgie Worthman,” said Herbie. “Why, I don’t know. I like him, and I don’t like him.”

Wallace laughed. “Then you quarrel a little sometimes,” said he. “Is that it?”

“No, we don’t quarrel,” said Herbie. “I don’t let him know when I’m mad with him.”

“What does he do to make you mad with him?” asked Wallace.

“Oh, he says things,” said Herbie.

“Such as what?”

“Well, he looks at my marbles, and says, ‘Is that all you’ve got? I have five times as many as that, — splendid ones, too. They’d knock those all to smash.’”

“Ah, I see!” said Wallace. “It is a clear case of ‘*great I and little you.*’”

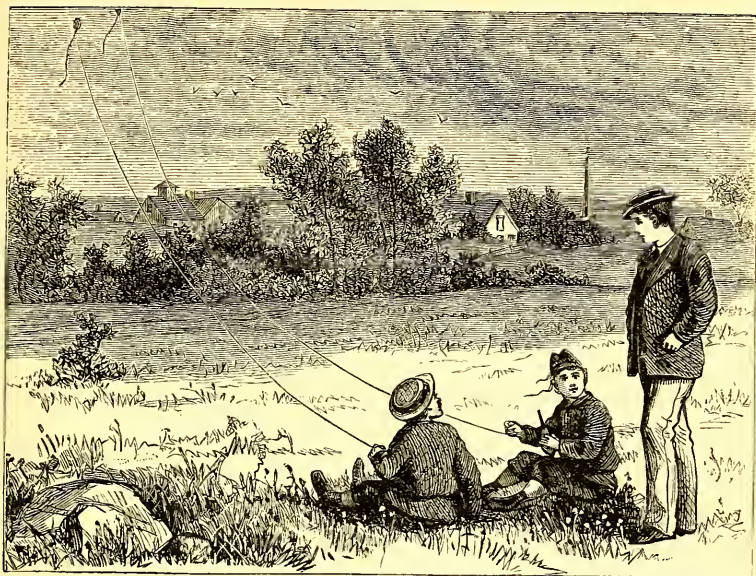
“What do you mean by that?” said Herbie.

“Well, if you don’t find out by Saturday night, I’ll tell you,” said Wallace. This was on Monday.

On Wednesday afternoon Herbie was out at play, and presently Georgie Worthman came out. Wallace was in his room, reading, with the windows open, and could hear all that was said.

Georgie brought his kite with him, and asked Herbie if he would go to the common with him to fly his kite.

“Oh, yes! if mother is willing,” said Herbie. “But where did you get that kite? — made it yourself, didn’t you? I’ve got one ever so much bigger than that, with



yards and yards of tail, and, when we let it out, it goes out of sight quick, — now, I tell you ! ”

“ This isn’t the best I can make,” said Georgie ; “ but if I had a bigger one I couldn’t pitch it, or hold it after it was up.”

“ Pooh ! I could hold one that pulled like ten horses,” said Herbie ; and he ran in to ask his mother if he could go with Georgie to the common.

His mother was willing if Wallace would go too ; and so, after a little good-natured bothering, and pretending he did not want to go, Wallace took his hat, and Herbie got his kite and twine, and the three boys set off for the common.

Georgie’s kite was pitched first, and went up in fine style. Then Herbie’s went off, and soon passed it, for it had a longer string ; and both were far up in the dazzling blue of the sky.

"There now!" said Herbie, "didn't I tell you my kite would beat yours all to nothing? I bet there isn't another kite in town that will begin to be a match for it!"

"How is this? How is this?" said Wallace. "Seems to me 'great I and little you' are around here pretty thick."

"What do you mean by that?" said both the little boys.

"Why, when a fellow says that he has got the best marbles, and the best kite, and the swiftest sled, and the handsomest velocipede, and the most knowing dog, anywhere in town, we say his talk is all '*great I and little you*.' That is, we mean he is always bragging; and a braggart is a very disagreeable person," said Wallace.

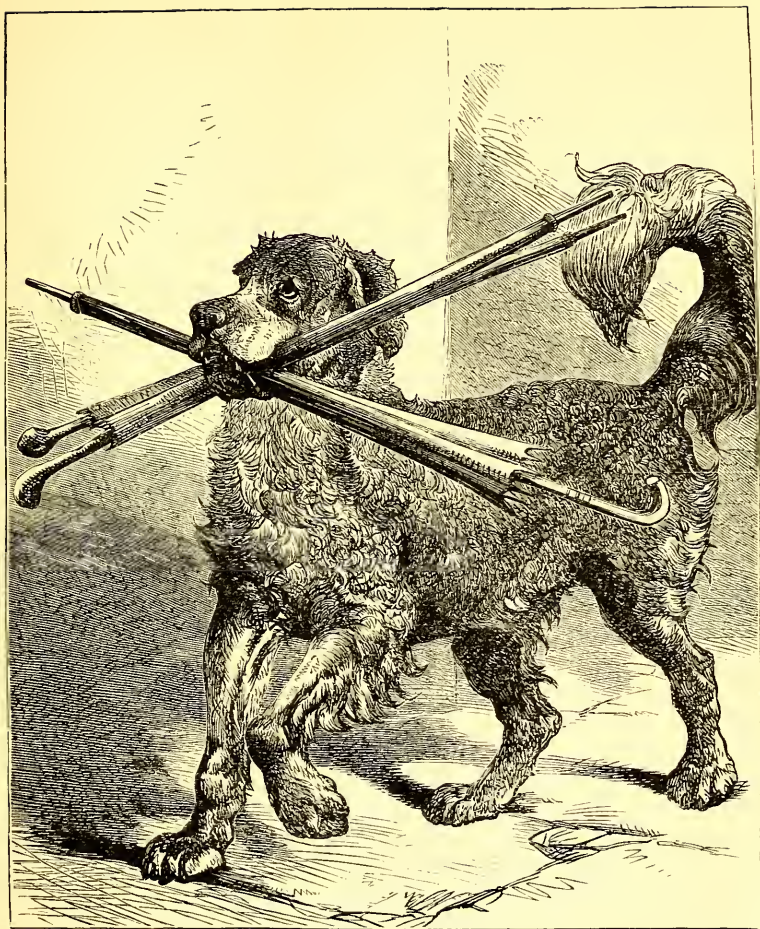
Herbie looked at Georgie, and both blushed a little. The boys had great fun with their kites; and when they got home, and Wallace and Herbie went up stairs to put away the kite, Herbie said, "Well, my kite did beat Georgie's, just as I told him it would."

"That is true," said Wallace; "but you said the other day that you liked Georgie, and didn't like him, because he was always telling how much bigger and better his things were than yours; and now, to-day, you were making yourself disagreeable to him by bragging about your kite. Now, if you want the boys to like you, my lad, you must give up talking 'great I and little you,' for it is not sensible nor kind."

So Herbie found out what Wallace meant, and he said to himself, "I don't mean to let the fellows hear me talking 'great I and little you' any more."

H. W.





OUR DOG TASSO.

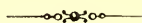
TASSO is a big black dog. His back comes up almost to the top of a dining-table. He does not look as though he could ever have been carried about in a handkerchief; but, when he was a puppy, he was brought home in that way by a young lady as a present to her brothers.

Tasso seems to take delight in making himself useful. When there is work to be done, he always wants to do his part. He brings in wood, stick by stick, and puts it in the wood-box, never stopping till the box is full. While he is carrying in the wood, the boys fill the chip-basket; and then Tasso takes that in his mouth, and puts it in its place beside the wood-box.

If any of the family has a basket or a bag to take to the station, Tasso always insists on taking it. One rainy day, we sent him to the station with three umbrellas, and he delivered them all safely. One day his master went out to the barn without his hat. Tasso did not think this was proper: so he took the hat in his mouth and carried it out to him.

I could tell you many other amusing things about Tasso. He is always attentive and obedient, and every one who knows him loves him and trusts him.

F. A. S.



MAKING CHEESES.

“ DOES the little fairy

Work in a dairy?

I hear her talk about making cheese, —

She with her locks the color of money,

Hanging long and crinkled and sunny

Down to her waist, — a golden fleece.”

Oh, such a laughter

As rings out after

My words, is the sweetest sound I know!



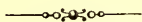
Sparkle the eyes that had been dreaming:—
 “Aunt dear, if you want to see me,
 I’ll show you how to make one, — so !”

Soon as she utters
 This, out she flutters,
 Her full fresh frock as white as the snows;
 Round she whirls, and then in a minute
 Sits down quick, and the air within it
 Puffs it out like a full-blown rose.

That’s what she pleases
 To call “making cheeses.”
 I’m sure I could give it a better name.
 Call it playing at daffy-down-dilly,
 Call it playing at white day-lily:
 Either will suit me just the same.

Lily for brightness
She is, and for whiteness;
A golden centre her long locks grow!
And isn't that head, so shimmering, sunny,
Daffy-down-dilly-like, yellow as money? —
Rogue she is anyway, *that* I know.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



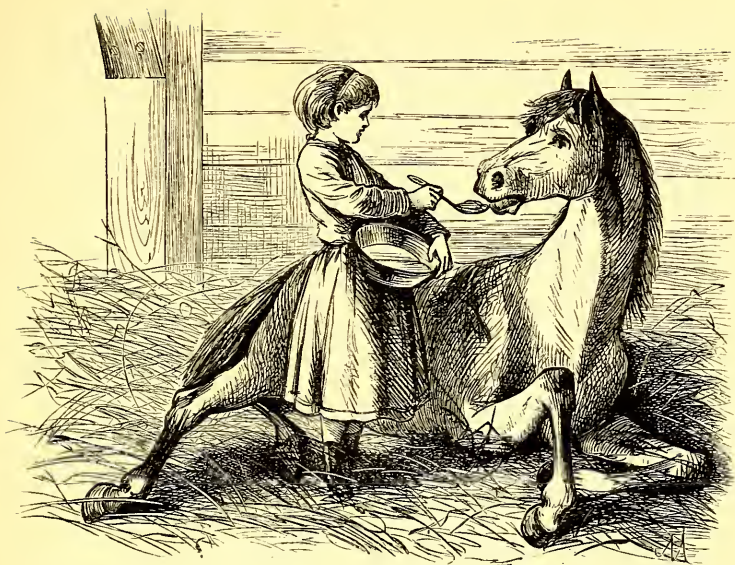
MY PETS.

I AM a little girl seven years old. I live way up in the woods of Maine, in the little town of Howland, forty miles from anywhere. Now you may wonder how I can amuse myself, so far away from the world: so I am going to tell you.

I live on a great farm, with grandpapa, Aunt Peeps, and Nan, and Will. I have a pair of top-boots, so I can play out doors in wet weather. I was glad when grandpapa brought them home; and the first thing I did was to find a good large mud-puddle, and oh! didn't I have fun, splashing right through it!

I drive old Frank whenever I please; and then, when we get home, I feed him on apples and bread. He is twenty years old, and has no teeth to eat hay with, and grandpapa says he would starve to death if it were not for me.

We let him go wherever he likes, and in hot weather he stays on the barn-floor, out of the reach of the flies, most of the time. He lets me card him, and he never kicks me. One day last summer, Emma and I got old Frank upon a haymow, about four feet from the floor, and there he lay down on his side, and took a nap. Then I brought out a



pan of meal and water, and fed it to him with an iron spoon.

I have an old pet sheep too. It will run out from the flock any time when it sees me coming, and follow me to the house. One day I heard a noise against the kitchen-door, and, when I opened it, my sheep came in, and followed me right into the dining-room, and would not go out till I gave it some potatoes.

Major and Velvet Paw are my pet cats, and Peep is my German canary-bird; and I had a pet chicken, but grand-papa stepped on it one day. He says he would rather have lost the best cow in the barn than have killed my chicken. William says he will give me four eggs in the spring, and then, perhaps, I can have four chickens instead of one.

I have a bear, — a black, fierce-eyed bear, that gnashes his teeth, and growls, and stands up and shakes his paws at

me; but he is not a *real live bear*. He has to be wound up with a key before he will growl. We have live bears here in the woods, though: they come right into our yard, and eat our sheep. We set a trap for one last fall, close to the house, and a bear was caught in it.

I have a wax doll almost as large as a real baby. I have named it Gretchen. Cousin Mary brought it to me from Germany. It has flaxen curls, and six of the prettiest little pearl teeth, and it goes to sleep, and says papa and mamma, and whines, and cries. I wonder if any of you little girls have such a beautiful dolly.

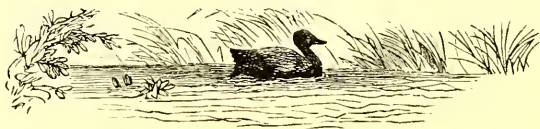
My doll, Rosie Deben, is six years old, and almost as large as I am. I wash her whenever I like, and about once a year Auntie Peeps paints her face over. I like Rosie for an every-day doll, because I can wash her hands and face, and undress her, and if she tumbles out of her wagon it only bumps her head, and bruises her nose. She has tumbled down stairs ever so many times.

I have no little girls to play with; but there is a little boy who comes to see me sometimes: his name is Percy, and we go fishing down at the brook, and we catch little bits of fish with pin hooks.

I went to school last summer, and read in my "Nursery," and Nan said I learned nicely. There were only four scholars, — one for each corner of the room; and we had a little rocking-chair to sit in.

Nan thinks I have told you enough about my pets this time, and I will bid you good-by.

MAMIE.





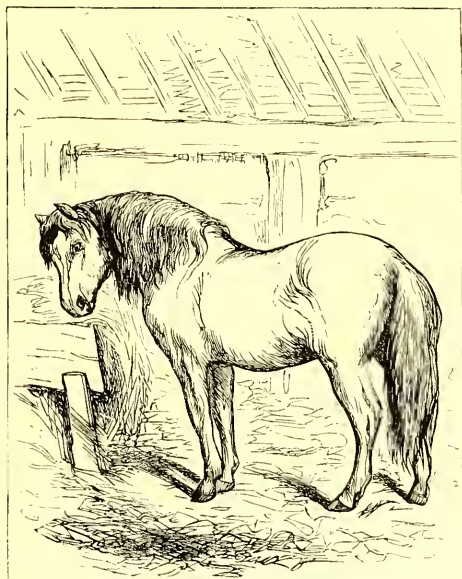
DRILLING THE TROOPS.

HERE is Corporal Hans drilling a squad under the eye of his superior officer, Captain Ernest. The corporal is a brave soldier. Anybody could tell that by his looks. But he does not give his orders quite sternly enough to suit the captain, who is teaching him how to do it.

It makes a man of peace shudder to see the corporal stand so calmly right at the mouth of a cannon. What if the cannon should go off! But these military men get used to such things. I don't suppose now that one of that whole squad could be frightened into running away. They will not move till they hear the word of command.

THE PICTURE-BOOK.

IN the book that Mary likes so much to look at, there is a nice picture of a horse. Here it is.

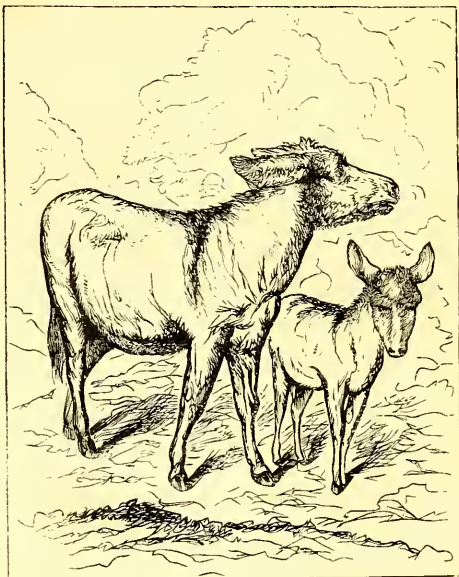


The horse has a very long tail and also a long thick mane. He stands very quietly in his stall, turning his

head around, as if he were in want of some more hay. If he should ask for it, what would he say? Little Mary says he would say, "Neigh!"

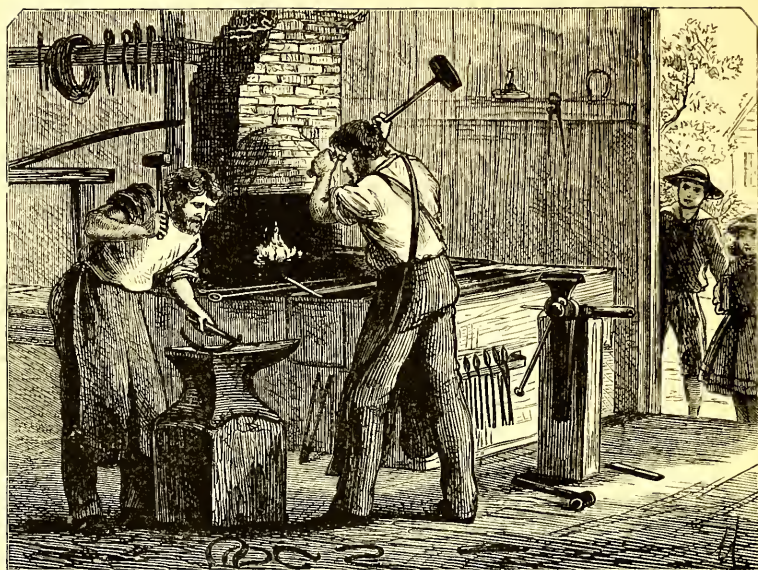
The next picture shows us two donkeys,—an old one and a young one. They have very long ears, and look as if they might hear all that we say.

The worst we can say of them or their race is that they are homely, and not so fleet



as the horse. But they are very tough and strong and patient.

If the donkey should hear this, perhaps he would open his mouth and say, “Bray!”



A BLACKSMITH'S SONG.

CLANG, cling, clang, cling!

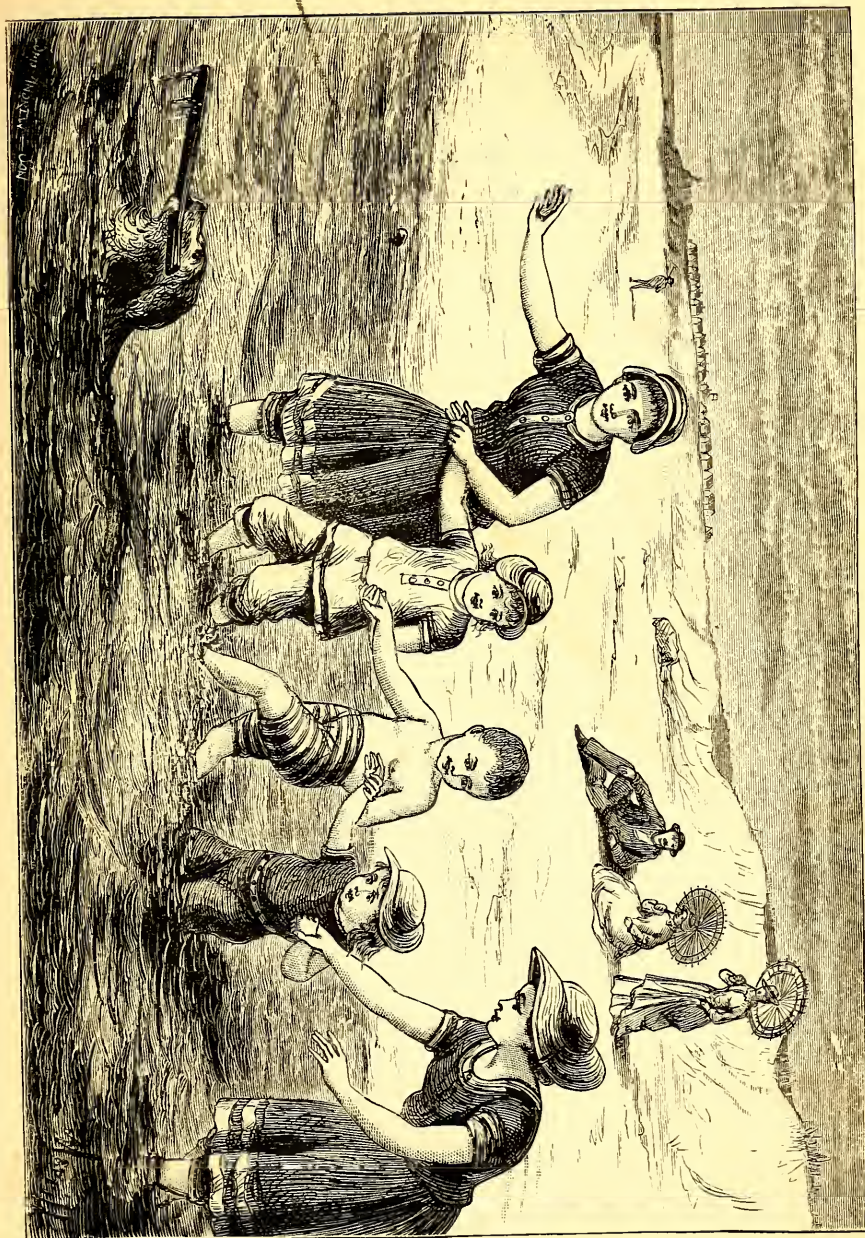
Bellows, you must roar, and anvil, you must ring;
Hammer, you and I must work—for ding, dong, ding
Must dress my Kate and baby, and bread for us must
bring.

So dong, ding, dong, ding!

Anvil, to my hammer make music while I sing,—
Clang, cling, clang, cling!

Clang, cling, clang, cling!

Oh, well I love my smithy when the birds in spring-time
sing,
And the pleasant sun comes streaming in, the sun that
loves to bring



INTRODUCED TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.



NOW for it, girls! Let me introduce you to the Atlantic Ocean! Mr. Ocean, these are my three cousins from Kentucky: Miss Jenny, Miss Eva, and Miss Kate Logan. They never saw you till to-day. This lady on my left is my sister, Miss Dora Drake, the best swimmer at Brant Rock Beach; but her you know already, also my dog Andy."

"Oh! I don't want to go any further. I'm afraid of the Atlantic Ocean," cried little Kate Logan.

"Nonsense!" said Master Tom Drake. "Look at Andy with the stick in his mouth. Why, if the Atlantic Ocean were to try to drown us, Andy would save us every one. Shall I tell you what he did last summer?"

"We can't stop for stories now, Tom," said sister Dora. "We must attend to our bathing. Here comes a wave that will give us a good ducking."

"Oh! oh, dear! It has taken my breath all away!" cried little Kate, as the wave lifted her off her feet and curled and gurgled round her neck.

"It is only the Atlantic Ocean making a bow to you, my dear; clasping you lovingly round the neck, and whispering soft nonsense," said Tom, dropping the hands of Eva and Kate, and swimming off into deep water with Andy.

Jenny and Eva did not know how to swim: so they jumped up and down in the water, while Dora took Kate on her back, and swam out after Tom. She soon overtook him and pushed his head under water; but Tom came up light as a cork, and splashed the water all over Dora.

"That will do, Tom," said she; "now, Andy, come here, and take this little girl on your back and carry her up on the dry sand."

Then Dora placed Kate on the good dog's back, and the little girl threw her arms round his neck, and he swam with her through the deep water, and carried her up high on the dry, warm sand, where a lady and gentleman were seated, and another lady stood with a sun-shade over her head.

But when Kate saw Tom and the girls all frolicking in the water, she cried out, "Oh, give me more of the Atlantic Ocean. I like him."

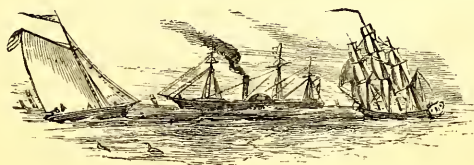
She ran down to the water's edge, and into the water all alone; but Andy stood by to help her in case of need, and when she fell down flat, and the ocean covered her head, he took her up by her bathing-dress, and bore her once more up on the dry sand.

All laughed, and little Kate laughed louder than any of them. "The Atlantic Ocean didn't get me that time," she said.

I cannot tell you of all their frolics; but you may be sure that the little party from Kentucky grew quite familiar with the Atlantic Ocean after this introduction. Every day they would leave their little cottage on the height, and walk along the white sand in their bathing-dresses till they found a good place for bathing. Tom and Andy always went with them to protect them from harm.

When Jenny, Eva, and Kate get back to Kentucky, next September, what stories they will have to tell of the pleasant times they had at Brant Rock Beach! It lies not far from the town of Marshfield in Massachusetts. Perhaps you can find the name on your map.

IDA FAY.





ROSES AND INSECTS.

WHAT sort of insects are a-phi'des? In plain English they are plant-lice. When about to pluck a rose-bud, have you not started sometimes to find it covered with little green insects? These are aphides.

They suck the sap from the bud on the leaf; and every person who raises a rose-bush seeks to get rid of them. The little insect called the lady-bird destroys them in great numbers: so you must encourage lady-birds, if you want your roses to flourish.

Most of us have heard of honey-dew, and know, probably, that it is a sweet, clammy substance, found on the leaves of various trees and plants, especially on the oak, the vine, the hop, and the honeysuckle. This honey-dew is extracted with the sap, secreted, and then thrown out in a pure state by the aphides.

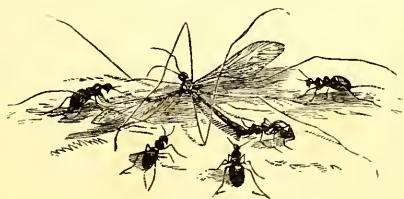
Besides the sweets which they scatter around them like sugar-plums, they always keep a good supply within the green jars of their bodies. By this lavish use of confectionery, they gain a few interested friends and some enemies like the lady-birds, that eat them up.

Wherever the aphides abound, whether in hop-ground, bean-field, or rose-garden, there are lady-birds gathered together, and they are welcomed by the cultivator, if not by the aphis. (*Aphis* is the singular noun, and *aphides* its plural form.) But enough of aphis enemies, and now for the friends, which, as well as foes, they owe to the sweet milk — the honey-dew — which they give out. So these friends, you see, are fair-weather friends, interested friends; and among them are several varieties of the ant tribe.

The ants do not hurt the aphides, but follow them for what they can get out of them. They are continually seen in company; and the ants sometimes drive off the lady-birds and other foes.

The aphis, when attacked by its mortal foe the lady-bird, submits with a good grace. Never did Turk bend his neck to the bow-string, or rush upon the cimeter with greater courage, than the aphis submits itself to the murderous jaws of its devouring foes. It seems quite at ease, and enjoys life to the last bite or sup, while its companions are being killed, and their carcasses heaped up around it. It evidently thinks it is right to die quietly, like a great-minded little insect.

UNCLE CHARLES.



TOP-KNOT.

PRETTY Biddy Top-knot has a hidden nest,
Out among the willows stretching toward the west :
Every day she runs there on her yellow legs,
To count and add another to her store of eggs.

Top-knot soon is missing from the garden walks :
No more with the other hens struts about and stalks !
No more is her cackle from the willows heard,
Where, but late, she noisily all the barn-yard stirred.

Down among the willows, stretching toward the west,
Top-knot's snowy turban shows above her nest :
Slanting ray of sunshine peeps in very bright ;
Come and peep in with it, you shall see a sight.

Thirteen little chickens, downiest ever seen,
And joyous little Top-knot proud as any queen !
For that they are beauties all the hens agree :
Can you wonder Top-knot should so happy be ?

Full of her importance, Top-knot doth appear, —
Thirteen little chickens she must feed and rear !
Soon more hens are missing ! — are they lost or hid ?
Think you they'll surprise us just as Top-knot did ?



GARRY AND THE RAKE.

ONE summer afternoon, when the grassy slope before the house was untidy with fallen leaves, and sticks, and withered flowers, I asked Garry to go and bring the rake that we might clear away the rubbish.

So off he ran, and soon came back with an *iron* rake. Now, if you have ever tried one, you will know that an iron rake is not nearly as good for this purpose as a wooden rake, as it is heavy, and the teeth are so sharp that they tear the roots of the grass.

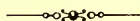
I used it for a while ; but, in spite of all I could do, the teeth would catch the roots. At last Garry exclaimed, "Grandma, let me take it. I can make it all right."

I gave it to him, and the dear little boy took it behind a log, and was very busy and quiet for several minutes. Then I called, "Come, Garry, I don't believe you can help it."

“ Oh ! ” said he, “ you just wait a little, and you will see.” And, to be sure, in a very short time he brought me the rake, with a hard green apple on each outer tooth, pushed on just so far that the other teeth would catch the litter of leaves and sticks without disturbing the grass.

Wasn't that a bright idea for a little boy five and a half years old ?

M.



CROSSING THE BROOK WITH HARRY.

Now, Harry, don't fear,
I will carry you, dear :
So keep very quiet and steady :
The brook is not wide,
Nor swift is the tide :
Now, for it, my pet — are you ready ?
So over the stones we will go,
With step very careful and slow.

I never have slipped
As o'er them I tripped ;
But then I had nothing to carry :
Now I must take heed,
The more haste, the worse speed ;
For I bear in my arms little Harry :
So over the stones we will go,
With step very careful and slow.

Almost every bird
That ever I heard,
On the bank there seems now to be singing ;



And I smell the sweet hay
From the field by the way ;
The wind all its odor is bringing :
So over the stones we will go,
With step very careful and slow.

EMILY CARTER.

A TRUE STORY OF A PARTRIDGE.



I WONDER if any of the children who read "The Nursery" have ever been in the woods of Maine. There grow the tall old pine-trees, with tops which seem to touch the sky, and thick interlacing branches, making a very dark shade overhead.

There, too, grow the fragrant cedar-trees, with their bright green boughs, and trunks so hard and stout; and, loveliest of all, the graceful maple,

whose green leaves turn crimson and gold when autumn comes.

All these and many other trees grow in the great Maine forests; and birds build their nests and bring up their young among the branches; and under the trees, and all about, grow ferns, and mosses soft as velvet.

Bright-eyed squirrels frisk about over the ground, and run nimbly up into the tree-tops; and pretty brown partridges walk daintily around, picking up seeds and berries to carry home to their baby-partridges, hidden away in soft nests on the ground.

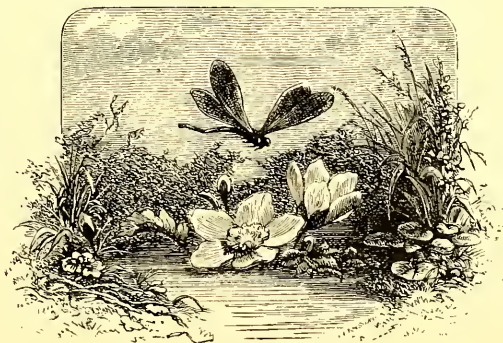
Through a forest like this, where it had always been so quiet and peaceful that the birds and squirrels did not know what it was to be afraid, a railroad-track was laid not long ago. Then the great engine went thundering on its way to

a pleasant city by the sea, carrying with it a long train of cars, the smoke curling up brown and thick from the smoke-stack, and the shrill whistle waking the echoes among the distant hills.

One day, when the train was going at full speed through the woods, a partridge, flying from one part of the forest to another, being frightened and bewildered by the noise, dashed against the smoke-stack, and fell at the engineer's feet. The engineer, whose name was Nathaniel Grant, took up the poor frightened bird, gently stroked its ruffled feathers, and carried it carefully to his home.

There the partridge was treated with the greatest kindness, and soon got over its bruises. But it longed for the quiet woods, where its life had been spent. It could not eat, and seemed to be almost breaking its heart with homesickness.

So the next day, when Mr. Grant started off again on the engine, he took the bird with him. Watching very carefully for the place where the partridge had flown in, he found, at last, the exact spot. There he set the bird free, and away it flew, back to its peaceful home. DORA'S MAMMA.



A LETTER FROM MINNESOTA.



WHEN "The Nursery" came the other day to St. Paul, two little boys who live here, named Charley and John, found a story in it about a bear who used to walk in our streets. That story was true; and these little boys were so pleased with it, that they want me to write you about a new pet they have.

It isn't a kitty with nice soft fur, nor a dog that will run and jump and play with them, nor a canary-bird to wake them up with his sweet songs; but it is a turtle, which the boys found trying to get across the street near their home.

John, who is three years old, said, "I guess the poor little turtle is lost, and is trying to find his mamma again." So he picked him up, when away went his head, legs, and tail, all tucked under his shell. He looked like a box shut almost tight. When he was put in the water, out they came again.

He spends the whole day trying to climb the sides of the smooth pan he is in, slipping back, and trying again. We put in a large shell to serve him for a house; and one day he climbed to the top of it, got out of his pan, and crawled over the carpet into the next room. So we had to take his house away.

I think we shall have to name him Willie Winkie, because he opens and shuts his eyes so often and so quickly.

Charley and John have the promise of a garden all to themselves when summer comes here. Perhaps by and by, we will tell the other children who read "The Nursery," how they get on with it, and what kinds of flowers they raise.

C. R. S.



THE LAZY SHEPHERD.

SOME years ago in Scotland, two boys, whose names were Henry Bright and John Yorner, were left orphans by the death of parents. Mr. Donald, a good man, who had nine or ten thousand sheep, and employed many shepherds, took both these boys into his employ.

“Now, boys,” said he, “a shepherd’s life may be barren or fruitful, lazy or active, just as you choose to make it. In pleasant weather, while you are tending the sheep, if you have good dogs to help you, you can, if you choose, find

leisure for reading and for study, and at the same time not neglect your proper duties.

“If you want books, come to my house, and I will lend them to you. You have eight years to serve before you are twenty-one; and in that time you can fit yourselves for employments that will yield you much more than the work of a shepherd.”

Henry Bright first suited himself to a good dog, and taught him so well, that Plato—such was the dog’s name—soon took almost the whole care of a hundred sheep that Henry had to look after. The lad would take a seat under the shelter of some rock, and read and study, while Plato would lie at his feet, or run round to see that no sheep or lamb was straying too far from the pasture-ground.

But John Yorner was lazy, and did not care for books. He would not take the trouble even to teach a dog his duties. He would lie on a bank in the sun, with his hands clasped above his head, and there sleep away the long hours before dinner. Often his sheep would stray away and get lost; so that Mr. Donald once said to him, “I fear you are not fit even for a shepherd, John.”

You may easily guess what the result was at the end of eight years. John Yorner was a shepherd still: he had not been promoted to any better employment. He loved idleness too well. One must be diligent if he would be faithful and succeed.

As for Henry, he applied himself to the study of arithmetic, and became so skilled in that branch of study, that, before he was nineteen, his services were wanted by a large mercantile house in Glasgow. There he made himself so useful, that his success became no longer a matter of doubt.

Oh the days of youth, how precious they are! Do not be like the lazy shepherd, my little friends!

UNCLE CHARLES.

SEVENTH LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

You all know that the sun comes to us in the morning, and goes away from us at night, and you say that it rises and sets. Does it rise and set in the same place?

I know that is a foolish question to ask any child who lives with his eyes open. You all know, of course, that it rises opposite to where it went down the night before, and takes all day to cross the sky to its setting-place again. And you know it rises in the east, and sets in the west.

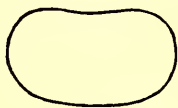
But do you know that most of the stars, too, rise and set in this same way? Those of you who are old enough to be up when the stars are out can see for yourselves that this is so. You can see some stars rise, and some set, if there is nothing in your way, and you patiently watch; or you can pick out a particular star, and notice just where it is, and then, if you look for it later, you will see that it appears to have moved.

All night long, and all day too, only we cannot see them in the sunlight, stars are rising, crossing the sky, and setting, the same stars coming up a little earlier each day. But there are some stars which neither rise nor set, and these I will tell you about some other time.

Now, after all this that I have said about the rising and setting of the sun and stars, you will be surprised to learn that, so far as we can see, they never move at all. The planets — and our earth among them — move around the sun; but the sun stands still; and all the stars which are suns, shine always in the same place, and are hence called fixed stars. How, then, can they be said to rise and set?

I will try to explain this in the next lesson. In the meantime you had better read again what I told you about the planets in the second lesson.

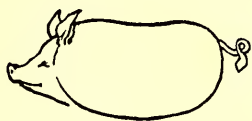
HOW TO DRAW A PIG.



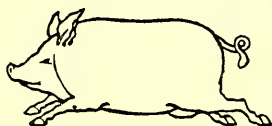
The Body of Piggy
is shaped like a bean.
Except when he's poor
and uncommonly lean



Then give him an ear
and a long handsome snout
For the last is so useful
in rooting about.



Then a bright little eye
he must have without fail
At the other end of him
a small curly tail.



Then give him four feet
and you have a whole pig
who can run for his food
be he little or big.



A SIGHT OF THE OCEAN.

“OH, what I would give for a sight of the ocean!” said Ruth Turner, as she sat one hot day in June in their little parlor, with her two sisters and their mother.

“We must content ourselves in the city this summer,” said Mrs. Turner. “What with the great fire, and the stagnation of trade, your father has lost so much money that we cannot afford to hire a cottage by the sea-side this year.”

“Well, we must try to make home pleasant,” said little Anna, whose pale, pinched face showed that the pent air of the city had already begun to affect her health.

“Let us all shut our eyes, and imagine ourselves on the beach,” said Ellen, who was the poetess of the family.

At that moment, the postman’s knock at the door gave promise of a letter. Ruth ran to get it, and, returning in a

moment, handed her mother a note, and said, "It is from that ugly, fat old Mr. Jenks, the grocer: his name is on the back. What can he want?"

"Give me the letter, child," said Mrs. Turner; "and do not let me hear you speak of any fellow-being with contempt, because he is ugly, fat, or old. Mr. Jenks is all the time doing kind things. I am sorry to hear that his wife is ill."

Mrs. Turner opened the letter, read it, and said, while her face flushed, "Hear this, Miss Ruth, you who were so quick to speak ill of Mr. Jenks: —

"DEAR MRS. TURNER, — Wife and I have concluded to take the next steamer for England, not to be back till next October. You and your honest husband must at once go down with your family, and occupy my furnished cottage at Crescent Beach. Cellar and store-closet are well stocked with groceries. Use and consume every thing as if it were your own. Don't say *no*, but send me round word that you will do it. I don't like to leave the cottage empty."

Ruth ran to a corner of the room, turned her face to the wall, and covered it with her hands.

"Handsome is, that handsome does, Miss Ruth," cried little Anna.

"Well, Ruth, shall we accept the invitation?" said her mother.

"On one condition," said Ruth, turning round; "and that is, that you let me go and thank Mr. Jenks myself for his great kindness. He is not old; he is not ugly; and, if he is fat, so much the better."

The good grocer's offer was gratefully accepted. The little girls now pass most of the summer days on the beach, where they pick up shells, and pretty white stones, or bathe in the salt ocean. Every morning brings fresh delights.

Anna has rosy cheeks once more, and as for Ellen, she sits on the rocks, and sketches, or writes poetry, every day.

Ruth has broken herself of the bad habit of speaking ill of persons because of their looks. She knows now that a man may be "old, fat, and ugly," and at the same time be full of love and kindness.

DORA BURNSIDE.



RUTH'S WISHES.

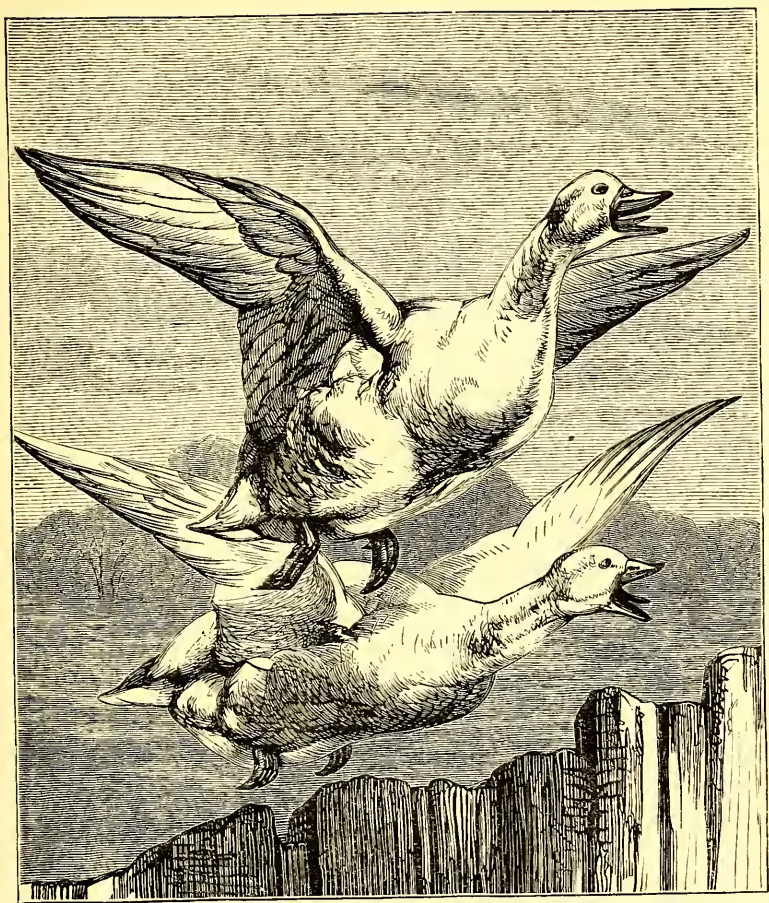
"I'd like to be now
A bird on a bough,"
Said Ruth, one hot day
As she paused in her play:
"I'd like to be now
A bird on a bough.

“To be like a fish
In the sea is my wish,
Where the water is cool,
And they go to no school :
To be like a fish
In the sea is my wish.

“A squirrel I'd be
High up on a tree ;
For he can go where
He gets plenty of air :
A squirrel I'd be
High up on a tree.

“A stag in a wood
I'd be, if I could :
He can lie on the ground
Where 'tis cool all around :
A stag in a wood
I'd be, if I could.”

So wished, in her folly,
Ruth, holding her dolly ;
The heat of the noon
Put her all out of tune :
So wished, in her folly,
Ruth, holding her dolly.



PHILIP'S NEW WHIP.

Now, what is all this noise about? The hens cackle and run about. The pig squeals.

Over the fence flies the old gander, and after him flies the goose. Now, what can be the matter?

I will tell you. It all comes from this: our little Philip has had a present of a new whip; and the first thing he does with it is to see how his friends in the barn-yard like it.

He does not like to try it on the horse or on the cow; for the horse can kick, and the cow can hook with her horns. So, like a little coward, he frightens the hens, and the poor geese, and the pig, shut up in his pen.

I do not think it right. We ought to protect the weak, and not try to scare or hurt them.



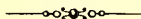
THE THREE LITTLE LADIES.

Now, who can find out
What these three little ones are about?
Very busy, you see,
They all seem to be;
But what they are doing,
What work or what pleasure pursuing,
Is more than my wisdom can tell:
And are not you puzzled as well?

One little lady is standing
On a cricket in posture commanding;
Another is pulling out pieces
From a drawer as fast as she pleases;
Another is bearing a roll —
But what for? It is all very droll.
And pray what is pussy about?
She joins in the frolic, no doubt.

These three little ladies, my dear,
Know what they're about : that is clear.
'Tis something important, you see,
Though a puzzle to you and to me ;
For they each look as grave as a judge :
So, old folks, don't laugh, and cry, " Fudge !"
It may be that your own great affairs
Are not any more useful than theirs.

ALFRED SELWYN.



GRANDMA'S STORY.

I AM only five years old ; but I have a great deal of trouble. Papa pulls my ears, and calls me a sad rogue ; brother Tom asks me every night what new mischief I have been up to to-day ; and poor mamma sighs, and says I am the most troublesome child she ever saw.

But dear good grandma looks up from her knitting, and smiles as she says, " Tut, tut, daughter ! Our Amy isn't any worse than a little girl I knew some thirty years ago."

" O grandma !" cried I one day, " do please tell me about her ; for I like to hear about naughty little girls. What was her name, grandma ?"

Grandma looked over her spectacles at mamma and smiled, and mamma nodded and smiled back. Then grandma said, " I think I will tell you of one of little Clara's capers ; but mind, you are not to go and do the same thing the first chance you get."

This is the story as grandmother told it, —

" Little Clara lived on a farm away out in the country. She was the youngest of seven children, and a great pet, of course. But Clara's little

restless feet and mischievous fingers often brought her into trouble and disgrace.

"One day Clara's mother had occasion to go to the store, which was three miles away. Clara wanted to go too. Her mother feared she would be in the way, and looked doubtful ; but big brother Ben said, 'Let her go, mother. She'll be good, I know.'

" 'Yes ; let her go,' said Susan, who was trying to net a bead purse, and keep Clara's fingers out of her box of beads at the same time.



" 'Do let her go !' said Roger. 'I want to rig my ship this afternoon ; and a fellow can't do much with her around.'

"So it was decided that Clara should go ; and it was the work of but a few moments to polish up the chubby face and hands, and brush the curly hair. The pink dress, red shoes, and white sun-bonnet, were put on as quickly as possible, and Clara was ready.

" 'Now, do try to behave yourself, child,' said Susan, as Ben lifted the little girl into the wagon.

" 'Of course I will,' replied Clara, pouting her red lips.

" 'But did she behave herself ?' you ask. Ah ! I will tell you.

"When they reached the store, Mr. Dale, the storekeeper, came out

to assist them ; and, as he helped Clara out of the wagon, he called her 'a little lady,' which made her feel all of two inches taller than usual. Then he gave her a stick of candy, and lifted her to a seat on the counter, close beside a dear old pussy-cat, who purred loudly as the little girl smoothed her fur.

"Clara's mother had a good many things to buy, and very soon forgot all about her little daughter ; but when Ben came in, half an hour later, his first question was, 'Where's Clara, mother ?'

"Sure enough, where was Clara? Her seat was empty. She had disappeared. 'Clara, Clara !' called both her mother and Ben ; but there was no answer.

" 'She's in some mischief,' said Ben ; and, as quick as thought, he rushed into the back part of the store, followed by his mother and Mr. Dale. What a sight met their eyes ! There stood Clara, in the centre of the room, stepping back slowly, as a pool of molasses, streaming steadily from a hogshead in the corner, crept towards the toes of her little red shoes. Ben caught up Clara as quick as a flash, and ——"

"No, grandma," interrupted mamma, "it was Mr. Dale who did that, while Ben made haste to turn the faucet to prevent further mischief."

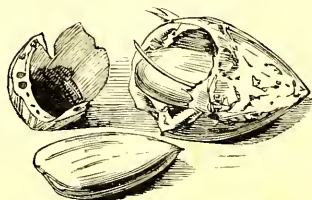
"Why, mamma," said I, "how do you know? Were you there?"

"I heard about it," said she ; and she and grandma both smiled. "The little girl was just my age, and I knew her very well."

"And your names were both Clara," said I. "How queer !"

And mamma and grandma must have thought it queer, too ; for they both laughed heartily.

F. A. B.





AUNT MATILDA.

WHAT should we do in our house if it were not for our Aunt Matilda? She is the first one out of bed in the morning, and the last one to go to bed at night. She sees that things are right in the kitchen, and right in the parlor.

Father wants his breakfast by half-past six o'clock this summer weather. Aunt Matilda rises before five, and calls the girls, and sees that the rooms are in order. Then she calls the children to be washed and dressed.

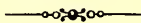
Yes, that is a good likeness of her, as you see her combing my hair. She is not young, you perceive, nor yet very old. Sometimes I get a little impatient, and fidget, because

she is so particular ; but our quarrels always end in my kissing her, and saying, " You are a darling Aunty, after all."

Mother is an invalid : so she cannot do much house-work, or see to the children. But Aunt Matilda is mother, aunt, and house-maid, all in one. Sometimes she even acts as stable-boy, and harnesses the horse to the carryall ; for there are few things that Aunty does not know how to do, and to do well.

Do we go to school ? Yes, and no. Our only school is one that Aunt Matilda keeps for us in the library. She teaches us to read, to write, and to draw. She can play on the piano, and has begun to teach me music. Oh ! What *should* we all do without Aunt Matilda ?

MISS MAUD.



ANNA'S BIRD.

ANNA has a little bird, and she calls it Tot. You must try to find out from the picture what sort of a bird it is. It can sing and play ; and it is so tame, that it will put its bill between Anna's lips when she says, " Kiss me, Tot."

Her dog Fancy is quite fond of the bird, and will let it light on his head ; and Anna is trying to make Muff, the cat, give up her habit of killing birds. But I hope that Anna will be careful, and not trust Muff too far.

I have heard of a cat in a bird-shop, that was trained to take care of birds, instead of harming them ; but this is a rare case. It is hard to keep a cat from catching birds, and from troubling the little young ones in their nests.

Anna is so fond of Tot, that she will not let a cat come into the room where he is. Tot can whistle a tune. He likes to light on Anna's head, and will sometimes almost



hide himself under her thick hair. She feeds him, and gives him a bath every day, and lets him fly about the room.

If Tot were to fly out of the window, I think he would try to get back to his own little cage, so fond is he of Anna.

ANNA'S AUNT.

THE STORY OF THE SQUASHES.

I KNOW of two little boys, twin-brothers, who are just five years old. They are so nearly alike that their best friends can scarcely tell them apart. Sturdy little men they are; so strong and fair and stout, that I should be glad to kiss them even when they have come from the dirtiest depths of their mud-pies. I fancy their mother sighs often over their torn pantaloons, their battered hats, and their soiled boots; but for all that, they *must* play, and things will wear out.

One day in the fall, their papa sent up to the house a farmer's wagon full of great beautiful squashes, to be put into the cellar for the winter's use. The farmer put the squashes on the ground close by the cellar-door ready for storage. But, when their papa came home, the squashes had disappeared, and he inquired who had put them into the cellar, and went down to see if they had been properly stored.

But there were no squashes there. And he inquired again where they were; but no one knew. He called to the boys, who were playing horse on the sidewalk, to ask if they knew any thing of the squashes. Oh, yes! and they ran to the barn, he following; and where do you suppose the squashes were? In the pig-pen — every one of them!

They had toiled and tugged, and carried every squash — and many of them were large — out there, and fed them to the pigs.

The mischief done, who could scold those two bright, hard-working little men? I think their papa had to console himself with thinking if only they would work as well at something useful when they were grown up, he could forgive their rather wasteful business when they were little.

CHARLIE'S COMPOSITION.

Charlie was ten years old, and his teacher thought he should begin to write compositions. So she gave him a list of words, and told him to write a letter or story, and put them all in.

The words were these: Begun, Write, Boy, Hook, Two, Black, Said, Basket, Knife, Chair, Eyes, Ground.

Charlie went home; and, before he went out to play in the afternoon, his mother said, "You had better work a while on your composition."

"Oh, I never can do it!" he said. "Mother, you try too, and see if you can write one." So she took his list and wrote this true story,—

"A little *boy* with roguish *black eyes* was sitting on the floor, playing with some spools that he had taken from his mother's work-basket, which she had left in a *chair*. All at once he saw a cow coming up the yard. He dropped every thing, and ran to drive her out. She threw up her head, and looked so fierce, that he was afraid she would *hook* him, and back he ran to the house.

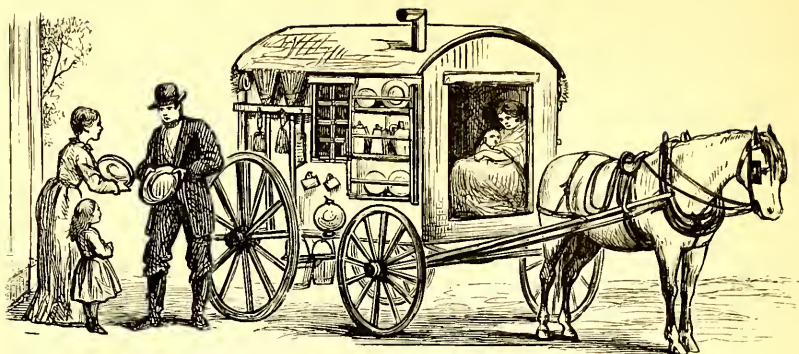
"Then he spied a fruit-knife on the *ground*, where he had left it when he was eating an apple in the morning. He picked it up, and carried it to his mother, who had just *begun* to *write*, and she *said*, that, if he would keep still about *two* minutes, she would attend to him."

"There," said mamma, "I have put in all the words: now you try, Charlie."

Charlie then wrote:—

"I saw *two hooks* and *eyes* just as I had *begun* to *write*. Johnny brought mother's *knife*, which he found lying on the *ground*. He joggled mother's *chair*, and she *said*, 'There's a *black* mark on my paper, and oh, dear! the *boy* has tipped over my *basket*.' That's all."

His mother read what Charlie had written, and said, "Pretty good for the first time;" and off he went to play.



THE PEDLAR.

Moderato.

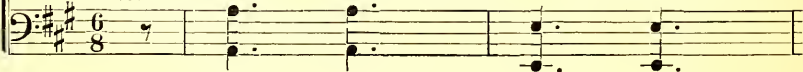
Music by T. CRAMPTON,
Chiswick, W. London.

VOICE.



1. I wish I liv'd in a car - a - van With a
2. His car - a - van it is paint - ed blue, With a
3. "Old chairs to mend, and new jugs to sell," How he
4. A ped - lar - man I should like to roam, And a

PIANO.



horse to drive like a ped - lar - man, Wher - ev - er he comes from
chimney small where the smoke comes thro'; And there is his wife with
makes the ba-sins ring like a bell! With baskets and tea - trays
book I'd write when I came back home; And all the good folks would



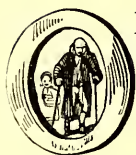
no - bo - dy knows, But mer - ri - ly thro' the town he goes.
ba - by so brown, And on - ward they go from town to town.
glossy and trim, And plates with my name a - round the brim.
stud - y my book, And famous I'd be like Cap - tain Cook.





THE PARROT THAT PLAYED TRUANT.

THE PARROT THAT PLAYED TRUANT.



LD Miss Dorothy Draper had a parrot. It was one of the few things she loved. And the parrot seemed to love her in return. Miss Dorothy would hang the cage outside of her window every sunny day. Sometimes an idle boy would come along, and poke a stick between the wires; and then the old lady would say, "Boy, go away!"

But one day, when the window was open, and the door of the cage was open also, Polly thought it was a good time to play truant. So she hopped out, rested on the sill a moment, and then flew into the street, from tree to tree, and from lamp-post to lamp-post.

Poor Miss Dorothy was in despair. How should she get back her lost pet? She called in a policeman, and he advised her to get out a handbill, offering a reward. So in an hour this notice was pasted on the walls near by:—

LOST!—A green-and-white parrot. It answers to the name of Polly, and can talk quite plainly. It says, "Boy, go away!" also, "Polly wants a cracker," and "No, you don't!" Any one finding this bird shall, on returning it to its afflicted owner, Miss D. Draper, No. 10, Maiden Place, receive a reward of two dollars.

Little Tony Peterkin was walking home from school, and wishing he had money enough to buy a copy of Virgil without going to his mother for it,—for she was a widow, and poor,—when he saw a man pasting this handbill on a wall. Tony read it, and said aloud, "Oh, I wish I could find that parrot!"

A girl who heard him said, "I saw a parrot just now on one of the trees in Lake Street."—"Did you?" said Tony; and off he ran. The parrot had flown from the tree

to the top of the lamp-post; and when Tony got there, two women, a newsboy, and a policeman were looking up at the strange fowl.

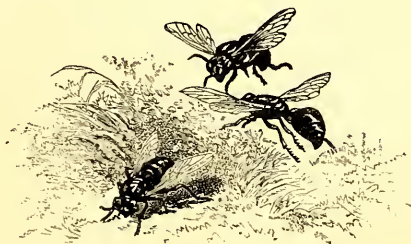
It was the work of a second for Tony to spring at the iron post, and begin climbing up. "No, you don't!" cried the parrot. That frightened Tony, so that he almost dropped; but he took heart when he thought of the two dollars and a new fresh copy of Virgil.

Up he climbed; but just as he was going to put his hand on the little cross-bar under the lamp, "Boy, go away!" cried Poll. Tony's heart beat at these words; but he held on. "Poll, Poll, pretty Poll!" cried he: "come and get a cracker!" — "Polly wants a cracker," replied the bird.

The truth was, Polly was tired of the street, and wanted to get back to Miss Dorothy. So, when Polly heard Tony's kind words, she flew down to the cross-bar, and, when he held out his hand, she lighted on it, and Tony slid with her down the post to the ground.

"Well done, my lad," said the policeman. He went with Tony, carrying the bird, to No. 10, Maiden Place; and Miss Dorothy was so much pleased that she gave Tony three dollars instead of two. On his way home he bought that copy of Virgil.

DORA BURNSIDE.





FEEDING THE DUCKS.

A MILD summer day, and one, two, three, four children sitting on the ground by the pond, and feeding the ducks!

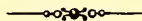
But I think I hear the larger girl, who is standing up, say to the sitters, "Children, don't you know better than to sit there on the damp earth? You will every one of you catch a cold. Get up this instant."

That is what the larger girl ought to say; for many children take bad colds by sitting on the grass. The other day, as I went through the Central Park in New York, I saw a maid in charge of three children, one of them an infant, and she was letting them lie at full-length on the grass.

I told her she must not do so; but she said the weather was warm, and there was no danger. As I knew the parents of the children, I told her she must take the children up at once, and let them sit on the seats near by.

At length she obeyed me. Two days afterwards I called on the parents of the children, and then learned that every one of the little ones was ill with a cold. I told the mother what I had seen at the Central Park and she told the maid that never again must she let the children sit on the bare grass. The maid promised she would not do so again.

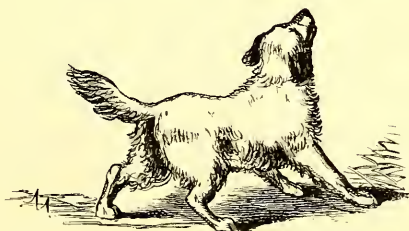
AUNT MATILDA.



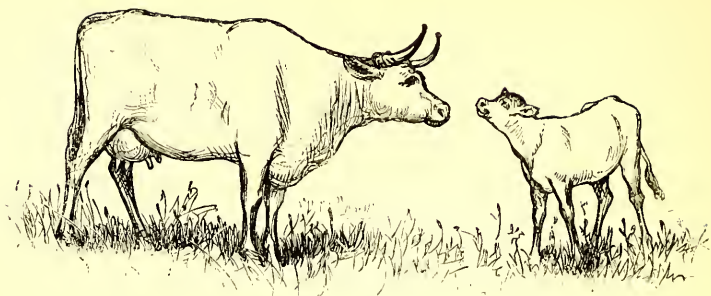
A BABY LAY.



WHAT does the kitten say? "Mew, mew, mew!"
She shall have some nice milk, warm and new.



Up jumps the dog, and says, "Bow, wow, wow!"
I'm as good as kitty, and I'm hungry now."



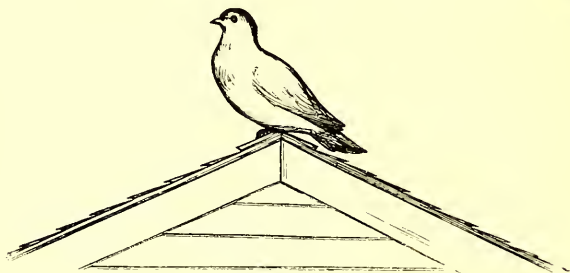
What does the cow say? “Moo, moo, moo!”
And the pretty little calf tries to say so too.



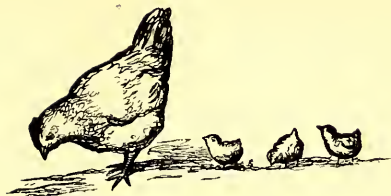
“Ba-a!” says the little lamb, — “baa,
baa, baa!”

What does she mean? Is she calling
her mamma?

The rooster struts around, and cries, “Cock-
a-doodle-doo!”
As if that were just about the only thing he
knew!



On the roof the gentle dove says, “Coo, coo, coo!”
Love me, little girls and boys, for I love you.”



What does the hen say? "Cluck, cluck, cluck!"
As she scratches for her chickens, and has good luck.

What does the bird say? "Peep, peep,
peep!"

As, early in the morning, she rouses us
from sleep.



What does our baby say? "Goo, goo, goo!"
See the loving glances in her eyes so blue;
How we rush to take her, at the slightest call!
Oh! the darling baby is the sweetest pet of all.

ELLA.



CHESTNUT-GATHERING.

DID you ever go chestnut-gathering? Such fun as it is! especially when a lot of girls and boys go together.

On one of my father's farms there were many chestnut-trees; and every autumn, after the first frost, when the leaves were all turning, and beginning to fall, we used to have chestnut-gatherings.

The boys used to get long poles, with which they would beat off the nuts. Sometimes they would climb the trees, and shake or beat off such nuts as they could not reach from below. And we girls used to help pick them up, and put them into baskets.

Some years chestnuts are very scarce. I remember one year there was only one tree that had any nuts on; and we could not reach them: not even a man could climb it.

One day, Henry, who was a very kind man, said, "Perhaps we will cut that tree down: it will make good rails, and then you children can get all the nuts."

We no sooner heard this than we gave him no peace till it was done. And such an event! For we were to see the tree cut down.

We children were stationed far away from danger; and another man and Henry chopped and chopped, till it was almost ready to fall, when they stepped back, and, in less than a minute, there was such a whistling through the air, such a crashing, and breaking of branches, and then a loud thud!

The tree was down. I felt quite breathless with excitement; and so did the others; for it was some minutes before we ran up to see how many nuts there were.

Oh, such lots! all spread around, and beaten out of the prickly burrs, all ready for us. I cannot remember how



many we gathered, but it was some bushels ; and we could not take all that day : so we concluded to return the next afternoon after school.

And what do you think ? When we got there, not a nut was to be found ! The little squirrels had been busy in our absence, and had taken away every one of them. Saucy squirrels ! But we did not grudge them the nuts ; for we had plenty.

AUNT JENNY.

THE PIGS.

THEY really are a pretty sight,
My little pigs, so small and white !
Their tails have such a curious kink ;
Their ears are lined with palest pink :
They frisk about as brisk and gay
As school-boys on a holiday.
I watch them scamper to and fro :
How clean they look ! how fast they grow !
But they are only pigs, dear me !
And that is all they'll ever be.

Beside their pen, above its wall,
A garden-rose grows fresh and tall,
Its blossoms, wet with morning dew,
The sweetest flowers that ever grew.
With every passing wind that blows
Comes scattered down a milk-white rose,
In leaves like scented flakes of snow,
Upon the little pigs below.
They only grunt, " Ur, Ur," and say,
" We want more milk and meal to-day.
The flowers may bloom, the flowers may fall,
'Tis no concern of ours at all."
For they are only pigs, dear me !
And that is all they'll ever be.

Upon the rose's highest bough
There often comes a robin now,
And sings a song so sweet and clear,
It makes one happy just to hear;
For never yet, on summer day,
Was sung a more delightful lay.
What care the little pigs below?
The bird may come, the bird may go;
For while he sings, "Quee, quee!" they squeal,
"We want some milk, we want some meal!"
For they are only pigs, dear me!
And that is all they'll ever be.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



A DAY WITH THE ALLIGATORS.

I WANT to tell the young folks who read "The Nursery" something of my visit to Florida last winter. We first went to Jacksonville, which lies on the St. John's River, and is a very pleasant city. I wish you would find it on the map.

One day, as I sat in the reading-room of the hotel, I heard shouts of laughter, followed by the clapping of hands. "What can it be?" thought I, throwing down the newspaper I was reading, and running into the corridor.

There I saw five or six little reptiles, about half the length of my arm, that seemed to be running a race over the canvas carpet with which the floor was covered. A number of people were looking on. They appeared to be highly amused by the queer movements of the creatures.

“What are they? Lizards?” cried I.

“Lizards! No: they are young alligators,” said a little girl, in a tone that implied pity for my ignorance. -

“Alligators!” said I, retreating in alarm, as one of them came towards me.

“Oh, you coward!” cried the little girl, laughing. “They are too small to hurt you. See me.” And, saying this, she took one of them up in her apron, and brought it towards me. I ran into the reading-room, and she ran after me; but when she saw that I was really afraid of the reptile, she took it back to the corridor, and placed it on the floor.

These little alligators grow to be huge creatures, sometimes more than twenty feet long. They live in the creeks and little rivers that run into the St. John’s. They rarely go very far from the shore. They live partly on land and partly in the water.

In Florida the weather in January is often quite as warm as it is in the Northern States in June. So on a fine winter day, my father took my sister and me on board the steamer “Mayflower” for a trip upon the St. John’s River, and up some of the small streams, where alligators may be found.

We went some thirty miles towards the south, and then turned into a small river, where the scenery on both sides resembled that given in the picture. Cypress-swamps and high trees overgrown with moss everywhere met our view. On the banks, and generally on fallen logs, might be seen alligators basking in the sun.

Many of the passengers in the steamboat had brought pistols and guns, with which to fire at the poor alligators. This is a very cruel and useless sport, for the alligators do no harm to anybody. I saw ladies and young girls firing at them. We passed some fifty alligators on our way.

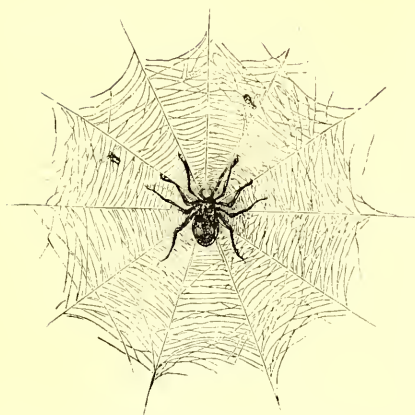
Father and another gentleman took a boat, and rowed some distance up a creek. There we saw an alligator with a young one by its side. The young are very small, compared with the full-grown reptile. You can see from the picture, that the alligator is not handsome; but that is no reason why bullets should be lodged in its hide. I came to the conclusion that firing pistols at these animals was poor and mean sport.

What a lovely day it was! and how we enjoyed the excursion! Just think of sitting in your summer clothing on a day in January, and passing through scenery where the trees and shrubs are all green. We returned to Jacksonville just in time to see the sun set, and we shall not soon forget our visit among the alligators.

UNCLE CHARLES'S NEPHEW.



THE SPIDER AND HER FAMILY.



EVERY child has seen spiders in plenty, spinning their webs in some corner; or, after the web or tent is securely fastened and finished, lying in wait for some unfortunate fly or mosquito.

Oftentimes in these webs small brown bags are to be seen, and these, if opened, will be found to contain a

great many little eggs which the spider has laid; or, sometimes when you open them, you will find that the eggs have just hatched, and that there is a bag full of tiny spiders that have not yet seen the light.

Spiders indeed have as many children sometimes as the "Old woman who lived in a shoe;" but, unlike that famed personage, they seem to know just what to do. It is very interesting to watch them, and see how they manage their little ones.

One day as I was walking on a country road, where there was not much travel, my attention was caught by a large spider in the dust at my feet, so large that I stopped to look at it. Its body seemed rough and thick, while its legs were short. I took a stick, and poked it, when, presto change! my spider had a small, round, smooth body, and long legs.

Truly this was more strange than any sleight-of-hand trick I had ever seen. I had heard of snakes and frogs shedding their skins, and many other queer stories of animals and insects, but of nothing at all like this.

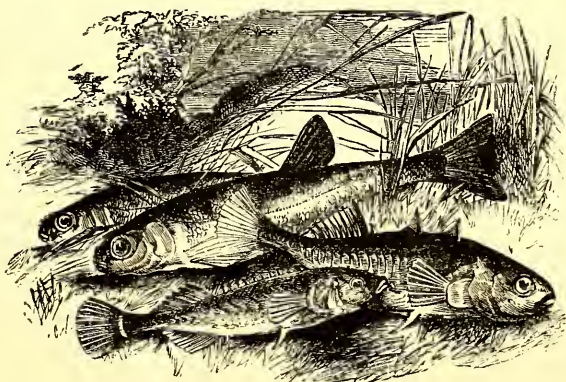
I stooped closer to the ground to see if I could get a clew to the mystery, and found that the dust all about the large spider was alive with little ones that she had just shaken off. What a load! And how did they ever get up on her back? Did they run up her slender legs, and crowd and cling on?

How I wished I knew the spider language, that I might find out why this mother weighed herself down with such a burden of little ones as she walked the street! Was she giving them an airing, and showing them the world? or had the broom of some housemaid swept away her web, and forced her thus to take flight to save her family from destruction?

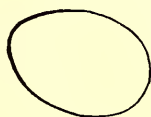
Perhaps she had been burned out. Or was it the first day of May to her? and had her landlord forced her out of her house because she could not pay the rent?

Alas! she could not tell me; and I left her there in the road with all her little ones about her.

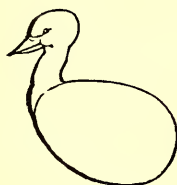
E. M. DAVIS.



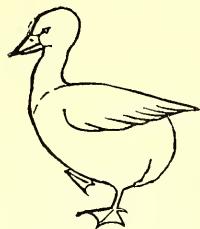
HOW TO DRAW A GOOSE.



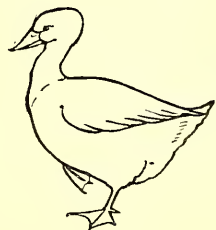
The Goose has a body
the shape of an egg.



With a round head
along neck and bill.



When the weather is cold
she can stand on one leg
With some wings she can fly
if she will.

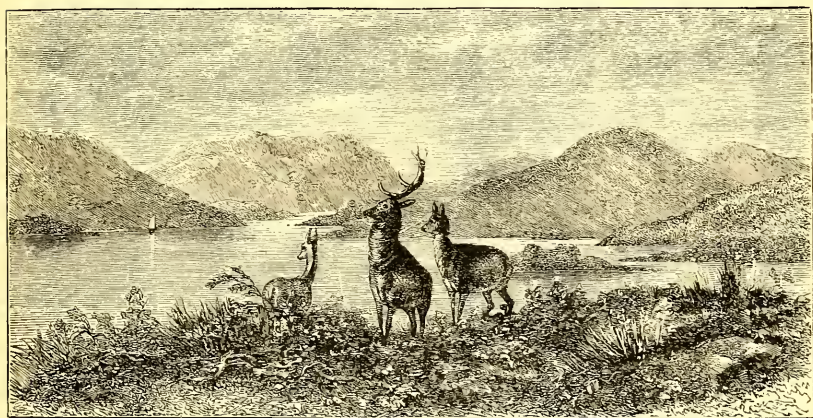


Now we give her a tail
more for beauty than use
And out of our egg comes
a very nice goose.

WHY UNCLE RALPH DID NOT HIT THE DEER.

MANY years ago, when I was a little fellow, I went on a sail with my Uncle Ralph on one of the prettiest of our northern lakes. The day was fine, the air was mild but fresh, and the hills and banks around us were clothed in green.

Besides Uncle Ralph, in the boat were my Aunt Mary, and cousins Walter and Susan Brent. Uncle Ralph was a



sportsman, and he had a gun, with which he hoped to bring down a deer, in case he should see one.

I did not at all like this part of his plan. I knew it would mar my own and my aunt's pleasure, if we were made to see the death of a noble stag or a gentle fawn. But I was too fond of a sail to express my dislike of Uncle Ralph's plan.

At the foot of a hill we stopped in our little boat to pick berries. Aunt Mary said she would stay and read. The rest of us went with Uncle Ralph to a clearing near by, to pick raspberries.

We had not been gone long, when Uncle Ralph sent me back for a mug with which to get water from a cool spring. As I came within sight of the boat, I saw Aunt Mary take the ramrod of the gun, extract the bullet, and then put in fresh wadding, and ram it down.

I understood it all, but said nothing. After we had got berries and water enough, we set sail again, and this time for the opposite shore, where Uncle Ralph's keen eyes had detected a stag and two fawns.

We landed in a little cove out of sight of the deer. Uncle Ralph took his gun, and crept through the woods. In about fifteen minutes we heard him fire. Aunt Mary smiled, and took up her book. Soon Uncle Ralph came back.

"Where's your game, Ralph?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Will you believe it," said he: "I got within thirty feet of them; had the fairest shot that a fellow could possibly have, but somehow I missed my aim — didn't so much as graze one of them."

"Well. I'm not sorry for it," said Aunt Mary. "We shall enjoy our luncheon under the trees all the better."

I looked at her, and laughed, but she checked me with a "Hush!"

ALBERT MASON.

FAITHFUL DANDY.

MR. BAXTER, a poor laboring-man, was the owner of a fine dog, whose name was Dandy. Having to remove from one village to another in the State of Maine, Mr. Baxter hired a small wagon on which his furniture was packed. Then he led the horse, while Dandy followed behind.

When he came to the place where he was to stop, Mr. Baxter unloaded his wagon, but was sorry to find that a



chair and a basket were missing from the back-part of the wagon, and that Dandy, also, could not be found. The day passed; and, as the dog did not appear, the poor man feared that something must have happened to him.

The next day, as Mr. Baxter was on his way back to the old cottage to take away another load, he heard the bark of

a dog, which sounded very much like Dandy's. Judge how glad he was when he saw by the roadside, not only his lost property, but his faithful Dandy, seated erect by the chair and basket, keeping strict guard over them.

They had fallen from the wagon when Mr. Baxter was not looking; but Dandy had seen them, and, like a good dog, felt it his duty to stay behind and guard what belonged to his master.

Although left for so long a time without food, the faithful creature had never quitted the spot where the chair and basket had fallen. But, when he saw his master, how glad was poor Dandy! He leaped up, put his paws on the man's shoulders, and barked with joy.

"Good Dandy! good Dandy!" said Mr. Baxter: "you must be hungry, old fellow! Come along: you shall have a good dinner for this. While I have a crust of bread, I'll share it with you, you noble old dog."

UNCLE CHARLES.



LEARN YOUR LESSON.

You'LL not learn your lesson by crying, my man,
You'll never come at it by crying, my man;
Not a word can you spy, for the tear in your eye,
Then put your mind on it, for surely you can.

Only smile on your lesson, 'twill smile upon you;
How glibly the words will then jump into view!
Each word to its place all the others will chase,
Till you'll wonder to find how well you can do.

If you cry, you will make yourself stupid or blind,
And then not an answer will come to your mind;
But cheer up your heart, and you'll soon have your part,
For all things grow easy when hearts are inclined.

EMMA AND HER DOLL.

EMMA has placed her doll Flora against the pillow. She says, "Now, dear Flora, I want you to be very good to-morrow, for I am to have company. It is my birthday."



Then Emma sat down in a chair, and said to herself, "Why, what an old person I shall be! I shall be four years old; and I shall have to go to school soon, and read in my books. I love to look at the pictures now."



Emma got down from the chair, and placed Flora in it, and said: "I want you to be

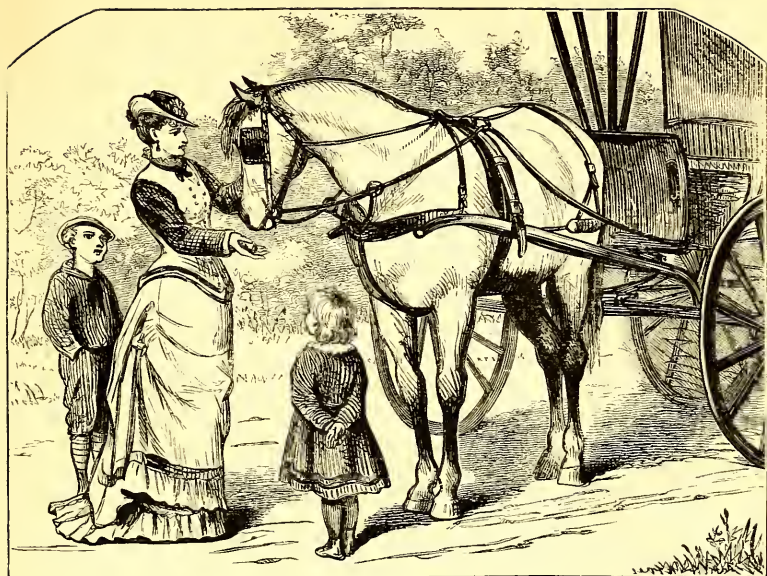


very still now, my child, for I am going to say my evening prayers. You must not

cry; you must not stir; for I shall not like it at all if you make the least noise."

Then Emma said her prayers, and Flora kept quite still all the while. "Now I shall take off my shoes, and get into bed," said Emma; and then she thanked Flora for behaving so well.





OUR OLD BILLY.

WE call him *old* Billy ; but he is not really old : he is a young horse, and as full of capers as any puppy. After he has been standing in the barn for two or three days, he acts like a wild creature when he is taken out, and will whisk round corners, and scamper up and down the hill, as if he really meant to tear every thing to pieces. But just fill the carriage up with ladies or babies, and he will step along as carefully as if he thought an extra joggle would break some of them.

He is very fond of my aunt, who usually drives him ; and, when she goes to ride, he always expects her to give him something good, — an apple, or a crust, or a lump of sugar. If she has nothing for him, he will grab the corner of her veil, or the ribbons on her hat, and chew them, to teach

her not to forget him next time ; and he will lap her face and hands, like a dog.

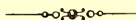
If she goes into a store, and stays longer than he thinks necessary, he will step across the sidewalk, carriage and all, and try to get his head in at the door to look for her.

There is another horse in the barn where he is kept, — a very quiet, well-behaved nag, named Tom ; and sometimes, when Billy feels naughty, he will put his head over the side of the stall and nip Tom, not enough to hurt much, but just enough to tease him, and make him squeal.

One day auntie heard a great clattering in the barn, and went out to see what was the matter. When she opened the door, both horses were in their stalls, and all was quiet. She noticed that the meal-chest was open : so she closed it, and went out. Before she reached the house, the noise began again, and she went quietly back, and peeped in at the window.

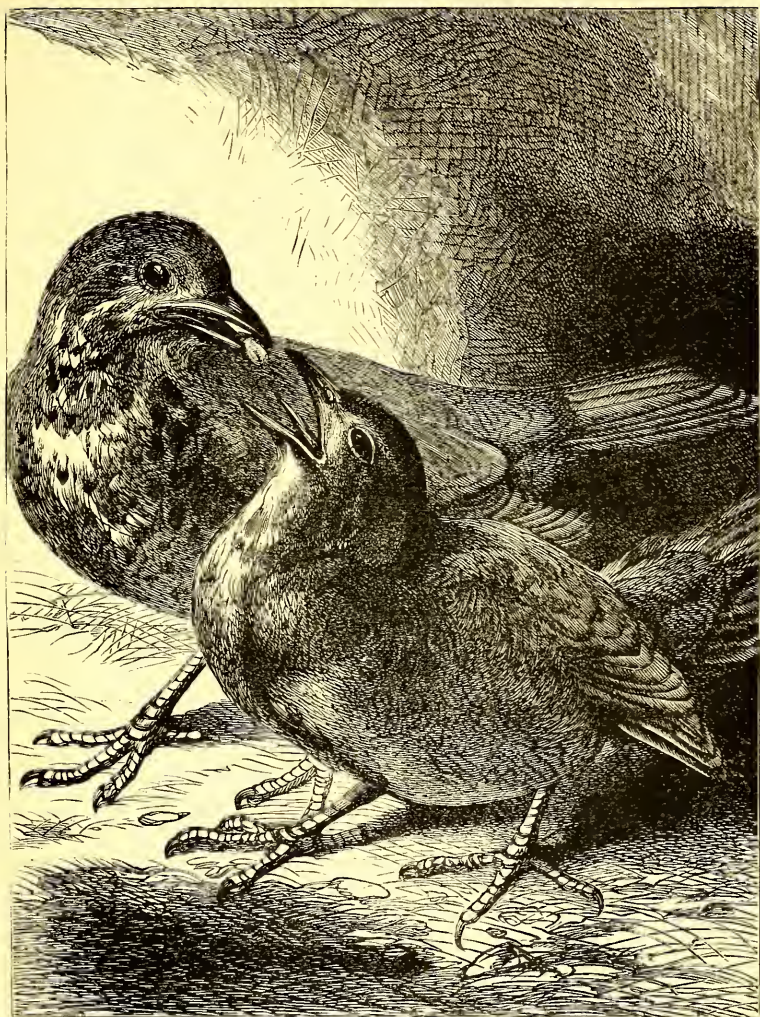
There was Billy, dipping his nose into the meal-chest, which he had opened. “ Billy, what are you doing ? ” said auntie ; and it was fun enough to see him whisk into his stall, and stand there as quiet and demure as a cat that had just been caught eating up the cream.

Billy had slipped the halter, and so set himself free. Since then he has been fastened more securely ; yet he still succeeds in freeing himself once in a while. IDA T. THURSTON.



THE THRUSH FEEDING THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo is a queer bird. It arrives in England about the middle of April, and departs in the autumn for the woods of Northern Africa. In every language the well-known notes of the male bird have suggested its name.



In its habits it is shy; and its voice may be often heard whilst the eye seeks in vain to find the bird itself. Its food consists of caterpillars and various insects.

The female cuckoo makes no nest, and takes no care of

her young. How do you suppose she does? Having a wide bill, she takes up in it one of her eggs, which she puts in the nest of some other bird that feeds on insects.

The strange nurses to whom the cuckoo confides her young become not only good mothers to them, but neglect their own children to take care of the young cuckoos.

As the young cuckoo thrives and grows strong, he thrusts the other birds out of the nest, so that he may have all the room to himself. For five weeks or more his adopted mother supplies him with food.

In the picture a thrush is represented as feeding a young cuckoo, that has probably driven off all the thrush's own children.

DORA BURNSIDE.



JIPPY AND JIMMY.

JIPPY and Jimmy were two little dogs :
They went to sail on some floating logs.
The logs rolled over, the dogs rolled in ;
And they got very wet, for their clothes were thin.

Jippy and Jimmy crept out again :
They said, " The river is full of rain ! "
They said, " The water is far from dry !
Ky-hi ! ky-hi ! ky-hi ! ky-hi ! "

Jippy and Jimmy went shivering home :
They said, " On the river no more we'll roam ;
And we won't go to sail until we learn how, —
Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow ! "

LAURA E. RICHARDS.



THE JOLLY OLD COOPER.

A JOLLY old cooper am I,
And I'm mending this tub, do you see?
The workmen are gone, and I am alone,
And their tools are quite handy for me.
Now hammer and hammer away!
This hoop I must fit to the tub:
One, two — but I wish it would stay —
The workmen have gone to their grub.
How pleased they will be when they find
That I can do work to their mind!

Yes, a jolly old cooper — But stop!

What's this? Where's the tub? Oh, despair!
Knocked into a heap there it lies.

To face them now, how shall I dare?
The knocks I have given the tub
Will be echoed, I fear, on my head.

They are coming! Oh, yes! I can hear, —
I can hear on the sidewalk a tread.

Shall I stay, and confess it was I?

Yes, that's better than telling a lie!

ALFRED SELWYN.





THE CAT AND THE STARLING.

THE European starling is a sprightly and handsome bird, about eight inches long, of a black color with purple and greenish reflections, and spotted with buff. It may be taught to repeat a few words, and to whistle short tunes.

A little boy in England, who had one as a pet, which he named Dicky, tells the following story about it: —

“I took it home with me, and got a cage for it. But Master Dicky was not satisfied with so little room, and got out, and took possession of the whole house. One morning I was awakened by his chirping, and, on looking around, I saw him on my pillow, to which he used to come every morning.

“We had at the same time a cat, with whom he soon became very good friends. They always drank milk out of the same saucer. One afternoon, a basin of milk being on the table, Master Dicky thought he would take a bath: so in he went, splashing the milk all over the table.

“Sometimes he would take it into his head to have a ride on the cat’s back, to which she had no objection. At night he would sleep with the cat and kitten; and once when the servant came down in the morning, she said that she saw the cat with her paw around the bird, keeping him warm, though that seems almost too much to believe.”

R. B.



THE EXPRESS PACKAGE.

A PACKAGE came,
With Gold-Locks’ name
Written in letters bold and free
Upon the cover:
She turned it over,
And cried, “Is it for me, for me?”

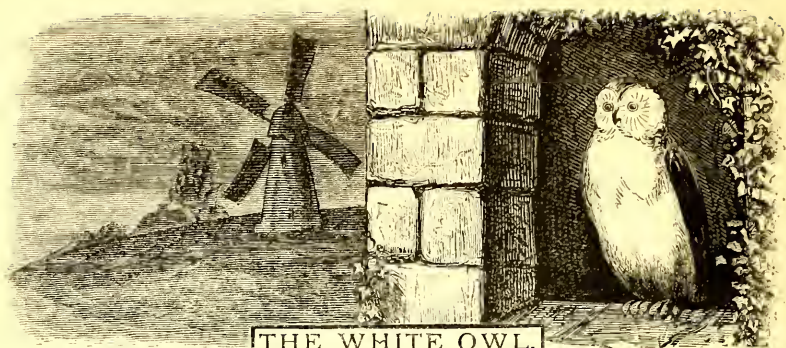
’Twas scarce a minute
Before within it
Her eyes had peeped with curious awe:
There, sweet as a rose,
And folded close
In tissue, what do you think she saw?



A doll? Ah, yes!
 You would never guess
 A dolly could be so very sweet,
 Or have such grace,
 From the blooming face
 Down to the tips of her slippered feet.

She smiled, and smiled,
 Like a real live child,
 And opened her eyes of bluest blue,
 As little Gold-Locks
 From out the box
 Lifted, and held her up to view.

In ruffles and puffs
 Of gauzy stuffs,
 She looked like a fresh white flower, full-blown,
 And Gold-Locks' heart
 Gave a happy start,
 As she thought, "She is all my own, my own!"



THE WHITE OWL.

Words by TENNYSON.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Moderato, mf

1. When cats run home and light is come, And dew is cold up - on the ground,
 2. When mer-ry milkmaids click the latch, And rarely smells the new-mown hay,

And the far - off stream is dumb, And the whir - ring sail goes round,
 And the cock beneath the thatch, Thrice has sung his roun - de - lay,

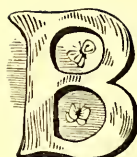
And the whir - ring sail goes round. A - lone and warm - ing
 Thrice has sung his roun - de - lay. A - lone and warm - ing

his fine wits. The white owl in the bel - fry sits.



STEERING FOR HOME.

STEERING FOR HOME.

LOW, thou bitter northern gale;
Heave, thou rolling, foaming sea;
Bend the mast and fill the sail,
Let the gallant ship go free!
Steady, lad! Be firm and steady!
On the compass fix your eye;
Ever watchful, ever ready,
Let the rain and spray go by!
We're steering for home.

Let the waves with angry thud
Shake the ship from stem to stern;
We can brave the flying scud,
It may go, it may return:
In the wind are cheerful voices,
In the waves a pleasant song,
And the sailor's heart rejoices
As the good ship bounds along.
We're steering for home.

Standing on the briny deck,
Beaten by the blinding spray,
Fearing neither storm nor wreck,
Let us keep our onward way.
Loving hearts for us are yearning,
Now in hope, and now in doubt,
Looking for our swift returning,
How they try to make us out!
We're steering for home.

Fainter blows the bitter gale,
And more peaceful grows the sea ;
Now, boys, trim again the sail ;
Land is looming on the lee !
See ! the beacon-light is flashing,
Hark ! those shouts are from the shore ;
To the wharf home friends are dashing ;
Now our hardest work is o'er.
Three cheers for our home !

TOM BOWLING.



SARAH'S PICTURE.

My name is Sarah. I live in Bristol, Conn., and am not quite five years old. I have taken "The Nursery" ever since I was two.

About three years ago a lady gave me a little trunk, and I have kept my magazines in it ever since. Last winter, when snow was on the ground, and I had to stay in the house a good deal, I used to get my trunk and sit down on the floor by mamma, and look my "Nursery" through almost every day. So mamma thought she would like to have my picture taken just in that way.

Now I must introduce you to my dog Beauty, who sits by my side in the picture. You see he is a Spitz ; but do not be frightened : he will never have hydrophobia. I cannot think of having him muzzled, for one of his charms is the way he opens and shuts his mouth when he barks. Oh, no, Beauty ! I will never hurt your feelings by making you wear a muzzle.

My grandma gave me this dear dog a year ago last



Christmas. He had two beautiful red eyes then ; now he has none. He had two long silky ears then ; now he has but one. He had four legs, and a bushy tail curled over his back ; now he has but two legs, and no tail. But I love him just as well as ever.

The dolly you see sitting up against the trunk is my daughter Nannie. I have four other children.

Nellie is a fair-haired blonde, but is getting rather past her prime. You know blondes fade young.

Rosa Grace once had lovely flaxen curls, and very rosy cheeks ; but now her curls are few and far between, her cheeks are faded, and her arms and feet are out of order.

Next comes Florence, who has joints, and can sit up like a lady anywhere. My papa brought her from San Francisco. She has yellow hair, and is dressed in crimson silk.

My youngest is not yet named. She is quite small, has black hair and eyes, and is rather old-fashioned looking. If you can think of a name just right for her, I wish you would please let me know. It is so perplexing to name so many children !

SARAH H. BUCK.

THREE NAUGHTY PIGS.

THREE naughty pigs,
All in one pen,
Drank up their milk
Left by the men.

Then all the three,
Fast as they could,
Dug their way out
To find something good.

Out in the garden
A maiden fair
Had set some flowers,
Of beauty rare.

Out in the garden
A merry boy
Had planted seeds,
With childish joy.

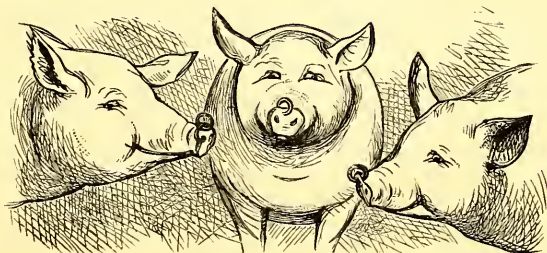
One naughty pig
Ran to the bed ;
Soon lay the flowers
Drooping and dead.

Two naughty pigs
Dug up the seeds,
And left for the boy
Not even weeds.

Three naughty pigs
Back in the pen,
Never could do
Such digging again.

For in their noses
Something would hurt
Whenever they tried
To dig in the dirt.

F. L. T.



KITTY BELL.

ONCE there was a little girl named Alice, and she had an Uncle George whom she loved very dearly. One day, as Alice was looking out of the window, she saw her Uncle George coming into the yard with a covered basket in his hand.

Alice ran to meet him, and, as she was kissing him in the hall, she heard a faint sound in the basket, and exclaimed, "O Uncle George! what have you brought me?"

"Look into the basket and see," said her uncle.

So Alice peeped in very carefully, and saw a little black kitten. The little girl was delighted, and fairly danced around her uncle as she said, "What a dear little kitten! Is it for me, Uncle George? Who sent it to me? Did you bring it from your house?"

"Yes," said her uncle, "your Cousin Edith sent it to you; she thought you would like it."

"Well," said Alice, "you must thank Edith a thousand times, and here is a kiss for you for bringing it to me; and I'm sure the poor little thing must be hungry: so I'll give it something to eat."

She carried the kitten into the kitchen, and soon got from the cook a nice pan of milk. Her little brother Harry came running in to see the new kitten eat its dinner, and with him came the old family cat, Mouser, who rubbed and purred against Alice, as if he wanted her to pet him too.

The next thing was to find a name, "pretty, and not too common," Alice said. While she was trying to think of one, she went up to her own little room, and searched among her ribbons for a piece to tie around the kitten's neck. She soon found one that was just the thing.

In one of her drawers she found a tiny bell that some-



body had given her, and thought it would be a good plan to hang that around kitty's neck by the ribbon. Kitty made no objection to being thus decorated, and a happy thought struck Alice; "Kitty Bell would be just the name for her!" and Kitty Bell it was.

Kitty grew very fast; and one morning, after she had got

to be a good-sized kitten, she came to Alice, and mewed quite piteously. Alice gave her some milk; but Kitty Bell was not hungry, and mewed still more. Alice could not think what was the matter.

At last Kitty Bell gave her head a shake, and put one paw up to the ribbon on her neck, as if trying to pull it over her head. Alice untied the ribbon, and away ran Kitty Bell quite out of sight. In a short time she came back with a mouse in her mouth, which she laid at Alice's feet.

Do you see what had been the trouble? The bell had frightened the mice away, so that Kitty Bell could not get near enough to catch them.

W.



A CLEVER FOX.

ON a summer day, a gentleman was lying under the shelter of some shrubs on the banks of the River Tweed, when he saw a large brood of ducks, which had been made to rise on the wing by the drifting of a fir-branch among them. After circling in the air for a little time, they again settled down on their feeding-ground.

There was a pause for two or three minutes, and then the same thing took place again. A branch drifted down with the stream into the midst of the ducks, and made them take to flight once more. But when they found that the bough had drifted by, and done no harm, they flew down to the water as before.

After four or five boughs had drifted by in this way, the ducks gave no heed to them, and hardly tried to fly out of their way on the stream, even when they were near to being touched.



The gentleman who had been observing all this now watched for the cause of the drifting of the boughs. At length he saw, higher up the bank of the stream, a fox, which, having set the boughs adrift, was watching for the moment when the ducks should cease to be startled by them.

This wise and clever fox at last seemed satisfied that the moment had come. So what did he do but take a larger branch of spruce-fir than any he had yet used, and, spreading himself down on it so as to be almost hidden from sight, set it adrift as he had done the others!

The ducks, now having ceased to fear the boughs, hardly moved till the fox was in the midst of them, when, making rapid snaps right and left, he seized two fine young ducks as his prey, and floated forward in triumph on his raft. The ducks flew off in fright, and did not come back.

That fox must have had a fine dinner that day, I think. The gentleman who saw the trick pitied the poor ducks, but could not help laughing at the fox's cunning.

UNCLE CHARLES.



HOW PONTO GOT HIS DINNER.

PONTO in his youth had been a very wise and active dog. Not only had he been brave at watching, but he had been taught to carry packages and notes for his master.

But, as he grew old and feeble, he gradually got out of the way of doing such services, and spent his time mostly in sleeping, or in jogging about, without care.

One day his mistress had told her husband, as he went to his business in the morning, to send around the carriage at ten o'clock. This he forgot to do; and when the hour came, and there was no carriage, the lady knew it would be necessary to remind her husband of his promise.

But she had no one to send with a message. At last she chanced to remember that Ponto used to go on such errands, and, writing a note, she called him to her, and said, —

“ Here, Ponto, take this note to your master.”

Ponto took the note carefully in his mouth, but did not seem to know what he was expected to do with it.

"Go, Ponto," she said; "take the note to your master."

He trotted on a little way, paused, turned and hesitated, and then trotted a little farther. This he repeated several times, and at last, started off at a good gait.

But wise old Ponto! Did he, after so much pondering, take the note to his master? Not a bit of it! He went straight to the butcher's, and presented the billet, wagging his tail at the same time, as much as to say, "Here's an order for my dinner!"

The butcher, understanding the situation, rolled up a nice piece of meat in a paper, gave it to Ponto, and then himself delivered the note to the gentleman.

Ponto stalked home as proud as a king, laid the package at his mistress's feet, and waited, with a delighted, expressive wag, for her approval.

Of course she gave him all the meat, patted his faithful old head, and called him "good Ponto."

The carriage came in good time; and Ponto does not know to this day but what he did exactly as he was told.

C. D. B.



THE BUTTERFLY AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

"PRETTY Butterfly, stay!
Come down here and play,"
A Grasshopper said,
As he lifted his head.
"Oh, no! and oh, no!
Daddy Grasshopper, go!
Once you weren't so polite,

But said, 'Out of my sight,
You base, ugly fright!'"
"Oh, no! and oh, no!
I never said so,"
The Grasshopper cried:
"I'd sooner have died
Than been half so rude.



You misunderstood.”
“Oh, no! I did not;
'Twas near to this spot:
The offence, while I live,
I cannot forgive.”
“I pray you explain
When and where such disdain,
Such conduct improper,
Was shown by this Hopper.”
“I then was a worm:
'Tis a fact, I affirm,”
The Butterfly said,
With a toss of her head.
“In my humble condition,
Your bad disposition
Made you spurn me as mean,
And not fit to be seen.
In my day of small things
You dreamed not that wings
Might one day be mine, —
Wings handsome and fine,
That help me soar up
To the rose's full cup,
And taste of each flower
In garden and bower.
This moral now take
For your own better sake:
Insult not the low;
Some day they may grow
To seem and to do
Much better than you.
Remember; and so,
Daddy Grasshopper, go!”



THE PET PIGEON.

WHEN I was about nine years old, my father and mother were living in a Southern city ; and, as I had been very ill for a long time, I was taken from school, and permitted to do as I liked.

In one of my walks I met an old colored woman, who took quite a fancy to me ; and once, when I was sick at home, she came to see me, bringing as a present a young pigeon. Its feathers were not grown enough to show its color ; but it proved to be brown and white.

I was very much grieved when my mother said that she

could not have a pigeon kept in the house ; but my father persuaded her to indulge me till I was able to go out again ; and then my pet gave so little trouble that nobody objected to him.

For the first two or three weeks, he was put at night in another room ; but I begged so hard that finally "Pidgy," as I called him, was allowed to roost on top of the wardrobe in my bed-room.

The first time he saw me asleep, he seemed very much alarmed (so my mother told me) ; but he settled down on my shoulder, and kept very quiet till I awoke. This he always did after that morning, sometimes waiting more than two hours. After amusing myself with him till it was time to get up, I used to give him a large basin of water, into which he would jump with great delight ; and he would be making his toilet while I was making mine.

For two or three months I kept his wings clipped, so that he could not fly far. When I went out for a walk, I generally took him, either in my arms or perched on my hand ; and thus I and my pet became known all over the neighborhood ; and, when my little playmates invited me to visit them, an invitation was always sent for "Lillie and her pigeon."

He followed me everywhere. If I was reading, he rested on my chair ; if playing on the piano, he would listen attentively : indeed he acquired such a taste for music, that the only time he ever seemed willing to leave me was to perch upon the foot of a gentleman who was singing very finely.

I taught him a number of tricks, such as bringing me any thing that he could carry, lying down very still till I told him to get up, and running over the piano-keys to make music for himself.

During the two years that Pidgy and I enjoyed so much together, he never fed from any hand but mine ; and once, when I staid from home over night, he would not eat at all, but pecked at my mother and sister so that they were quite provoked with him. On my return, he flew to meet me with an angry “ coo,” his feathers all ruffled up, as if trying to reprove me for my neglect.

What finally became of my pet I never knew. I had him out on the porch, one day, and, as I ran into the house for a few minutes, the door was blown to, so that he could not follow me. A boy caught him up, and was seen running away with his prize. Every effort was made to find him ; but I never saw my dear little pigeon again.

ANNE PAGE.



EIGHTH LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

How shall I make such little folks understand that the sun and the stars really stand still, when they seem to take a journey across the sky every day? Perhaps the best way will be to make a little game of it. We will explain it with boys.

I want a boy to represent the earth, and as many as can be found for sun and stars: there is no danger of too many. Now, the fattest boy of all must be the earth, and stand in the middle. We want him fat and round, because the earth is as round as an orange. (We need not mind about the size of the stars: they always look small, they are so far off.)

All the other boys must stand about him, and stand still. If they are not satisfied with their places, they must not move; for they are fixed stars. That is right. I can

imagine you now just as you are, the fat boy in the middle.

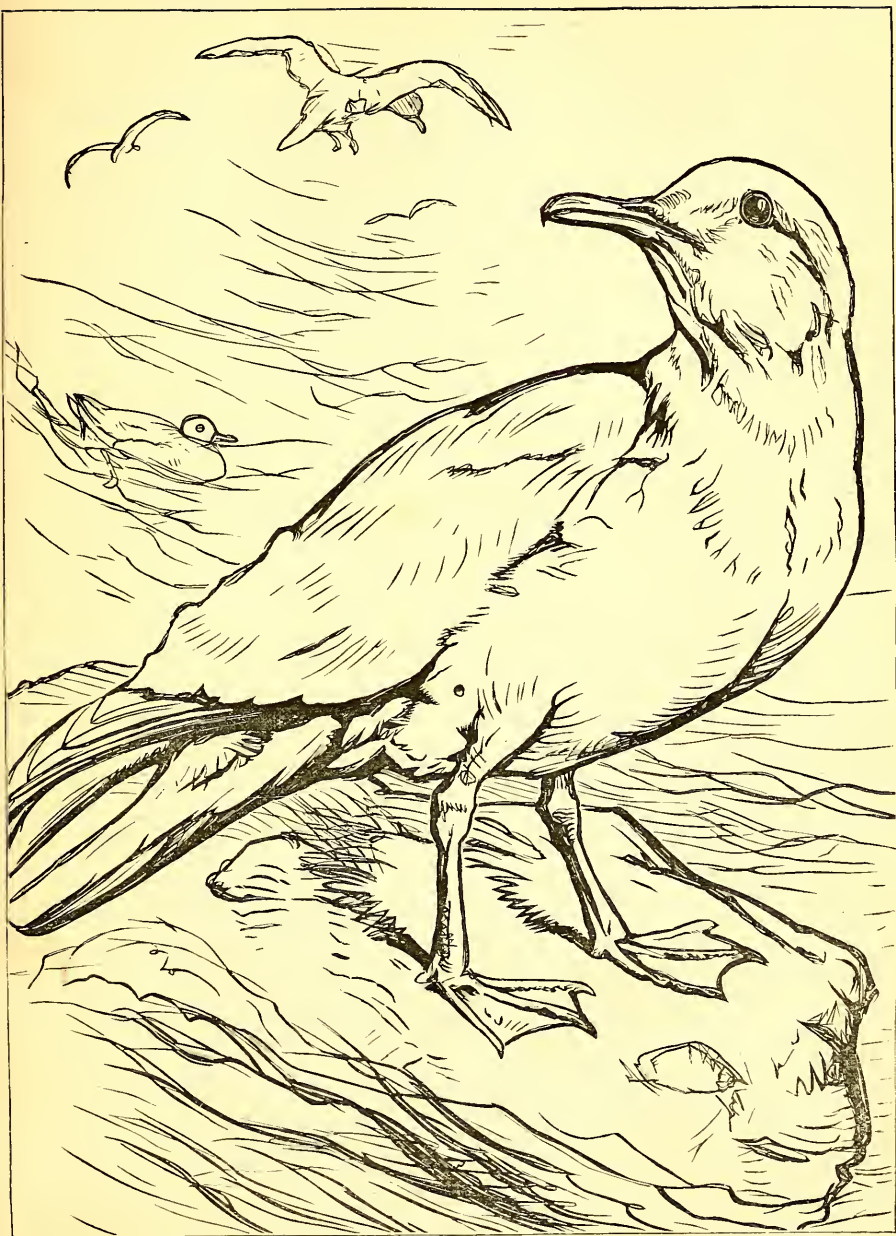
But *you* must not stand still, fat boy, because I told the star-boys not to move. You are the earth, and must do what the earth does. Don't you know what it does? Oh! it does not run away. Come back, and I will tell you what it does. It turns around just as a top spins. That is right. Every time the earth turns, it makes a day and a night, by turning towards the sun, and away from it again.

Don't turn so fast, my dear: you make the days and nights too short, and you will be dizzy. Besides, you are turning the wrong way. The earth turns from west to east, and you must remember you are the earth, and not Charlie. Now go the other way, and more slowly, and keep your eyes on the little boys who are the sun and stars.

We will suppose now that Frank is the sun. There he is just behind you. He is shining now on the other side of the earth,—on your back. As you turn around to the left, to the east, you begin to see him: he rises. Now, as you turn more towards him, he seems to pass in front of you towards the west, and pretty soon he is out of sight. He has set. So much for the sun.

It is just the same if you look at the stars,—John, or Willie, or James. As you turn round they all seem to be going round you. Now can't you see, that, as the real earth turns around, the sun and stars about it seem to you to rise and set, although they stand still, like Frank and John and Willie and James.

A great many years ago, everybody supposed that the earth stood still, and the sun and stars revolved around it; but a wise man named Copernicus found out the mistake, and you had better call your game the Copernican game.



DRAWING-LESSON BY HARRISON WEIR.

THE FARM.

VERY often in summer, after looking at the sky, and consulting the barometer, my father would say to me, "Tell John to bring around the horse and carryall, and we will all go out to the farm for the day." John had the horse harnessed in a little while, mother sent out a great basket of lunch, and in less than half an hour we were all off,—father, mother, Dick, and I.

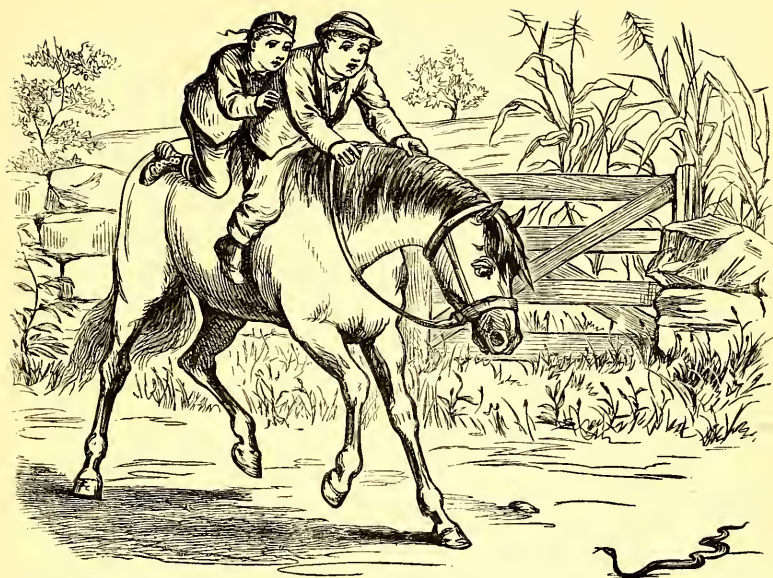
The farm was seven miles in the country, and the road leading to it was a fine one. There were some hills, to be sure; but, whenever we came to one, Dick and I used to climb out of the back-window, and hang on behind, fancying that we lightened the load by not being inside. We always enjoyed the ride very much.

At the farm there was a pretty cottage, where the tenant Mr. Clark lived. We used to go in for a little while to see Mrs. Clark's babies, and then we started off in search of adventures. What fun we did have! Sometimes there would be great brush-heaps to burn, made of bushes and branches of trees that had been cleared off from the land. They made glorious bonfires.

There was an old yellow horse on the farm, that used to run the wood-sawing machine. He was blind in one eye, but was the very gentlest horse in the world. Dick and I would both get on him at the same time, with only the halter to guide the horse, and go all over the farm.

Now and then, in shaking himself to get rid of the flies, Bob (the horse) would shake us both off; but he always stopped at once when we met with such an accident, so that we could get on again. Once, when we were riding in this way, our horse stopped and refused to go on.

On looking to see what was the matter, we saw a large



black snake in the road just ahead of us. Being very reckless children, we slid off old Bob, found some heavy sticks, and attacked the snake. First Dick struck it, and, when it turned on him, I struck it; and so we pounded the snake, turn and turn about, until it was killed.

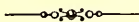
Another thing that we enjoyed very much was to go down to the creek that ran through the farm, and put some ears of green corn in the water close by the edge. We would then keep very still, and watch the corn, and, as soon as we saw it move a little, we would give it a sudden slap out of the water, and would almost always succeed in landing one or two crawfish. We dug wells in the sand, which we would fill with water to put our crawfish in. Sometimes we would have a dozen or more.

It would have been great fun to wade in the creek, but for one thing: there were sand-leeches in the water, and

they would get between our toes, and bite so firmly into the flesh, that we could hardly get them off.

A great event in the day was lunch, which we ate in picnic style on the ground near the spring. We were always so hungry, that the simplest food seemed delicious. I don't think we were ever very fond of bread and butter anywhere else. By night we were very tired, and generally went sound asleep on the way home.

A.



THE DRAWING-MASTER.



OUR Peter has opened a school for teaching drawing. At present he has only two pupils; but he hopes to have more. They pay him two pins a lesson; not a high price. I fear that Peter will not get rich very soon at that rate.

But he is no miser. He loves to do good, and to teach to others all the good he knows. So he says to Tom and Harry, "This

that I am drawing now is what we call a horizontal line; and this is a curved line. Do you know what a circle is, Tommy?"

"A circle is something round, isn't it?" replies Tommy.

"A circle," says Peter, drawing one on paper, — "a circle is a plane figure, bounded by a single curved line

called its circumference, every part of which is equally distant from a point within it called the centre."

"How can I remember all that stuff?" said Harry.

"Stuff! Do you call it *stuff*, sir?" said Peter, snapping him twice on his closely-shorn head: "I will teach you not to call my definitions *stuff*."

"What's a definition?" asked Tommy.

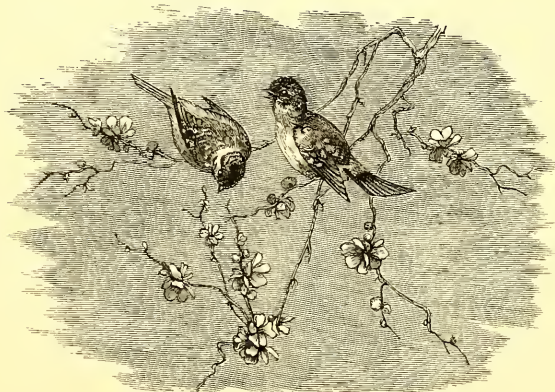
"A definition," said Peter, "is what I say to you when I tell you what a thing means. If I ask you what *green* is, and I tell you it's the color of fresh summer grass, I give you a definition."

"School is out!" cried Harry. "Peter uses too many big words for us. Hallo! there's Bob, the butcher's dog. I'm going to have a frolic with him. Good-by, drawing-master!"

And so the school was broken up. "Never did I see boys behave so in school-time," said the teacher.

I hope his pupils will be more attentive the next time he tries to teach them how to draw.

UNCLE CHARLES.





LITTLE MOSQUITO.

LITTLE Mosquito she sits on a sill, —

Whee, whee, whee !

And longs for the time when the people are still,

That she, in the darkness, may stab them at will, —

Whee, whee, whee !

She whets up her dagger, and looks at the moon, —

Whee, whee, whee !

She says to herself, “ I’ll begin pretty soon

To look for my victims, and sing them a tune, ’ —

Whee, whee, whee !

With a hum and a flutter, the way to prepare, —

Whee, whee, whee !

She rises and circles about in the air ;

Then settles herself with a great deal of care, —

Whee, whee, whee !

But one, — more awake than he seeks to appear, —

Whee, whee, whee !

Slaps little Mosquito, alight on his ear,

And thus puts an end to her hopeful career, —

Whee, whee, whee !



LEARNING TO IRON.

“Now I’ve had my lesson in my ‘Nursery Primer,’ ” said little five-year-old Ellen, “and I want to learn to iron clothes.”

“You are rather too young to be trusted with a flat-iron,” said her mother: “you might burn your fingers.”

"I'll promise not to cry if I do," said Ellen. "Please let me go out and help Patience iron, mamma."

Mamma at last gave her consent; and our picture of Ellen and Patience at work at the ironing-board gives about as good likenesses of the two as their reflections in a mirror could have given.

Ellen saw how Patience used her flat-iron, and then used hers in the same way. She ironed a towel so well, that Patience praised her, and said she could not have done it better herself.

But, as she was trying to put a flat-iron on the stove, Ellen burnt her fingers so as to make her hop. She did not cry; for she remembered her promise. Patience wet a cloth with cold water, and put it on the burn; then she remembered that common brown soap was the best thing for a burn, so she spread some soap on a cotton rag and put that on. Soon the pain was gone, and Ellen ran and told her mother what had happened.

"You should not have tried to put the flat-iron on the stove," said her mother. "If your clothes had caught fire, you might have had a bad time."

"Would my dress have blazed up?" asked Ellen.

"I take care to dip your clothes in a weak solution of nitre before they are worn; for that prevents their blazing, even if they should catch fire," said mamma. "But you must not let that keep you from taking great care."

"Next Tuesday may I take another lesson in ironing?" asked Ellen.

"Yes: if you say your lessons well during the week, you shall not only learn to iron your clothes, but to wash them."

"That will be fun!" cried Ellen, clapping her hands, and quite forgetting her burnt finger.



BIRDIE AND BABY.

BIRDIE is a canary-bird of pale gold color. Tiny as he is, he is quite old compared with baby.

He was the sole pet of the house long before baby came into the world, and he did as much as any bird could to fill a baby's place.

All the bright hours of the day, the door of his cage stood open. He would fly to Aunt Minnie's shoulder while she sat sewing, and sing his sweetest notes for her, or perch on her finger and take the bit of fresh lettuce she brought for him from the table.

But after baby came — can you believe it? — this dear little birdie behaved just like a spoiled child. He rolled himself up into a soft yellow ball, and actually moped.

Not a note would he sing. Aunt Minnie could not coax him with green leaf or seed. He would insist on making himself unhappy until baby was taken out for an airing. Then he would burst into song again, and seem to feel that he was in his old place, — the only treasure.

It was a long time before the poor little bird found out that Aunt Minnie's heart was large enough to love him and her precious baby too. But he is learning it now, and likes to have baby held up to his cage.

When Aunt Minnie lets him out into the room, he hops close by the baby; and baby laughs, and stretches out his dimpled hands to catch him; but he is wise enough to keep out of baby's way.

Don't you think it is nice for Aunt Minnie to have such treasures?

E. P. B.



A NAUGHTY BABY.

He's a very naughty baby,
For he will not shut his eyes
And go to sleep, though I have done
My best to hush his cries.
I've trotted him, I've patted him,
I've given him some food;
But nothing that I do for him
Will do him any good.

I've sung a little lullaby,
 The one that mother sings ;
 One that to weary little ones,
 Sweet slumber, always brings.
 I've scolded him, I've shaken him,
 All sorts of things I've tried ;
 But the naughty, noisy baby-man
 Will not be pacified.

He screams so loud he frightens me ;
 He's getting worse and worse.
 I do wish mother would come home,
 Or get this boy a nurse.
 I'll toss him up, I'll tumble him,
 Play "creep-mouse," and "bo-peep,"
 Perhaps if I can make him laugh,
 The laugh will make him sleep.

You naughty, naughty baby,
 How could you vex me so ?
 One would not think you ever cried,
 To hear you laugh and crow !
 Hush, hush ! He's getting tired out :
 Now very still I'll keep ;
 There's nothing like a hearty romp,
 To put a child to sleep !

BOYS AND RABBITS.

HERE are two little boys and two little rabbits, all down on the ground.

The two boys are just the same age. They are twin brothers. Their names are Paul and John.

The girl who stands near them is their sister Jane. She is quite a little girl, as you see; but she is full three years older than the boys: so she takes great care of them.

You would laugh to see Paul and John try to lift their rabbits by the ears. The rabbits look most as large as the boys. But



the boys are growing larger
and stronger every day. A. B. C.

TOBACCO AND EGG.



OUR house had a long back piazza, covered all over with grape-vines, with steps going down to the yard.

I discovered that by standing on my tip-toes, half way up the steps, I could see into the next yard, where there grew such different flowers from ours, and where there often came a little girl of six or seven — about my own age — to gather bouquets.

She did not see me at first : so, for many days, I quietly

watched the stout little figure. During one of my observations, her mother called her, and such a name as she had ! The call, as I heard it, was “ Tobacco, my daughter ! ”

I felt deeply for the girl who was afflicted by such a name. I determined to throw her the finest bunch of grapes on our vine by way of consolation.

Some days after, when I was giving my large family of dolls an airing in the garden, I saw a small face staring at me just over the top of the fence. Being familiar with the position myself, I was not alarmed, but hastened to mount to the same level on my side, and offer some grapes.

After a long stare on the part of both of us, I timidly broke the silence by asking, “ What is your name ? ”

“ Rebecca,” was the reply.

“ Why,” I said, “ I was pitying you all this time, thinking you were called Tobacco.”

"Oh, no!" she cried, "it is not so bad as that. You have a funny name, though. I have often wondered how you came to have such a name. Perhaps you were born on Easter-Monday, or were very fond of eggs.

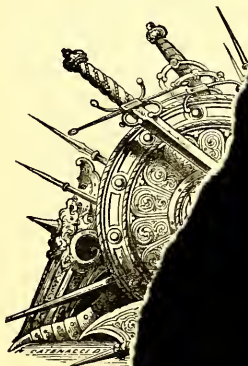
"What can you mean?" I replied. "I don't see anything funny about my name: I am told it is pretty."

"Well, I should not call it pretty exactly," she giggled: "it always makes me feel hungry."

"Hungry?" I was trying to be friendly; but I did feel slightly offended at this. At last, just as tears of vexation were rising to my eyes, I thought of asking "What do you think my name is?"

"Why, Egg, of course."

"Oh the idea of such a thing!" We both laughed, and we nearly fell off our perches. As soon as I was calm enough, I made haste to explain that my name was not Egg, but that my brothers and sisters called me so, and that I have been "Ag" that she heard, and that





THE APPLE TREE.

Words by CLARA D. BATES.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Moderato, mf

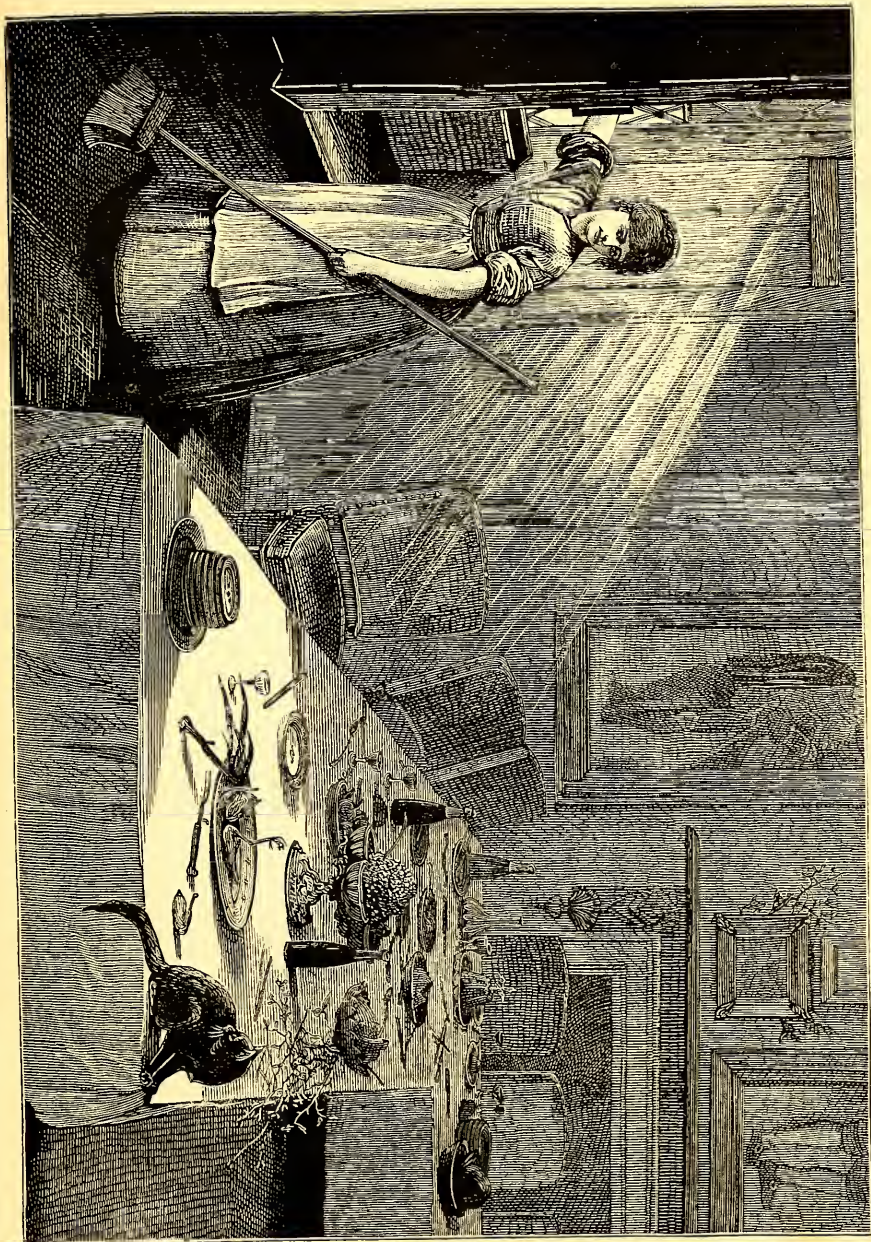
VOICE and PIANO.

1. Up in the ap - ple tree, See the ro - sy cheeks:
 2. Un - der the ap - ple tree, See the ro - sy cheeks:
 Un - der the ap - ple tree, Oth - er ro - sy cheeks:

look like gold: See the crim-son streaks.
 ba - by boy: What is it he seeks?
 Gold - en-Locks: Full of mer - ry freaks,

p
 ight as in the bloom of May,
 d are ea - ger for a bite,
 uting mer - ri - ly if one

- ple tree.
 - ple tree.
 - ple tree.



THE LAST GUEST.

THE MORNING AFTER THE PARTY.

MARY (*angrily*).



Tommy, you deceiver !

You've turned a regular thiefver :

I've let the light in on your deeds,

You needn't sneak away.

You thought it mighty pleasant

To devour that dainty pheasant ;

Which cook and I for breakfast meant

To have this very day.

TOM (*calmly*).

Miss Mary, I assure you

You're entirely mistaken :

I was finishing my supper —

Don't call me thief or brute,

But please be so obliging

As to broil a slice of bacon

As my reward for self-control :

I haven't touched the fruit.

MARY (*sneeringly*).

For that there is good reason,

You thing of craft and treason ;

You did not touch the grapes, because

The grapes you do not like.

You get no slice of bacon
From me, since you have taken
The bird I'd set my heart upon.
 Away, or I will strike !

TOM (*derisively*).

Be patient, Mistress Mary,
Of broomsticks I am wary:
The door is open, and I see
 What you would now be at.

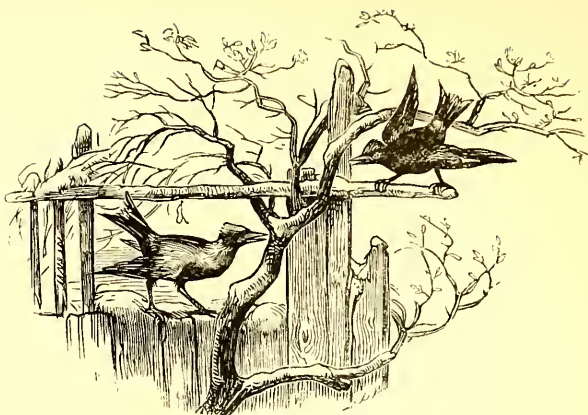
MARY (*angrily*).

Away! obey my order,
You sneaking, base marauder !
I'll teach you to steal birds again !
 Be off! Take that, and — Scat !

[*Exit Tommy at double-quick time, followed by Mary, who strikes with the broom, but does not hit.*]

ALFRED SELWYN.





THE STARLINGS AND THE SPARROWS.

“Look here, my dear,” said a starling to her mate: “in our pretty summer-villa a pair of saucy sparrows have taken up their abode. What shall we do?”

“What shall we do?” cried Mr. Starling, who was calmly standing on a fence; “why, rout them out, of course; give them notice to quit.”

“That we will do,” replied Mrs. Starling. “Here, you beggars, you: out of that house! You’ve no business there. Be off!”

“What’s all that?” piped Mrs. Sparrow, looking out of her little round doorway. “Go away, you impudent tramp! Don’t come near our house.”

“It is not your house!” said Mr. Starling, springing nimbly to a bough, and confronting Mrs. Sparrow.

“It *is* ours!” cried Mr. Sparrow, looking down from the roof of the house. “I have the title-deeds. Stand up for your rights, my love!”

“Yes, stand up for your rights. I’ll back you,” said Mrs. Sparrow’s brother-in-law, taking position on a branch just at the foot of the house.

“We’ll see about that, you thieves!” cried Mrs. Starling, in a rage, making a dash at Mrs. Sparrow’s brother-in-law.

But two of Mrs. Sparrow’s cousins came to the rescue just then, and attacked Mrs. Starling in the rear.

Thereupon Mr. Starling flew at Mrs. Sparrow. Mr. Sparrow, without more delay, went at Mr. Starling. Mrs. Sparrow’s brother-in-law paid his respects to Mrs. Starling. There was a lively fight.

It ended in the defeat of the sparrows. The starlings were too big for them. The sparrows retreated in good order, and left the starlings to enjoy their triumph.

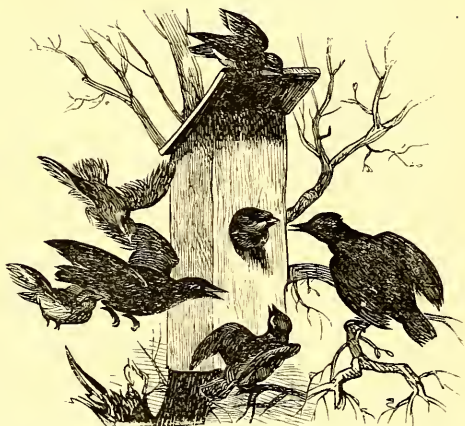
“Now, my dear,” said Mr. Starling, “go in, and put the house in order. I’ll warrant those vulgar sparrows have made a nice mess in there. Sweep the floors, dust the furniture, and get the beds made. I’ll stay here in the garden, and rest myself.”

“Just like that husband of mine!” muttered Mrs. Starling: “I must do all the work, while he has all the fun. But I suppose there’s no help for it.”

So she flew up to the door of the house; but, to her surprise, she could not get through it: the opening was not large enough.

“Well, Mr. Starling,” said she, “I do believe we have made a mistake. This is not our house, after all.”

“Why did you say it was, then?” said Mr. Starling, in a huff. “Here I have got a black eye, and a lame claw, and

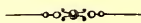


a sprained wing, and have lost two feathers out of my tail, all through your blunder. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mrs. Starling !”

“ I own that I was hasty,” said poor Mrs. Starling ; “ but I meant well.”

“ Yes, you thought the sparrows were thieves, and so did I. But it turns out, that we are no better than burglars ourselves ; and, what’s more, we shall have a whole army of sparrows back upon us before long. We had better take ourselves off.” And off they flew.

DORA BURNSIDE.



KATIE AND WAIF.

I AM Katie Sinclair, and Waif is my dog. Now, as everybody who knows him says he is the nicest dog in the world. I will tell my “ Nursery ” friends why people think so.

First I must tell you how I got him, and how he came to have such an odd name. One cold, rainy day, about three years ago, I heard a strange noise under the window, and ran to the door to see what it was. There stood a homely little puppy, dripping wet, shivering from the cold, and crying, oh, so mournfully !

I took him in, and held him before the fire till he was dry and warm. Then I got him some nice fresh milk, which he drank eagerly ; and he looked up in my face in such a thankful way, that he quite won my heart.

“ Poor little dog ! ” said I. “ He hasn’t had a very nice time in this world so far ; but I will ask mamma to let him stay and be my dog.” Mamma consented ; and, if that dog has not enjoyed himself since then, it is not my fault.

I was bothered not a little to find a name for him. I



wanted one, you see, that would remind me always of the way he came to me,—not a common name, such as other little dogs have. No; I did not want a “Carlo,” or a “Rover,” or a “Watch.” After trying in vain to think of a name fit for him, I asked mamma to help me.

She said, "Call him Waif." I was such a little goose then (that was over three years ago, you know), that I had to ask her what "Waif" meant.

"A waif," said she, "is something found, of which nobody knows the owner. On that account, 'Waif' would be a good name for your puppy." So I gave him that name, and he soon got to know and answer to it.

Waif grew fast, and we taught him ever so many tricks. He has learned to be very useful too, as I shall show you.

On a shelf in the kitchen stands a small basket, with his name, in red letters, printed upon it. To this basket he goes every morning, and barks. When Ellen the cook hears him, she takes the basket down, and places the handle in his mouth. Then he goes to mamma, and waits patiently till she is ready, when he goes down town with her, and brings back the meat for dinner.

When papa gets through dinner, he always pushes back his chair, and says, "Now, Waif:" and Waif knows what that means; for he jumps up from where he has been lying, —and, oh! such fun as we have with him then! He walks on his hind-feet, speaks for meat, and catches crumbs.

Last summer I went out to Lafayette to visit grandma. Mamma says, that, while I was away, Waif would go to my room, and sniff at the bed-clothes, and go away whining and crying bitterly. When I came back, he was nearly beside himself with delight.

We never found out where he came from that rainy day. But I don't love him a bit the less because he was a poor, friendless puppy; and when I look into his good, honest brown eyes, and think what a true friend he is, I put my arms around his neck, and whisper in his ear, that I would not change him for the handsomest dog in the country.



AMY AND ROBERT IN CHINA.

AMY and Robert, with their papa and mamma, live in China, in a place called Foochow. They came here last January, when Amy was just three years old, and Robert a little over one year. They came all the way from Boston by water.

They have a good grandma at home, who sends Amy "The Nursery" every month, and she is never tired of hearing the nice stories.

Out here, the children see many things that you little folks in America know nothing about. When they go to ride, they do not go in a carriage drawn by horses, but in a chair resting on two long poles, carried by some Chinamen called *coolies*. When it is pleasant, and the sun is not too hot, the chair is open; but, if it rains, there is a close cover to fit over it.

It is so warm here, that flowers blossom in the garden all winter; and Amy is very fond of picking them, and putting them into vases. When it is too warm to go into the garden, she has a pot of earth on the shady piazza, and the cooly picks her flowers, to plant in it.

Foochow is on a large river; and the children like much to go out in the sail-boats, called "house-boats." These boats are fitted up just like a house, with a dining-room, sleeping-room, bath-room, and pantry.

The night before Fourth of July, Amy and Robert started with their papa, mamma, and Amah (their colored nurse), and went to Sharp Peak, on the seashore, twenty-five miles from here. They found the boat very nice to sleep in, but were glad enough to get into their own beds the next night.

I am afraid you would not know what these little children say, if you should hear them talk; for they pick up words from their Amah, and do not speak like little American girls and boys.

By and by I shall have more to tell you about them.

AMY'S MAMMA.



ABOUT TWO OLD HORSES.

IN my great-great-grandfather's barn-yard stood an old-fashioned well, with a long sweep or pole, by which the bucket was pulled up. This well was used entirely for the horses and cattle.

Grandfather had a horse named Pete, who would walk out of his stall every morning, go to the well, take the pole, by which the bucket was attached to the well-sweep, between his teeth, and thus pull up the bucket until it rested on the shelf made for it. Then old Pete would drink the water which he had taken so much pains to get.

But one of my uncles had a horse even more knowing than old Pete. This horse was named Whitey. Every Sunday morning, when the church-bell rang, Uncle George would lead Whitey out of his stall, harness him, drive him to church, and tie him in a certain shed, where he would stand quietly till church was done.

After a while, Whitey grew so used to this weekly performance, that, when the bells rang, he would walk out of his stall, and wait to be harnessed. One Sunday morning, Old Whitey, on hearing the bells, walked out of his stall as usual, and patiently waited for Uncle George. But it happened that uncle was sick that morning, and none of the family felt like going to church.

I do not really know what Whitey's thoughts were; but I have no doubt that they were something like this: "Well, well! I guess my master is not going to church this morning; but that is no reason why I should not go. I must go now, or I shall be late."

Whitey had waited so long, that he was rather late; but he jogged steadily along to his post in the shed, and there took his stand, as usual.

As soon as old Mr. Lane, who sat in one of the back-pews and always came out of church before anybody else, appeared at the door, Whitey started for home. At the door of the house he was greeted by several members of the family, who had just discovered his absence, and who learned the next day, from Mr. Lane, that old Whitey had merely been attending strictly to his church-duties.

K. H. S.



FOR ETHEL.

“GOOD-BY! little Ethel, good-by!” says the Light;
For what does my sleepy one need but the night? —
The soft quiet night, like a great downy wing,
To shelter the wee ones, too tired to sing.

Good-by till the dawning:
Some bright star will keep
Its watch o’er your pillow
When you are asleep!

“Good-by, little Ethel,” so many things say, —
The wind, that has played in the grasses all day,
The pretty red squirrels you never can catch,
And the kitten, that tries all your playthings to snatch.

When bird, bee, and blossom
Their bright eyes must close,
Is Ethel awake?
Go to sleep like a rose.

CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD.



BABY'S EXPLOIT.

IN the first place baby had her bath. Such a time! Mamma talked as fast and as funny as could be; and the baby crowed and kicked as if she understood every word.

Presently came the clean clothes, — a nice, dainty pile, fresh from yesterday's ironing. Baby Lila was seven months old that very May morning; but not a sign had she given yet of trying to creep: so the long white dresses still went on, though mamma said every day, "I must make some short dresses for this child. She's too old to wear these dragging things any longer."

When baby had been dressed and kissed, she was set down in the middle of the clean kitchen-floor, on her own rug, hedged in by soft white pillows. There she sat, serene and happy, surveying her playthings with quizzical eyes; while her mamma gathered up bath-tub, towel, and cast-off clothes, and went up stairs to put them away.

Left to herself, Lila first made a careful review of her treasures. The feather duster was certainly present. So was the old rattle. Was the door-knob there? and the string of spools? Yes; and so was the little red pincushion, dear to baby's color-loving eyes.

She was slowly poking over the things in her lap, when mamma came back, bringing a pot of yeast to set by the open fire-place, where a small fire burned leisurely on this cool May morning. She put a little tin plate on the top of the pot, kissed the precious baby, and then went out again.



Baby Lila was used to being left alone, though seldom out of mamma's hearing. At such times she would sit among the pillows, tossing her trinkets all about, and crowing at her own performances. Sometimes she would drop over against a pillow, and go to sleep.

But this morning Lila had no intention of going to sleep. She flourished the duster, and laughed at the pincushion; then gazed meditatively at the bright window, and reflected gravely on the broad belt of sunshine lying across the floor. That speculation over, she fell to hugging the cherished duster, rocking back and forth as if it were another baby.

A smart little snap of the fire, — a "How-do-you-do?" from the fire-place, — made the baby twist her little body

to look at it. She watched the small flames dancing in and out, as long as her neck could bear the twist.

As she turned back again, her eyes fell on the pot of yeast. Oh! wasn't that her own tin plate shining in the sunlight? Didn't she make music on it with a spoon every meal-time? and hadn't her little gums felt of every A, B, C, around its edge? Didn't she want it now? And wouldn't she have it too?

How she ever did it, nobody knows. How she ever got over the pillows, and made her way across to the fire-place in her long, hindering skirts, nobody can tell.

Mamma was busy in another room, when she heard the little plate clatter on the kitchen-floor. Not a thought of the real mischief-maker entered her head. She only said to herself, —

"I didn't know the cat was in there. Well, she'll find out her mistake. I'm not going in till I get this pie done, any way. The baby's all right, and that's enough."



As soon as mamma's hands were at liberty, she thought she would just look in and see what kept the darling so quiet. "All right," indeed! What a spectacle she beheld!

On the bricks before the fire, her pretty white skirts much too near the ashes, sat Baby Lila, having a glorious time. She had found her dear little plate empty; but the brown pitcher was full enough. She had dropped the plate, dipped the feather-duster into the yeast, and proceeded to spread it about, on her clean clothes, on the bricks, on the floor, everywhere.

So, when mamma opened the door, she saw this wee

daughter besmeared from head to foot, the yeast dripping over her head and face as she held the duster aloft in both hands

Just then papa came in by another door. "O John! do you see this child! What if she had put the duster into the fire instead of the yeast!" Mamma shuddered as she took little Lila into her lap for another bath and change of clothes. Papa standing by said, —

"You don't seem to mind having all that to do again."

"Indeed I don't. To think how near she was to that fire! I can never be thankful enough that she dusted the yeast instead of the coals. But how do you suppose she ever got over there?"

S. D. L. H.



THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A crow, one day, stole a nice bit of cheese,
And flew up in a tree to eat it at her ease.
A sly young Fox, who was passing below,
Saw her as she flew, and he said, "Oh, ho!
Madam Crow."

"What a fine bird you are, with your feathers so gay!
As brilliant as the rainbow, and fairer than the day.
If your voice is as sweet as your form would show,
Then sing me a song: pray don't say 'No,'
Madam Crow."

The crow began her song, when down fell the cheese:
The fox sprang and caught it as quickly as you please;
And as he trotted off, he said, "Oh, ho!
That is just what I wanted. I'll go,
Madam Crow."

ANNIE MOORE.



DRAWING-LESSON.



THE SWALLOWS AND THE ROBIN.

The woods were showing autumn tints
Of crimson and of gold ;
The sunny days were growing short,
The evenings long and cold :
So the swallows held a parliament,
And voted it was time
To bid farewell to northern skies,
And seek a warmer clime.

Southward with glad and rapid flight
They flew for many a mile,
Till in a quiet woodland glen
They stopped to rest a while :
A streamlet rippled in the dell ;
And on a hawthorn-tree
A robin-redbreast sat alone,
And carolled merrily.

The wandering swallows listened,
And eagerly said they,
“O pretty bird! your notes are sweet:
Come, fly with us away.
We’re following the sunshine,
For it is bright and warm:
We’re leaving winter far behind
With all its cold and storm.

“The iron ground will yield no food,
The berries will be few;
Half-starved with hunger and with cold,
Poor bird, what will you do?”
“Nay, nay,” said he, “when frost is hard,
And all the leaves are dead,
I know that kindly little hands
Will give me crumbs of bread.”

c.



THE ENGLISH ROBIN.

BIRDIE'S PIG STORY.

I TOLD my story first, as mammas usually do ; and it was all about a naughty little pig, who did not mind his mother when she bade him stay in the sty, but crawled through a hole in the wall.

Of course this pig got into the garden, and was whipped by the farmer, and bitten by the dog, and had all sorts of unpleasant things happen to him, till he was glad to get back again to the sty.

“ Now I'll tell you a pig story,” said Birdie, with a very wise look.

“ Once there was a big mother-pig, and she had *lots* of children-pigs. One was spotted, and his name was Spotty ; one's tail curled, and he was Curly ; another was white, and he was Whitey ; another was Brownly ; and another was Greeny.”

“ Oh, dear ! the idea of a *green* pig ! ” said I.

But Birdie's eyes were fixed on the floor. He was too busy thinking of his story to notice my remark. He went on, —

“ One day the pigs found a hole in the wall, and they crawled through, — all of 'em, the mother-pig and all ; and, when they got out, they ran off, grunting with — with joy. And when the farmer saw them, he went after them on a horse ; but he couldn't catch them, for they all ran down under a bridge where there had been a brook ; but the water was all dried up.

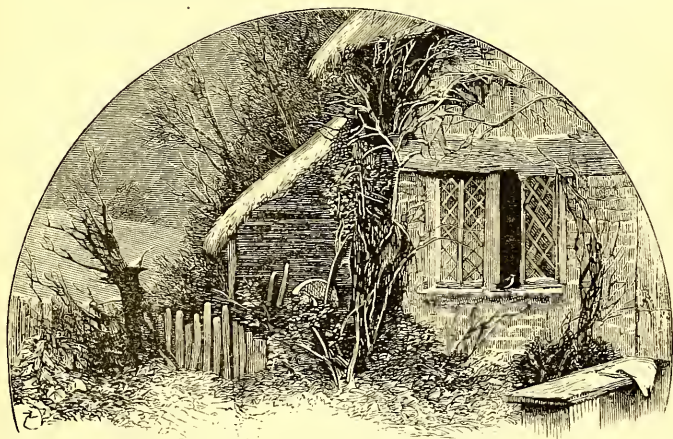
“ Then the farmer got a long pole, and poked under the bridge ; but he couldn't reach them. He put some potatoes down there too, but the pigs weren't going to be coaxed out. And when they had staid as long as they wanted to, they came out themselves, and got home before the farmer did.”

That was the story, and I forgot to ask how they got home before the farmer did unless he drove them ; but I think they must have gone home across the field, because it is plain that Birdie's pigs did just as they liked all

through. What I did ask was, "Well, what was the good of it all?" for I thought nobody ought to tell a story without meaning some good by it.

"*Why, they got some fresh air!*" cried Birdie, triumphantly; and considering that most farmers keep their pigsties in a filthy condition, which can't be healthy for the pigs, nor for those who eat them, I thought Birdie's story had a very good moral, which is only another way of saying that it had a good lesson in it.

BIRDIE'S MAMMA.



OUR FRIEND THE ROBIN.

ONE very hard winter, a robin came, day after day, to our window-sill. He was fed with crumbs, and soon became tame enough not to fly away when we opened the window. One cold day we found the little thing hopping about the kitchen. He had flown in at the window, and did not attempt to fly out again when we came near.

We did not like to drive him out in the bitter cold: so we put him in a cage, in which he soon made himself quite at home. Sometimes we would let him out in the room, and he would perch on our finger, and eat from our hand without the least sign of fear.

When the spring came on, we opened the cage-door and let him go. At first he was not at all inclined to leave us; but after a while he flew off, and we thought we should never see him again.

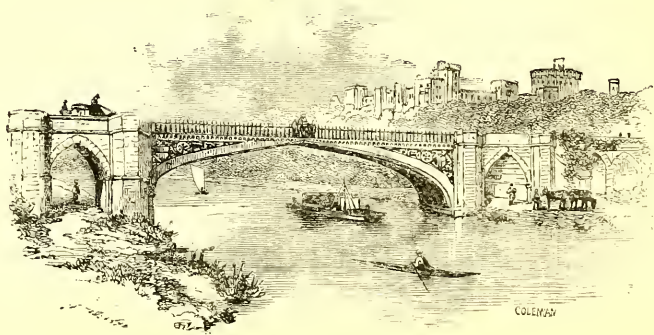
All through the summer and autumn, the cage stood on a table in a corner of the kitchen. We often thought of the little robin, and were rather sorry that the cage was empty.

When the winter set in, we fancied we saw our old friend again hopping about outside the window. We were by no means sure that it was the same robin; but, just to see what he would do, we opened the window, and set the cage in its old place.

Then we all left the room for a few minutes. When we returned, we found, to our great delight, that the bird was in the cage. He seemed to know us as we petted him and chirruped to him; and we felt certain that it was our dear old friend.

T. C.

CHISWICK, LONDON.





FRANK'S HIGH HORSE.

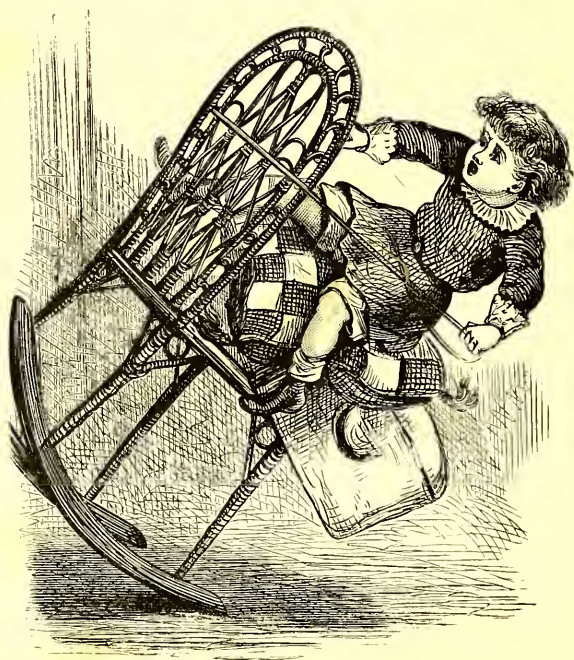
FRANK wanted a high horse: so he took the sewing-chair, put the hassock on it, put the sofa-pillow on that, and mounted.

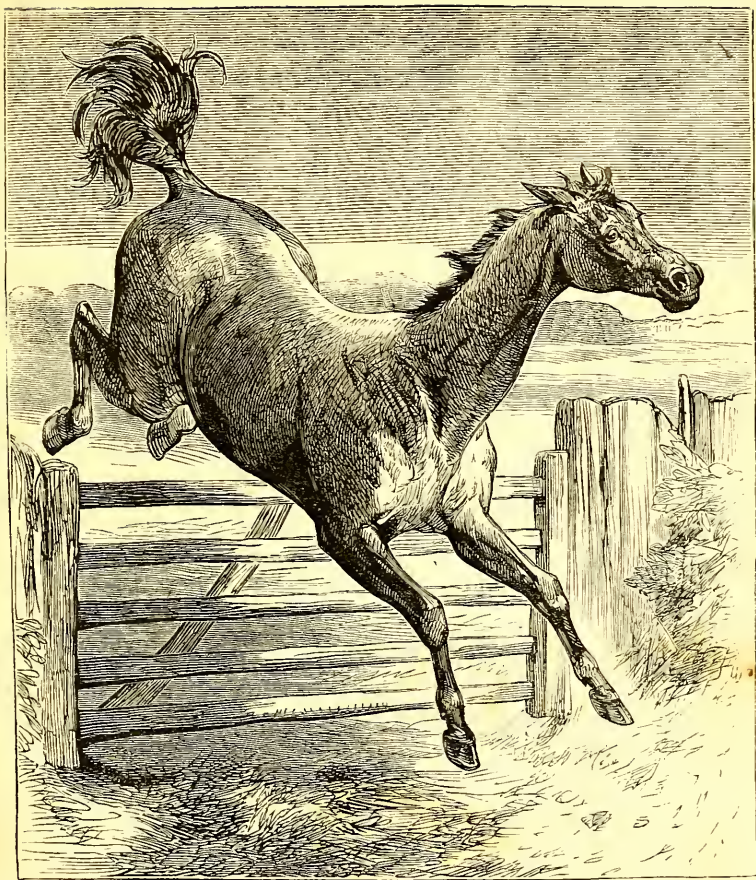
How he got seated up there so nicely I don't know; but I know just how he got down.

The horse did not mind the bridle, but he would not stand the whip. He reared, lost his balance, and fell over.

Down came Frank with sofa-pillow, hassock, and all. By good luck, he was not hurt; but he will not try to ride that horse again.

A. B. C.





SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

A YOUNG gentleman bought a hunting-mare from a farmer at Malton in England, and took her with him to Whitby, a distance of nearly sixty miles. One Wednesday morning the mare was missing from the field where her owner had placed her. A search was made for her, but with no success.

The next day the search was renewed. The owner and

his groom went some ten miles, and were told that the mare had crossed the railway the morning before. At this point the trail was easy. The mare had taken the high road to her old home at Malton.

Six men had tried, but in vain, to stop her. At a place called Pickering, she jumped a load of wood and the railway gates, and then, finding herself in her old hunting country, made a bee-line for home. In doing this, she had to swim two rivers, and cross a railway.

She was found at her old home, rather lame, and with one shoe off, but otherwise no worse for her gallop of nearly sixty miles across the country, — all done in one day; for her old owner found her on Wednesday night, standing at the gate of the field where she had grazed for two previous years. Was she not a pretty clever horse? UNCLE CHARLES.



PHANTOM.

WE have a little white dog whose name is Phantom. This is his portrait. I hope you are glad to meet him. Ask him to shake hands. He would do so at once if you could only see him in reality.

When he was only a few months old, he followed us all to church without our knowing it; nor did we see him, till, in the most solemn part of the service, we heard a patter, patter, patter, coming up the aisle, and there stood Phantom at the door of our pew. In his mouth was a long-handled feather duster, which he had found in some obscure corner of the building, and where it had been put (as it was supposed) carefully out of everybody's way.

Phantom is very intelligent, and has learned a number of

tricks. He can understand what is said to him better than any dog I ever knew; but he is best known among the children here for his love of music and singing.

He has only learned one song yet; but he knows that as soon as he hears it. Wherever he may be, — up stairs, or down stairs, or out of doors, — if he hears that song, he will



sit up, throw his head back, and you will hear his voice taking part in the music.

You may sing a dozen songs, all in about the same tone; but he will take no notice till he hears the tune he has learned, and then he will sing with you — not in a bark or a yelp, but in a pure, clear voice, as if he enjoyed it.

If you could see him sitting up, with his nose in the air, his mouth open, and his fore-paws moving as if playing the piano, and could hear his music, I am sure you would laugh till the tears came into your eyes.



CHRISTMAS.

Words by ALFRED SELWYN. *

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Cheerfully.



Hark! the bells are sound-ing, Christ-mas draw-eth nigh;

Wel-come to our pleas-ures And our Christ-mas cheer!



Now let joy a-bound-ing, Bid all sor-row fly.

We'll not stint the meas-ures, Would you all were here!



Ye who pine in sor-row, Come be cheer'd to-day; Of our glad-ness

Boys and girls to-geth-er— From all parts and climes, To en-joy this



bor-row, As you free-ly may.

weather, And these Christmas times!

*Nursery, 1876.







